

Chatelaine

A Magazine for Canadian Women

June
1932



Beginning: The Thunder of New Wings — A New Novel by Mazo de la Roche

"Tell ME" says the young married woman "I want to KNOW"



Depend upon this free book to give you facts that your friends probably do not know. Send for it.

This new germicide is a revelation. Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be applied to the human body. As for safety, Zonite is actually soothing to tissues. Never before these modern days has there been this combination of strength and safety. Zonite is ideal for feminine hygiene.

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Please send me free copy of booklet or booklets checked below.

- ☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

NAME.....
(Please print name)

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"I'LL just ask my friends," says the young married woman. "They'll tell me." The first gives advice that is actually frightening. The second is equally positive but says something different. The third is vague, evasive, and apparently quite unsure . . . if not really ignorant about the subject. And so it goes. No help at all from them. Only confusion. Why don't all wives agree on a matter so vital?

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Zonite is safe, non-poisonous

In the past there was an excuse for the women who used caustic poisons. There were no other antiseptics powerful enough. And they would accept no standard of personal hygiene lower than surgical cleanliness.

A marvelous change, though, has come into the world of women. There is now an antiseptic-germicide that is safe and very powerful. Every married woman should know about Zonite.



*"The Pontiac is going to make this trip
a real holiday, Mary."*

MANY families are now happily looking forward to motor-
ing trips which they would never have undertaken even
a year ago because they have already discovered that the
new Pontiac has the performance, wheelbase, weight, roominess
and luxury to assure their entire comfort.

One reason for Pontiac's touring comfort is that there are 47
rubber cushions at strategic points to make everything perfectly
quiet, deaden road shocks, and absorb all engine vibration.

As far as this "engine vibration" is concerned, there isn't much
to absorb, anyway, for this big new 65-horsepower Pontiac motor
has just about the softest purr you ever tried to hear. Then just

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You may think with all these provisions for your comfort that
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less than Pontiac prices. Look up your nearest
Pontiac dealer in the classified section of your
telephone directory, and arrange with him to
treat yourself to a Pontiac ride.



PONTIAC SIX

P R O D U C E D I N C A N A D A



WHY BOTHER
ABOUT
"HUNTING" MOTHWORMS
WHEN YOU CAN SO EASILY

USE THE CLOTH ITSELF TO STARVE THOSE WORMS TO DEATH

THE MOTHWORM is one of the greatest eaters in the whole animal kingdom. He eats continuously and he eats wool. He is hard to discover and therefore hard to kill by any direct means. On the other hand, the mothworm is *easy to starve*.

But it would do no good to starve the mothworm *after* he had eaten big holes in valuable woolen fabrics. That would be no better than any other attempts at stopping him. There is however a safe and sure way of starving this great, small, silent enemy among the woolens. We mean starvation before he eats a single thread, starvation from the word "go," *starvation from birth*.

And Larvex is the thing that will do it! Larvex will starve every mothworm from the moment he is hatched from the egg. He can't *begin* to eat. His powerful biting jaws will not close on a single thread of wool. *That* is real mothproofing. *That* is a method you can

depend on. Remember, too, that Larvex mothproofing is simple. You just apply it once and your moth worries are over for a whole year. With Larvex there is no hunting or chasing individual mothworms, as with spraying insecti-

cides. There is no wrapping or packing in bags or boxes, with the danger of locking mothworms or eggs *in* instead of *out*. There are no bad smells as with moth-balls. (Quite ridiculous, because mothworms *cannot* smell!)

From every standpoint, Larvex is the modern way. Larvex is different. It starts from the beginning. It works on the cloth and ignores the moth altogether. It's there before the mothworm arrives and it's there to stay. You treat the cloth with Larvex. You make it absolutely *uneatable*. Larvex lets the cloth itself starve the mothworm to death.

Larvex is simply *sprayed* on coats, suits, rugs and upholstery. It is odorless, non-injurious, non-inflammable. It is very economical, only \$1 for 16 ounces. A whole year's mothproofing of a suit costs less than a single pressing. Larvex is sold everywhere by drug and department stores. The Larvex Corporation, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P.Q.



Mothworms have a fine time in this house. They eat your wool and you pay the bill. And it's a pretty expensive bill, too, for a little carelessness.



Starvation is something no mothworm can stand. He is fond of his food and his food is wool. Treat the wool with Larvex and Mr. Mothworm cannot eat a thread!



LARVEX

ONE SPRAYING WILL LAST A WHOLE YEAR



R. W. Major, who has been illustrating for this magazine from the first issue, is working now on the new serial "The Thunder of New Wings."



Isabel Turnbull Dingman, who wrote "Equal Rights for Husbands," was a newspaper woman in Winnipeg and Regina before her marriage. She lives in London, Ontario, now.



The name of Jack Keay, another young Canadian artist is a familiar one to Chatelaine readers. This month, the cover design was painted by him.

The Editor's own Page

WITH June on the masthead, I want very badly to ramble about the pleasant ways of this month of blossoms. Just the thought of the poignantly sweet early mornings, and the fragrant evenings in gardens and meadows, is enough to set us all a-dreaming. But there's so much of pertinent interest to gossip about, that I must get down to those uncomfortable brass tacks. Here goes!

First item on the programme, in every way, ladies, is our new serial *The Thunder of New Wings* by Mazo de la Roche. I'm hoping for some very interesting arguments on this book, for Mazo de la Roche has never yet written anything of the type which elicits a bland "My, my yes. That was a pretty story"—plus complete forgetfulness from general readers. Her novels are of the type that arouse vivid interest; different points of view—and therefore healthful thought. Don't forget to share your opinions with *Chatelaine*, will you?

Like young Lochinvar, Isabel Turnbull Dingman, of London, Ontario, who is responsible for "Equal Rights for Husbands," came out of the West. She was born on the prairies and is a graduate of Manitoba University. Thousands of Westerners knew her through the advice column she conducted under a pen-name on a Western paper—an experience which gave her first-hand knowledge into the human heart and mind. Mrs. Dingman did various kinds of newspaper work, and then married a newspaper man four years ago. She is still glad she did it, and is very proud of her beautiful young daughter. In between domestic duties she does a considerable amount of freelance writing. Many of you will remember her recent article in *Chatelaine*, "Can She Stand Alone?" dealing with the problems of the modern girl. Now she takes up cudgels for husbands who are too kindly to take them up for themselves, and awaits your verdict on her ideas.

Another Western writer gives you the amusing satire on a fat girl who tries to get thin—for W. David Belbeck, author of "Fat Girl," lives in Swift Current, Saskatchewan, and this is his first appearance in *Chatelaine*.

"Trial by Thunder," a love story that has a new quality to it, was written by Melanie Benet, of Montreal. Mrs. Benet has four very young daughters, but still finds time to do a good deal of writing. Like Mazo de la Roche, she likes to sit in the garden and write on a pad poised on her knee; under similar circumstances I go to sleep!

Constance Templeton who interviewed Miss van Asch van Wyck, world's president of the Y. W. C. A., lives in Toronto; while Mrs. Luta Munday, who gives you an absorbing story of her northern dogs, lives in Saskatoon. Mrs. Munday is the wife of an R. C. M. P., and she has had some thrilling experiences up North. We are planning many articles along this line, from Canadian women, particularly since our recent article "House-

keeping Below Zero" proved one of the most popular that we have ever run.

Eva L. Bruce is a brand new writer, who is, I believe, in the jargon of the printing world, "a comer." Her first published short story is "Pyjamas," in this issue; and you'll find a real sense of humor and an understanding of simple people in this amusing little tale. I should particularly like to know your reaction to it. Mrs. Bruce lives in Evansburgh, Alberta, and has a son who will be ready for Normal in a year or so.

Month by month *Chatelaine* brings you the varied work of Canadian artists on our covers, for we believe in giving readers examples of every type of work. This month, the demure bride was painted for us by a popular *Chatelaine* artist—Jack Keay, of Toronto.

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BY THE WAY, you must watch out for "The General Manager," the prize-winning story in the recent nation-wide contest conducted by the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto. Within ten minutes of the announcement of the prize-winner to a large audience, a wire was flashing across the continent to Holden, Alberta, congratulating Mrs. R. E. Breach on winning the first prize for her story, and asking for the first chance to read it, and, if it was of the type and quality *Chatelaine* likes, of buying it.

Next month brings you the story—a vividly drawn picture of a mother who is faced with her daughter's risk of lifelong misery—and who, on top of the daily details that make her in very truth the general manager of the home, must face one of the most difficult situations any mother has to meet. I know you'll enjoy it—in the July issue.

And, speaking of mothers and daughters, you'll find many of your problems mirrored in a coming article "Shall I Live With My Married Daughter?" written from the actual experiences of a woman whose children begged her to make her home with them. It's a problem every woman has faced—or may face, and there's the inspiration born of real experience in this July article.

Meanwhile, friends, here's hoping you're enjoying the June issue; it represents a lot of high hopes and ambitions on the part of editors, writers and artists.

Byrne Hope Sanders.

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H. Napier Moore, Editorial Director Byrne Hope Sanders, Editor George H. Tyndall, Business Manager

Cover design by Jack Keay

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MAZO DE LA ROCHE



Mazo de la Roche, the author of *Chatelaine's* new serial, "The Thunder of New Wings," is acclaimed everywhere as one of the most brilliant women novelists of the day.

famous Canadian novelist,
author of our new serial

"The Thunder of New Wings"

trayals that began to arouse public interest in the young writer. During the next two years she won five literary prizes, including one offered by the I. O. D. E. for her play *Low Life*, which has been produced a number of times in Canada.

Thus, when sensational success came in 1927 with the winning of the *Atlantic Monthly* prize, it was only the result of many years of work. *Jalna*, the winning manuscript, was selected from 1,200 manuscripts from the best writers throughout the world. It was acclaimed everywhere as one of the most notable incidents in the history of Canadian literature, and told the story of a strangely assorted family living in an old house on the shores of Lake Ontario. Since the publication of *Jalna*, two sequels have been written, *Whiteoaks*, and *Finch's Fortune*, which have won admiration from everywhere. The fourth novel, telling of the adventures of this family, is now half written, and will be published, it is expected, in 1933. In August of this year, another new novel, which, like *The Thunder of New Wings* published in *Chatelaine*, has left the *Jalna* family altogether, and its plot is laid in New England and in Italy. This novel will be *Lark Ascending*. *Portrait of a Dog* was another delightful work published in 1930.

Miss de la Roche has always loved the country, and her favorite hobby for spare hours is walking. Her winters in Canada were spent in a studio flat in Toronto, and her summers in a little cottage about twenty miles outside the city, or as the *Atlantic Monthly* naively put it, "in the Ontario forest." Some years ago, as she had always loved Devon, she moved there with her adopted sister, Carolyn Clement, and lives now in a quaint, old gabled house set in a beautiful garden where she writes for hours. Since going to England she has adopted the orphaned children of some friends—Michael and Patsy, two happy little youngsters who bring love and laughter into the busy days. Miss de la Roche and her adopted family are planning a trip to Canada this year—they often come home to re-establish old friendships and are seriously thinking of coming home to live. For much as Mazo de la Roche loves the quiet of her old-world Devon home, she finds herself homesick for her own land and her own people.

The Thunder of New Wings, beginning in this issue, is the dramatic story of two English girls and their Canadian cousin, who leave England to come and live on a Nova Scotia farm. There will be nation-wide interest in the novel—and many discussions about it. For Mazo de la Roche never writes a novel that does not arouse some controversy. Publication of this story with its thrilling title is one of the big magazine events of the year.—The Editor.

IT ISN'T often that the personal stories of famous writers are half as romantic as the novels they write; but to hear about Mazo de la Roche is to listen to a glamorous fairy tale of genius—the kind of genius that has "an infinite capacity for taking pains."

For here is a story of a traditional lady of the pen, left without family or fortune, but with a fine old heritage of Canadian courage behind her, and an unquenchable desire to write. It is the tale of a young woman who after years of dogged struggle, suddenly woke one bright morning to find fame and fortune sitting comfortably on her doorstep.

Miss de la Roche, one of the most noted women writers of the day, hailed on three continents as a master craftsman in literature, winner of the *Atlantic Monthly* prize of ten thousand dollars and author of half a dozen much discussed novels, is a Canadian of Canadians. On her mother's side of the family are six generations of United Empire Loyalists, and while her father was a native-born Canadian, his people were descendants of an old French Royalist family. Mazo, herself, was born in Toronto.

When she was still a young girl, her parents died within a year or so of each other, and Mazo de la Roche, an only child, was left alone. She had already published the first story she ever wrote—inspired by her father's vivid description of a holiday trip to Quebec. She wrote her story in secret, and mailed it to *Munsey's* magazine. Within a month a cheque came back for fifty dollars; proving that such things do happen.

Unknown, and in very difficult financial circumstances, the young writer began to work doggedly. Writing has

never been easy for her. Years later, when acclaimed by the literary world, she was tendered a magnificent banquet on her winning the *Atlantic Monthly* prize of ten thousand dollars, and said that "Writing a novel gives one the sensation of a mole starting to burrow his way through a mountain."

Today, Miss de la Roche still writes in longhand. She likes, best of all, to sit out-of-doors with a pad of paper on her knee and write for hours, revising constantly. Her prose, born of such ardent labor, has an exquisite quality, for all its power. One noted English critic said of her novels that she "wrote with the terrific absorption of a child."

Through all the years Miss de la Roche has written her stories laboriously in longhand—Miss Carolyn Clement has typed them for her. Twelve years ago these two adopted each other as sisters, and they have lived together ever since, through the bitter days of disappointment and the brilliant years of success.

In 1922, her first book was published—*Explorers of the Dawn*. This is a delightful collection of chronicles of child life, which appeared originally in the *Atlantic Monthly* and other magazines. Few people know that one of them was dramatized under the title "Buried Treasure," and produced in New York.

The years that followed show a steady production of notable novels entailing an amount of persevering work which only those who have tried to write a book can appreciate. In 1924, Miss de la Roche's first novel, *Delight*, was published. This is the romance of a waitress in an old-time Ontario hotel, and showed some powerful character por-



"What's the matter with this family, anyway?" he exclaimed as we fell into step. "We've always been like a lot of wolfhounds on leashes, ready to fly at each other's throats."

The Thunder of New Wings

by MAZO DE LA ROCHE

A sensational new novel of English and Canadian life

Ione: Sister, I hear the thunder of new wings.

Panthea: Their shadows make the space within my plumes more black than night. —Prometheus.

CLARA and Ayrton sat together in the light that fell through a small, stained-glass window between the fireplace and the shelves of brown leather volumes that lined the south wall of the library. The serene amber light seemed to set them apart, secure in their new power. Clara sat rigid, upright, in a straight-backed chair, one white nervous hand sharply tapping the carved arm. It had been her only movement since Mr. Willing, the lawyer, had mildly gathered up his papers and withdrawn—except, perhaps, a quick flash of her yellow brown eyes toward Ayrton. Her eyes were fixed now, in a look of cold triumph on her two stepdaughters separated from her by the dark, polished expanse of the library table.

The boy lounged beside her in the awkward grace of long legs and arms to which he had not yet grown accustomed, and which he regarded now and again with a deprecating surprise. His new black suit emphasized the childlike fairness of his skin and the red gold of his hair, so like Clara's. He stared sulkily at his knee that he clasped in

both hands, longing probably to be away with his new dignity—he was Sir Ayrton Lashbrook now—yet, accustomed as he was to his mother's domination, he sat motionless, waiting to be set free from this atmosphere of constraint. Though, heaven knew, he was accustomed to an air charged with constraint, ready at any moment to flame into hostility.

Vicky and Theo sat together on the worn sofa, Vicky closely holding Theo's hand, and, as she and Clara fronted each other, they seemed to be like two small, fiery hens, eye to eye, ready to strike with sharp beaks in the interest of their chicks.

Yet there was nothing to quarrel about. Uncle Richard was in his grave. Cobbold House and its farms and moors belonged to Ayrton, and Clara was above all things Ayrton's mother.

The sisters had borne, with outward composure at least, the announcement in Mr. Willing's thin, carefully modulated voice, that no provision had been made for them in their father's will beyond a clause to the effect that they were to

be allowed to make their home at Cobbold House so long as they remained single. Magnificent as had been Uncle Dick's ideas as to the expenditure necessary to keep men and horses in good fettle, he was quite capable of thinking that a roof, supported by the little legacy they had from their mother, would be luxury for his daughters.

I suppose the truth was that he had expected to live to the hardy old age for which the Lashbrooks had been famous—and famous for little else—and had been reasonably sure that Vicky and Theo would before many years marry, with all the more discrimination, perhaps, for not having been in too great a hurry. It seemed hard to think of him as quiet in his grave in the little wind-swept Cornish graveyard; he who had been so noisy, so domineering, so boisterously alive but a few days ago. Driving down the steep road into the village he had turned his car recklessly aside to avoid running over a dog. The car had skidded, rolled over and over into the ditch, crushing him fatally.

Vicky spoke in a firm polite voice. "I hope it will not inconvenience you too greatly if we stay here a week while we get our affairs in order."

"You heard the will read," replied Clara, with a passionate gesture of her white hand toward the chair where Mr. Willing

*"Young
enough
to learn"*



**A Chipso washday
beats the old way**

I CONFESS I got
a REAL SURPRISE.

* * *

I've used Chipso
for SIX YEARS,
I never THOUGHT
there was any room
for IMPROVEMENT
in ANY way.

* * *

BUT when you GET
DOUBLE the SUDS
in BARELY WARM
water
and see DIRT
just BUBBLE OUT,
you know
SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED.

* * *

DO TRY Chipso NOW.
It WASHES as fast
as STRONG POWDERS
But it's safe as RAIN
for the SHEEREST SILKS.
You can have a
PLEASANT surprise, too.

*"He's an
awful spiller"*



**But his daily
washes are a
snap with Chipso**

He's my DARLING,
but he's always
SPILLING MILK
down HIS little FRONT!

* * *

But I've found these
WONDERFUL Chipso suds
get Bunny's CLOTHES
SNOW-CLEAN.

* * *
Have you tried CHIPSO?
I mean—LATELY?

It's SUDSIER
than EVER, and
GRAND
for baby things.

*"My in-laws
can't
figure out
why my hands
keep so nice"*



EVERY TIME Tom's
SISTERS come over
they PEEK around.
They can't FIGURE OUT
how my house is so NEAT,
Yet my HANDS
stay so NICE.

* * *

THEY don't KNOW
I've changed to
the new CHIPSO.

* * *

Those CREAMY suds!
WHY, I'm washing even
my TROUSSEAU undies
in CHIPSO—and
They've stayed lovely

* * *

Watch YOUR hands
SMOOTH UP when you
WASH DISHES with
new CHIPSO flakes.

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MADE IN CANADA

**NEW
IMPROVED**

Chipso

"Quick as Lightning, Gentle as Rain"



Illustrated by R. W. Major

"We're old enough to be sensible," I said, "You twenty-six and eight and I in between—and young enough to feel the thrill of adventure. We'll do something quite different."

eyes, her pencilled brows, her mass of bronze brown curls! How little they had changed!

It was I who had changed. Now I felt infinitely older than they. I saw them in the fastness of their love for each other as graceful, illumined figures. I longed with an almost physical pain to protect them, to make the leaving of Cobbold House less agonizing.

Rather more than a year after my coming my uncle married Clara, and inside of twelve months Ayrton was born.

From the first Clara and Vicky had distrusted each other. Aunt Effie, who had kept house for Uncle Richard after the death of his first wife, had lost no opportunity—foolish woman that she was—to add fuel to the flame of that hostility. She resented bitterly the red-haired, self-possessed young woman who had stepped into her sister's place. She had always disliked her brother-in-law, though it was country gossip that she would have married him after her sister's death if he had given her the opportunity, if only to keep another woman from becoming mistress of that house.

My uncle, Richard Lashbrook, had come into his title and the home of his ancestors at the age of twenty-five. He had not been long out of college, and he had never been outside of England. He was an only child and his parents had been uncommonly strict with him. He had a passionate, careless selfish nature. He longed for travel, life. He hated the thought of settling down to manage his small, unfertile, secluded estate. His father was not cold in his grave before he had sailed for South America, which had always held a

fascination for him. I have heard him tell how he pictured himself bringing home as his bride some pale, black-haired senorita with eyes and mouth that should sweeten the blackness of his Cornish home. Yet the only woman he found to love there was married to a wealthy merchant who, when he came upon them, caught in an embrace, in an oleander walk, made my uncle thankful to escape with his life. This he told me, but my cousins knew nothing of it.

From South America he had gone to the West Indies. There he had fallen ill of fever and was in the subdued temper of the convalescent when in New York, on his way back to England, he encountered an old school friend, George Elliot, a native of Quebec, who had been sent to England for his education. He was now junior member of an established law firm.

He was delighted to meet Uncle Richard and persuaded him with very little difficulty that Quebec air would soon set him on his feet again.

In the Elliots' high-ceilinged French house, with its little iron balconies and white shuttered windows Uncle Richard was very happy. And being so happy and feeling so well in the bright Quebec sunshine he soon fell in love with his friend's younger sister, Mildred Elliot. And since she also loved him and there was nothing to stand in their way, they were soon married.

A year after the marriage of his sister, George Elliot also married. His bride was the daughter of an Irish civil engineer who some year earlier had brought his wife and child to Canada where there were better opportunities in his profes-

sion than at home. These, then, were my parents. My mother was a Catholic and I was brought up in her faith, though she had never lived to do more than smile on me and whisper that she prayed I would live to be as happy as she had been.

About four years later Aunt Mildred also died, and Uncle Richard, overcome at the prospect of a winter alone with Aunt Effie and his little daughters, made up his mind to visit Quebec once more. I believe he feared, too, that if he remained in the house with her, Aunt Effie would come to desire him and, since she was both stupid and determined, he knew there would be no escape.

So he went to his friend George Elliot once more, and they two, being now both widowers, lived together in the old French house.

After my mother's death my father neglected his practice and habitually drank too much. From things Uncle Dick let fall I believe there were wild times in that close-shuttered house. I remember his telling how they would gallop their horses up Citadel Hill at four in the morning, singing at the top of their lungs after a night of it.

They lived together for four years, then one day my father fell ill after a chill and in less than a week he was laid beside my mother.

Uncle Dick returned to England taking me with him, and from the day we first danced together on the sands, Vicky, Theo and I were never separated.

Now that the time had come when we must leave Cobbold House we clung together almost fiercely in our loneliness. Whatever happened we should never separate.

MRS. PALMER, the widow of an army officer, and her daughter Enid were our nearest neighbors. Mrs. Palmer had one of those unreal beautiful complexions that give the impression of an unchangeable mask. Her face was large and extraordinarily calm, so that her sudden peals of noisy laughter always came as a shock. Her greying hair was elaborately waved, and she wore long earrings that jingled in her outbursts of laughter and struck against her white neck.

Although Enid was two years older than Ayrton, her mother made no secret of her desire to see them wedded, throwing them together on every possible occasion, and continually praising the boy to the girl, and the girl to the boy, and giving vent to one of her sudden shouts of laughter whenever she saw their two blonde heads close together over a camera or a sheet of music.

Clara watched her manoeuvres with an amused smile. She considered Ayrton a child. But, I believe, she was not averse to the idea, for she liked Enid and knew that Enid was used to being dominated.

We went in and out of the Palmers' house as though it had been our own. Mrs. Palmer could not have too many people about her. She was utterly bored when alone, since she had only two ways of passing the time—either waving her hair or reading the ladies' magazines.

She had been waiting in Vicky's little morning room when we had returned after the scene in the library, and when my cousins announced their intention of not spending another night in Cobbold House she insisted that we go straight to her. And we went.

With what decision, and almost violence, the scenes of life withdraw from us and are replaced by fresh ones! There, a week ago, in the old house we had been all together, a family seemingly bound together in love and in bitterness. Now Uncle Richard cut off from us; Clara and Ayrton in triumphant possession; Vicky, Theo, and I in our black dresses in Mrs. Palmer's drawing-room.

It was late July. The night air came through the open French windows in sudden puffs and gusts of heat, heavy with a scent of verberna and stocks. At every gust the pink silk curtains fluttered with a flapping sound into the room, and Mrs. Palmer, sitting near one of them, was each time enveloped in its folds, whence she emerged with one of her peals of laughter, her cheeks brilliant, her earrings dangling, her eyes expressionless as ever, and the ash from her cigarette scattered over her lace blouse and satin skirt.

Jerome Wain, Mrs. Palmer's nephew, lounged on the cushions of a deep basket chair. He had lost a leg in the war, and had made up his mind that for the rest of his life he should be taken care of. As Mrs. Palmer was his nearest relative she was given the honor of taking care of him. It

had sat. "You have the right to make this your home till you are ninety, if you choose."

"Home!" repeated Vicky bitterly. "It has never been home to me since the day you entered it, and that's seventeen years ago."

"You have seemed in no hurry to leave it."

"I had my father."

Clara's thin upper lip lifted in an unpleasant fashion. "No doubt it would have been hard for you to forego your everlasting quarrels with him. Yes, you had your father. You and he were so amiable together."

Vicky's blue eyes, wide open and clear as a child's, shone with anger. "Oh, how can you!" she cried. "You know that my father and I loved each other. If he and I had words sometimes it was because of things you had said I said, or things you had said to Theo, or because I thought he was letting you ruin Ayrton as you have done."

Ayrton's lip lifted in a way so like his mother's that I could have smiled had not the situation been so tremendously uncomfortable. He unclasped his hands from his knee and pushed them into his pockets. "Oh, yes, I've been ruined," he said, "and no wonder, with four women ragging about me all the time."

"Hush, Ayrton," said Clara, sharply. Then she turned on Vicky, furiously.

"Well, that's all over," she said. "There'll be no more interfering from you. If you stay here—"

"As though I ever thought of staying here," cried Vicky. "All I ask is a week to—"

"Why ask me? You heard the will."

"I will ask you. It's not my home now. I'm a stranger here."

"Till you're ninety, if you choose," repeated Clara doggedly. "I can't prevent you."

"Clara!" cried Vicky, springing to her feet. "You are the most maddening woman. No wonder my father—"

"Be careful! Be careful!" shouted Clara, turning white to the lips. "Be careful what you say, Vicky Lashbrook. I won't have my relations with Dick dragged into this."

"Yes; you be careful," growled Ayrton.

Theo gave a sudden, rather wild laugh. "I think we'll all go mad with hate if we spend a week under the same roof now. For my part, I'm going to get out tonight." She raised her long slim figure from the sofa and let her gaze travel from one to the other of us with a look of angry bewilderment on her dark, handsome face.

I rose, too.

"I think it would be better to talk things over when we are more composed," I said. "I think we're still unstrung from the shock."

Ayrton jumped up, tossing back his hair from his forehead. "I'm going," he said, and started toward the door.

"Ayrton," commanded Clara. "Wait for me." She went to him, laid her hand on his arm, and, after a scornful look at us, pushed him before her into the hall.

I stood irresolute, not knowing what to say or do. It was so horribly difficult. Vicky pressed her hands to her forehead. I could see a pulse throbbing sharply in her throat.

Theo walked slowly past the shelves of books, running her long hand across their backs.

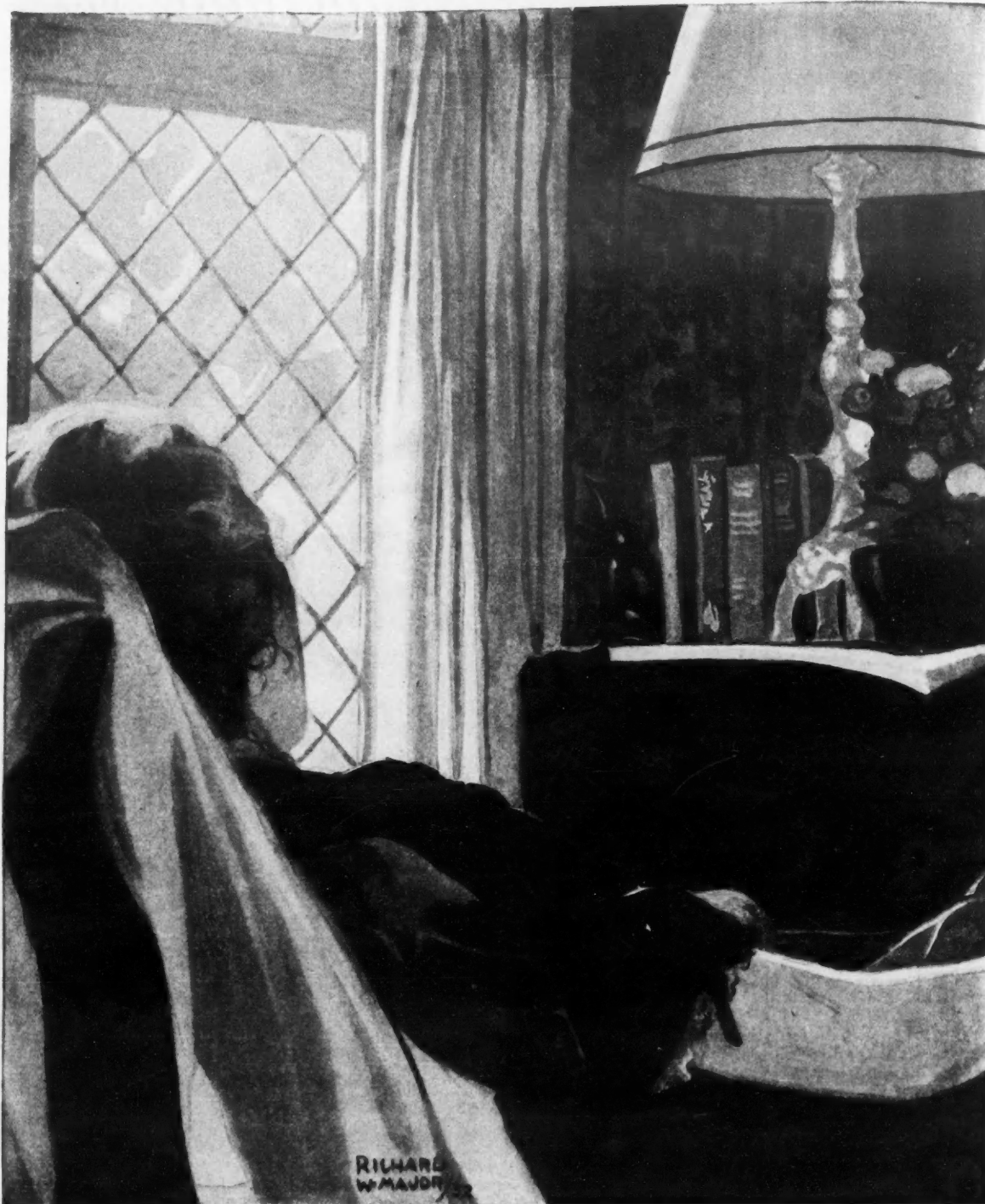
"Dear room," she said, "where I have been so happy. Dear, dear books."

"Don't, Theo, don't speak like that," cried Vicky, going to her and winding her arms about her. "I can't bear it. Oh, to think that everything is theirs now. I don't mind for myself." She turned almost fiercely to me. "You know that is true, Joan. It's all for Theo that I mind so horribly. Oh, if I didn't hate Clara so! If Ayrton weren't such a little beast! It seems that I'm made up of just two emotions—hatred for those two who have just gone, and love for Theo. And you, too, Joan, darling"—she stretched one hand back toward me and groped for mine—"you know how dear you are to me, Joan."

Poor little Vicky! She looked so tiny, so fragile in her black dress, clasping Theo so protectingly, who towered above her.

"I know, I know," I said gently, taking the little groping hand. "And we'll stick together, and Theo shall have books whatever happens, and everything isn't over. Perhaps it's just beginning. Who knows what adventures may be coming? And we're old enough to be sensible—you twenty-six and eight, and I in between—and young enough to feel the thrill of adventure. We'll leave here and do something quite, quite different. It's been bad for us, in a way, living in the same house with one who hasn't understood us or cared for us. After all, we'll be freer now."

For my own part, I felt a sudden, fierce desire for space,



I felt a sudden, fierce desire for space, for freedom. I felt eager to go to the ends of the earth, if only those two whom I loved might be with me, might fling off the ties that bound them.

for freedom. The atmosphere of Cobbold House stifled me. I felt eager to go to the ends of the earth, if only those two whom I loved might be with me, might fling off the ties that bound them.

We stood, our arms locked together, gazing out of the window at the grey sea, in silence for a space, then Theo said:

"I feel that way, too, Joan, as though something strange and, perhaps, lovely were waiting for us. I don't know what sort of thing, but it's there, in the distance—" her eyes were fixed on the silvery horizon—"beckoning in the most mysterious way."

"You're always dreaming," said Vicky. "Fate appears to me, not so much a spirit beckoning in the distance—'Come'—as a finger on the spot, pointing—'Go.'"

THE Lashbrooks had been originally a hardy old yeoman family of Cornwall, strong of back, clear of eye, and hot of head. They were courageous but not ambitious to rise, keen-minded, but not in any way intellectual or of artistic temper. In the reign of George IV, the then master of Cobbold House had been created a baronet for some personal service to the king. What the nature of the service was had not been made public, neither did the new baronet aspire to a position in the social life of his time. He reared his family in simplicity. He did not enlarge the rambling stone house where generations of Lashbrooks had first seen the light, had first heard the clamor of the waves about the cliffs; but he did have his dining room refurnished and

decorated in the flamboyant fashion of the time, for as he said, one could never know what day one might be expected to entertain royalty. It must have gone hard with him to do this, for he was notoriously close-fisted. His lady showed her appreciation of the change in their position by proposing to name her next child after the sovereign. She had hoped for a boy, but as it turned out to be a girl she called it after the queen. This custom continued in the Lashbrook family; hence sprang our fair-haired, little Victoria, soon shortened to Vicky.

I loved the old stone house that had for so many years withstood the storms of that wild coast. I loved the garden flanked by low stone hedges, where now the dahlias, pink geraniums, and China roses were in bloom. Beyond it lay the glittering meads; and, still beyond, the moorland, lavish in heather and azure scabious, and ladies' slipper.

Never could I forget my first adventuring into those exuberant wilds, a little black-frocked child fresh from Canada; Vicky and Theo like sprites, leading me from one wonder to another, till, last of all, we had descended a grassy slope, gay with sea-pinks, and had danced, hand in hand, filled with a fierce gladness, across the virgin sands.

I can see us now as we were then—Vicky, for all her ten years, the smallest of the three, her ankles and feet fairylike in their lightness, her square little face with its high cheekbones, full curling lips, and wide nostrils, flushed from its accustomed paleness to delicate pink, her silvery fair hair, fine as floss tossing on the wind.

And Theo with her oval cheeks, her almond-shaped brown



Equal Rights for Husbands!

Compared with the amount of time which wives spend with their women friends, the total occupied by husbands in cultivating friendships with their own sex is negligible. Often the score is 15-0—Why?

by Isabel Turnbull Dingman

Illustrated by JACK KEAY

WHEN the average popular girl marries, she is entertained at a dozen or more affairs the keynote of which is congratulation. After marriage she keeps her former girl friends and makes new ones.

When the average popular man marries, the one and only affair in his honor is a farewell stag party at which the keynote is commiseration. The idea seems to be "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow he marries and all good times with him are over." After marriage a man sees very little of his former male associates, and makes few new men friends who are not the husbands of his wife's friends.

Why the difference?

Considering the lot of the average married man, there seems to be some justification for the boys' point of view. Wifely influence is far-reaching in every phase of a husband's life. As a rule he lives in a house furnished according to his wife's tastes. He sleeps in a room filled with fripperies of pink, blue or mauve. Only rarely has he a den to call his own. He may possibly be served food that he likes, but if his wife is on a diet, or thinks he should be, even the meals may not be what he wants. The majority lead the kind of social life their wives desire, though there are a hardy few who refuse to dance or go to mixed bridges, no matter how their wives may plead. If a married man comes home and is greeted with: "We're going to the Smiths tonight." It is useless to protest, "But I'm tired, and anyway, Mrs. Smith gives me a pain." They go. At a dance a married man cannot even choose the partners he prefers; he must be careful to dance with the wives of men who have asked his wife, women who have been his hostesses, or women his wife wants to cultivate. A few men are brave enough to announce at the beginning of a week that on certain nights they are going to banquets, hockey matches or other affairs, and won't be available, but the majority won't make an engagement for themselves without saying, "Wait till I phone my wife and see if anything is arranged." But when a hostess telephones a woman inviting her husband and herself to some affair, she is seldom told, "It is very kind of you, but I'll have to wait and see if John is free." The usual answer is, "We'll be delighted."

Obviously a married man gives up his personal liberty, though obviously he gains much as compensation. A married woman also gives up her personal liberty, especially if she has children, but most wives consider the exchange worth while. The great difference is that women control a large part of their husbands' leisure as well as their own, which

tends to a programme deliberately excluding purely masculine pursuits.

And husbands feel the lack. Consider the wide popularity of the Jiggs and Maggie comics, running year after year with their reiteration of a few themes, most prominent being that of Jiggs sneaking out to Dinty Moore's or getting the gang to rally when Maggie is away. The appeal

of these pictures is based on the more or less subconscious sympathy of many husbands for the comic strip hero. Mixed parties may be all right for a steady diet, but the normal man yearns for the occasional comfort of sitting around with the bunch, collar off, feet up, everything free and easy, including the conversation. It will probably all be very harmless—I am reliably informed that shop and gossip form the chief topics of discussion on such occasions. Oh, yes, men do gossip! Then they like to boast and tell tall stories without any wife around to prick the bubble by lifting an eyebrow or rushing in with a correction, "No, you're not telling that right, John; it was this way—" Who hasn't heard such interruptions, and seen all the pleasure in his story leave a man's face. The gang also like to talk about religion, politics, economics, what is wrong with the world, and have a fine glow of satisfaction after an evening spent in this way.

It is a simple matter for bachelors to have informal "get-togethers," but it takes some arranging for married men to fraternize with their kind. Clubs for the few who can afford them solve the problem of masculine society, providing opportunity for casual chats or card games in the lounge rooms. Lodges also give men a chance to get together without suspicion. I know of a man's poker club which meets every other Saturday night at the homes of the members, the wives making a point of going out or staying out of sight. They approve the gatherings, however, as there are strict rules about limits. Nothing stronger



After marriage the average woman keeps her former girl friends, and makes new ones. The average man sees very little of his former male acquaintances and makes few new men friends who are not the husbands of his wife's friends. This tends to a programme of wifely interests.

than beer is served, and the men think they have a glorious time. I have heard also of a men's bridge club which meets at the various houses when the host's wife is going out. Coffee is the only liquid served, and instead of playing for points, the men make up a "pot," each contributing fifty cents.

There are rummy clubs and euchre clubs, and men who meet regularly for two-somes at cribbage, chess or checkers. I know of a group of doctors who have regular dinner parties followed by discussions. There are public speaking classes and current events clubs, which attract some men. Others go to hockey and football matches in groups. Some play golf—desire to "get away from it all" is responsible for much of the damage done to fairways by duffers. Then there are shooting trips and fishing expeditions—it is almost pathetic the way men enjoy them. Some join classes at the "Y" and meet their kind in the locker rooms. There are informal luncheon clubs and "coffee clubs," and the occasional luxury of bringing a man home for dinner. But compared with the amount of time which wives spend with their women friends, the total occupied by husbands in cultivating friendships with their own sex is negligible. There is a particularly noticeable discrepancy in the number of teas or "hen parties" given each year by wives and the number of affairs for men held at home by their husbands. Often the score would be 15-0.

If, when a wife announced, "I'm having some girls in for tea Friday afternoon—don't come [Continued on page 49]

was an expensive honor, too, for a poor woman, yet she was honestly glad to have him. He was very ornamental, usually in a good temper, and he was always at hand to light her cigarette, keep her two wire-haired terriers in order with his crutch, or hop about with teacups.

I could see that he thought we were quite mad for leaving our comfortable home.

"Why, look here," he said, "you don't realize what you are doing. There's that big house. Loads of room for every one. Put up a partition—barbed wire entanglements—anything you like, between your rooms and Lady Lashbrook's. You need never see each other. But, for goodness' sake, don't go out into the cold world alone! What can you do? There's no room for anyone who has to work in England now."

"We're not going to stay in England," said Vicky. "We're going to emigrate."

"Emigrate!" echoed Mrs. Palmer, Enid, and Jerome Wain, on a note of horror. "To the colonies? Surely not."

"Yes. To Canada," said Vicky, and her lips trembled at the thought of the separation. "Father was very fond of Canada, you know. You do not forget, do you, that my mother was a Canadian? And my father spent years there."

"I am a Canadian, too," I said.

"Oh, yes, I know," said Mrs. Palmer. "I don't object to people being married in Canada or even born in Canada, if they're obliged to, though where one would go for one's honeymoon or how they keep babies' feet warm, I can't imagine. But to emigrate—my poor dears, you don't know what you are talking about."

"Have you any relations there you could live with?" asked Jerome.

"Not a soul," said Vicky. "But father owned a farm in Nova Scotia, just a small place on the coast. He and Joan's father used to go there for the hunting and fishing. Well, Theo had always been tremendously interested in this little place. She used to say, she wanted to go out and live there for a while, just for the adventure; so on her twenty-first birthday father gave it to her. But it was just a sort of joke. We never really thought of going."

"I did," said Theo. "I often thought about it."

"Then there is Joan's house in Quebec," went on Vicky, "the house where my mother was born. We've always wanted to see that."

Theo broke in again with one of her sudden flashes of vehemence. "Do you imagine that I have never had longings to be free from those watchful eyes of Clara? To see the world?"

"Well, of course, dear," said Mrs. Palmer, mildly, "if you really want to leave home—"

"But not to be driven out!" cried Vicky.

"The right to stay till you're ninety, if you wish," I quoted Clara in what my cousins called my "tantalizing" drawl.

"Don't be absurd," said Vicky, and Theo added in a quivering voice, "I shall never enter that house again."

"Perhaps you have relations you could go to, Miss Joan," said Jerome.

"None who wish to adopt three grown-up, able-bodied women," I replied.

"Vicky able-bodied! That's the most touching thing I've ever heard," said Jerome, looking at her tenderly.

Mrs. Palmer began to say something but the curtain at that moment enveloped her, and when she had disentangled herself she had forgotten what it was. The wire-haired terriers came to her knees, pawing her to be taken up. She heaved them, both at once, on to her lap and sat there embracing them, while Tim chewed a button of her blouse and Neddie scratched on her satin skirt to make a bed for himself. As she collected her thoughts, she remembered the new baronet. "Adorable boy, Ayrton," she breathed. "He and Enid are so jolly together, aren't you, darling?"

"Yes, mother," replied Enid. "But do tell us about the house in Nova Scotia, Theo. Who is living there now? How I should love to go with you! Shall you farm?"

"I can't tell you much about the house," said Theo, "except that it was built about two hundred years ago; that is, the original part. There has been an addition, practically a separate house, put up much later; of plaster, I think. I remember my father saying how odd it looked. The farm is leased to a man named Alonzo Haight who lives in the old house, but the new one has stood vacant for years, ever since our father and Joan's used to go there on their hunting trips. Our plan is to occupy the new house and then, later, when we know the country, take the farm into our own hands. Joan and I think it will be a great adventure. You can picture us in smock frocks guiding a team of oxen at the plough."

"Please, please give it up," implored Mrs. Palmer, clasping her hands on her bosom and upsetting the terriers.

"No-good can come of three beautiful girls isolating themselves in such a melancholy spot. Come to me instead for a month or a year, and we'll find something cheerful for you to do. Anything but that."

"One of you might marry me," suggested Jerome. "That would be cheerful."

"True!" cried Mrs. Palmer. "Splendid! Vicky and you would be a sweet couple. But no. You would get on Vicky's nerves. It must be you and Theo. Still, you are both so absent-minded, so detached—"

"But we shouldn't be detached if we were married," objected Jerome. "Just semi-detached."

"No. It won't do. You're both too temperamental."

"Say too indolent," put in Theo.

"You aren't suited, I'm afraid—"

"Poor Joan," interrupted Jerome, "I fall to you—crutch and all."

"If you marry me you must come to Nova Scotia," I said. "For I'm going and nothing can stop me."

Jerome cast himself on the cushions of the sofa but Tim and Neddie had established themselves there, and they attacked him so viciously that he had to remove to an ottoman at his aunt's feet and comfortably lay his lazy head in her lap.

"Never mind, Jerome," she said, stroking his hair. "Let them go. If they choose to cast off their old friends and go into the wilds, let them go. It won't be long till they will be hungry for a sight of Cornwall and the sea."

"Listen to it moaning," murmured Jerome, from her lap.

"Oh, but we shall have the sea there, the very same sea!" cried Theo. "I couldn't bear it otherwise." She rose and went to the window and peered out into the dark. "The sea is my friend. I couldn't live without the sea. Could I Vicky?" She looked over her shoulder at her sister.

"No, darling," said Vicky. "Of course not."

A Notable New Canadian Novel

The Thunder of New Wings

by
MAZO DE LA ROCHE

This issue brings you the first installment of this important new novel—a story of English and Canadian life, by one of Canada's internationally known women writers.

Begin this brilliant novel today and meet some of the chief characters:—

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IT WAS the day before we were to sail. I had gone for my last sight of Cobbold House while early morning was glittering on the sea, and the wind was still heavy with the fragrance of the night. I had a fancy to go alone, for I knew that if Vicky accompanied me, the very sight of Clara's bedroom window, staring defiantly from its ivy brow, would have brought that look of hardness and bitterness to her small face that I so hated to see there, and bitter words to her lips. And Theo—I felt sure she would have pressed her lips, with a drooping of the head, against the stone pillar of the gateway, or made some equally tragic gesture. I was selfish, perhaps, but I wanted in my own way, quite undisturbed by those whose sorrow was greater than mine, to say good-by to this old, grey house, to this wind-beaten garden that had so long been my home. It was hard to believe that the deep door would no more open, disclosing the tall, straight figure of my uncle with his dog at his heels.

I missed him with an unutterable sadness. He and I had many a long walk along the Sea Road together, and he had told me things that I was proudly sure, by the very pressure of his hand on my arm, that he had not told even to Clara. "You, Joan," he would say, "you're half Irish, you know, and you've a very understanding way with you."

Well, those long walks and talks with him along the bleak Sea Road had done more than a little to form my character, or at any rate to temper my outlook and my judgment with a sort of masculinity. I pictured with amazing vigor the life of my uncle and my father in Quebec. I was prepared, as neither Vicky nor Theo could be, for what came after.

And deeply I had loved him and deeply was torn by this breaking up of our life, for, after all, Vicky and Theo had each other; they were the inseparables. I was, more than the others, bereft.

I was staring at a heavy cormorant sitting lonely on his rock, my back turned to the house, when I heard a step, then young Ayrton spoke in that sulky boy's voice of his.

"I see you've come around early to sing your last Hymn of Hate, Joan."

He looked fresh as the morning in his grey tweed with a black band sewn on the left arm, and the wind rumpling his fair, uncovered head. I knew he did not mean what he said, for there was the beginning of a smile at the corner of his mouth.

"Ayrton," I said, taking his hand, "there is no hate in me for you. To be sure, you have teased me, and made yourself a little nuisance at times, but I do like you, though I don't suppose you'll believe it."

"Oh, well," he said, flushing quickly, "you've been a jolly sight nicer to me than either of my sisters. Let's walk along a bit and talk."

"What's the matter with this family, anyway?" he exclaimed as we fell into step. "We've always been, as long as I can remember, like a lot of wolfhounds on leashes, ready to fly at each other's throats. Mother and Vicky, mother and Theo, all you girls and me, even dad—sometimes." His smooth, young forehead was knotted in perplexity.

"Too many breeds," I suggested. "But you'll be happier, now. It's far better for you to be alone with your mother."

"But she watches me too much. Oh, I'm sick of women's eyes! They see everything."

I should have laughed had he not been so desperately in earnest.

"Look here, Ayrton," I said. "You're something more than a child now. Stick up for yourself. Think hard about things and then do what you believe is right. Sometimes mothers and only sons—"

"Oh, I know. They get obsessed. They really do. With the son's importance. What if I am Sir Ayrton! Oh, lord!" He strode along, hitting at the heads of wayside weeds with a stick he carried. But how astonishingly like Clara he was! I could see no trace of Uncle Richard in him. He had Clara's finely made, yet compact body, her delicate lips that could be hard, her amber eyes, her round, white neck. He looked very young, very brave, marching along with the sea wind in his face. He and the young day seemed to salute each other in their freshness and strength.

"And, look here," he said. "I don't like you girls going off like this into some desolate farmhouse in Nova Scotia. I think you'd better give it up. Really, I do, Joan. I was talking to Jerome about it yesterday. He's awfully against it. He says his aunt would make you welcome at The Cottage. There wouldn't be much room, but it might do for a while till you got something better. He says you and he are all but promised to each other."

"He's joking, dear," I answered, no longer restraining my laughter. "Besides, I've made up my mind to do something quite different. I've made up my mind to wait for you. I've a

fancy for being Lady Lashbrook, and if you keep on being as nice as you are this morning, it won't be hard to love you."

Ayrton laughed too, then. "But you're only ten years older," he said. "That's not so much."

"Oh, no," I replied. "Only, when you're in your prime at thirty, I'll be an old lady of forty with a double chin."

"You!" He was full of scorn at the idea. "You, fat! Why, you're as thin as a fiddlestick and always will be." He grew suddenly serious again. "As I was saying, I don't like your going away like this. I should have taken father's place, you know."

He turned and faced me, frowning earnestly. There was something so pathetic about him, standing there on the ancient Sea Road, full of his new consequence, that I took his head between my hands and kissed him. "Dear old fellow," I said, "it is nice to part friends like this. I'll write to you and you'll write to me, and one day you must come out to see us."

[Continued on page 32]

as she looked Hattie up and down. "Your figure isn't bad, but there isn't enough of it. Why, Mr. Gillespie told me only yesterday if he were choosing a wife he wouldn't even look at you skinnies!"

"If he did," Hattie flared, "he was just kiddin' you along."

"I'm not interested in arguing about it," Lyda said over her shoulder. "But I know I've got a date with him when he gets back. Look that over and see what you think of it!"

She turned on her heel and banged the door shut, but not soon enough to shut off Hattie's retort which informed her that she was "barking up the wrong tree!"

That night when Lyda retired to the secret precincts of her room, she surveyed herself in her mirror. Goodness, but she was a sight! Look at that thick neck, and those beefy arms, and the size of those hips! No wonder Mr. Gillespie had been so backward in coming forward.

Lyda had a swift vision of the willowy form of Hattie Hymer, dressed in ivory silk, hanging to the arm of Mr. Gillespie as they wended their way up a flower-strewn aisle

magazine rack. She hunted through a pile of periodicals, hastily thumbing page after page. She finally found what she sought, and came back to the bed and sat down. She read a boxed advertisement, which said:

NOBODY LOVES A FAT GIRL!

It's Positively Out of Fashion to be Stout
New Scientific Shed-Flesh Method Makes it
Possible to Reduce in a Safe, Simple and Painless
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Guaranteed to Take Off Thirty Pounds in Three
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Lyda burned with anger, but she smothered the feeling as she looked Hattie up and down. "Your figure isn't bad," she said, "but there isn't enough of it."

Lyda's face beamed with hidden hope. If Doctor Fischer's methods were really all they claimed to be, there would be ample time in which to revamp her figure before Mr. Gillespie's return. And what a surprise she would spring on him!

She spilled the contents of her purse upon the bed. Among a conglomeration of things feminine she gathered up three one-dollar bills and eighty-five cents in change. A poor start, she pouted. Well, perhaps if she handled him right, brother George might come unwittingly to the rescue. Of course she'd have to tell him a little white lie, for if George knew the truth he'd laugh himself out of the loan, and that would spell curtains for sister Lyda!

So the next morning at breakfast she broached the matter to George. Could he let her have twenty-five dollars until Saturday? She had the grandest chance to pick up an exclusive dress for a song. One

that had been out to a swell "hop" on approval and had been returned the following day because it hadn't exactly suited. No, she couldn't wait till Saturday because someone was bound to pick it up.

"All right," George said slyly. "But remember, sis, I've got to have it back Saturday. There's that payment on my pilot's correspondence course to be met."

Lyda bestowed a kiss upon his cheek as she tucked the bills into her purse.

LYDA came to a halt when she faced the door in the Banner Building marked 389. She felt like one abandoning herself to Fate as she stood there reading the inscription on the glass, which bade her "Walk In." She smothered a last-minute impulse to turn and flee, and only by exerting her last ounce of will-power did she force herself to turn the knob.

Doctor Fischer arose gracefully from a severely tidy desk. He came forward, all smiles and bows.

"Are you Doctor Fischer?" Lyda asked huskily.

"Yes, madam. And you are . . . ?"

"Miss Lawson," Lyda reminded him. "I phoned for an appointment."

"Yes, of course, of course you did," Doctor Fischer acknowledged. "So many patients, you know, one is taxed to keep all the names in mind."

Lyda seated herself in an indicated chair and fumbled with the strap of her purse while she waited for him to open the interview.

"You have quite made up your mind that you wish to reduce, Miss—er—Lawson?" The doctor fastened his eyes upon her. "I ask you that to make certain you'll go through with it. So many don't, you know."

Lyda caught her breath and threw swift, startled glances about the room. The doctor smiled.

"I'm afraid I've given you an incorrect impression of my methods," he said softly. "They are simple and safe. And because they are, many people haven't sufficient faith to carry them through."

"Oh, I really will!" Lyda exclaimed, losing some of her fear in his explanations. "And if you can really do me any good, I'll be forever grateful."

Doctor Fischer smiled wanly. "My dear Miss Lawson," he said feelingly, "please have no fear but that I can do for you what I have already accomplished for others. Look at these photographs and see for yourself the proofs of my method."

He handed a folder to Lyda, who avidly scanned its bulky contents. It was filled with "before and after" pictures of women patients and was proof beyond doubt that Doctor Fischer surely knew his subtraction tables.

"This young lady," he said, pointing to one of them, "weighed 160 pounds when she came to me for treatment. After three weeks under my instructions she barely tipped the scales at 125 pounds! What I did for her, I can do for you."

"When do we start?" Lyda breathlessly asked, as she extracted from her purse the bills she had wangled from brother George, and pressed them into the doctor's hand. "I've got three weeks to get rid of this—this—surplus flesh. It's a life and death matter," she added hastily.

Doctor Fischer raised his eyebrows and squinted sidelong at her. Lyda's impulsive six-word confession interested him. He had learned from years of practice that women reduce for but one of two reasons: either they have been medically advised to do so, or there was a man in the case. Since Lyda was a perfect picture of health, he knew a man lurked around the corner of her life.

"Draw your chair up to the desk, Miss Lawson," he suddenly instructed. "I'll outline my methods and give you your first week's diet schedule. To start with, you'll have to stop eating starch."

Lyda brightened. "Why, that's easy, doctor; I simply detest it. I don't even like blanc mange."

Doctor Fischer muffled a laugh by coughing into his hand. "But I mean you'll have to stop eating such foods as potatoes, turnips, white bread and lots of other things that contain starch."

Lyda's face fell. "And what am I supposed to live on?" she asked anxiously.

"Such things as brown bread, eggs, green vegetables and fresh fruits. The idea is that you're to shun any food that is the least bit fattening," the doctor explained.

Lyda sat like a prisoner at the bar while the doctor minutely outlined his course of treatment. The longer he talked the harder it appeared for her to submit herself to it. But when the picture she had seen reflected in her mirror on the previous evening flitted across the screen of her memory, she shuddered and closed her eyes to it. If it killed her, she'd go through with it, she told herself vehemently.

HAVE you ever sat down to a steaming meal of steak and mushrooms, mashed potatoes, creamed carrots and fresh peach pie, and couldn't touch a mouthful because of some little off-color of the stomach? If you have you'll know exactly how Lyda felt that evening when she took her place at the dinner table. She felt like a vacant chair at a Rotarian banquet: the food was there but she couldn't touch it. She looked down at her plate and turned her nose up at the half grapefruit and slices of once-fresh brown bread. And when she glanced across at brother George, he smiled through a juicy mouthful of steak.

"Think you'll be able to withstand the pressure, sis?" he asked, smacking his lips. "You ought to try a piece of that peach pie with a dash of cream on it."

"George, I'll throw something at [Continued on page 30]

pulpit-ward, herself one of the craning crowd looking on from the grandstand. She closed her eyes to shut out the picture. That must never happen. But what could she do to prevent it? She flopped on to the bed and cried.

There seemed nothing she could do. All her unhappiness surged through her again and she did not bother to try and stop it. A fat girl didn't stand a chance of winning anything worth while in life.

Suddenly she stopped and rushed across the room to a

FAT GIRL

by David William Belbeck

Illustrated by W. V. Chambers

By all the standards of popular fiction, no fat girl can ever be a heroine—but read this and discover Lyda

IT IS with a feeling almost akin to timidity that I take the hand of Lyda Lawson and lead her out into the spotlight of publicity. For by all the accepted standards of popular fiction Lyda has absolutely no business crowding herself into any story.

A hero may be anything from a stevedore to a grand duke; as homely as sin or handsome as a pen can paint him, and still hold the respect of the most fastidious reader. But let a heroine appear who hasn't the complexion of a ripe peach and more "It" than Clara Bow—and the reader doesn't want to have anything to do with her.

Yet, knowing all this to be true, I am blushing going to lead Lyda forth and relate her story in the hope there is at least some semblance of truth in the phrase "The world loves a fat man." If it really does, then there is a chance that it will also love a fat girl.

Lyda is not just pleasantly plump or charmingly chubby; she is frankly fat! I cannot quote her exact weight, but I will divulge the fact that her figure is kept in place by special boning. And, contrary to general rule, she is brimming over with pep and ambition. For these double attributes she drew the munificent sum of twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents in the weekly pay envelope handed her each Saturday night at the Golden Rule department store, where she completely filled the position of head salesgirl in the ready-to-wear department.

If Lyda was much too plump to be an ultra-acceptable heroine, she was at least a splendid salesgirl. And if she couldn't wear the styles to the best advantage, she certainly absorbed all the knowledge pertaining to them. However, styles were not the only things she had been making a study of: there was also Mr. Gillespie, department buyer.

Lyda at first tried to convince herself that it was his curly mop of brick-red hair which attracted her, but as her interest increased she blushing admitted it was something deeper. She masked the feeling as only a woman can do. Not by so much as a misplaced glance or a thoughtless word had she hinted the fact to him. Yet whenever he drew near, Lyda's heart played tattoo, and she had difficulty in keeping her voice steady.

One day in between seasons Lyda was busily re-marking a rack of coats for quick clearance, when Mr. Gillespie approached. In his hand he held the latest copy of *The Buyer's Adviser*.

"My, my, Miss Lawson," he bubbled, "the new styles are certainly knock-outs! Honest to John, I've never seen anything so swell! But it takes a girl with a slender figure and plenty of curves to get by with them. Take Miss Hymer—she'd look like a million . . ."

Mr. Gillespie swallowed hard and the coloring from his hair soaked through the scalp and ran down his face. He realized he had inadvertently made a blunder.

Lyda's cheeks flamed, and she snapped: "Well, there's no call for rubbing it in!"

She was used to gentle digs about her fleshiness, but to have Mr. Gillespie unpremeditatedly throw the figure of Hattie Hymer in her face was too much. Because she had definitely placed Hattie as a positive rival, she couldn't stand the comparison. She could scarcely hold the tears in check.

"Oh, come, come," said Mr. Gillespie, almost tenderly. "Please forget that I said it. Why, Miss Lawson, if I were looking for a wife I wouldn't throw bait at these skinnies. Me, I'd choose a fat girl every time! They're jollier and more good-natured."

Mr. Gillespie looked so much like a little boy caught in the jam cupboard that Lyda smiled and said, "Aw, stop smooching it over."

"On the level," persisted Mr. Gillespie, "I can't have you sore at me. You see, I'm going east tonight on a buying trip—a matter of three or four weeks. Can't we part good friends?"

Lyda threw him a roguish smile that set him entirely at his ease. "Aw, go along, Mr. Gillespie," she cooed, and turned to her work.

He went, but was back at her elbow within a few minutes. "I wish I wasn't going east until tomorrow, Miss Lawson," he remarked pointedly. "Perhaps we could have arranged to have supper and take in a show. But maybe you . . .?"

"I'd be delighted, Mr. Gillespie. But couldn't you . . .?"

Lyda ran into Hattie that evening in the employees' rest room. Hattie, who was intuitively jealous of Lyda because of her close proximity to Mr. Gillespie during business hours, cast an implicating glance at her, with the remark: "I suppose you can find lots to keep you busy now that Mr. Gillespie's away?"

Lyda faced her quickly, words of retaliation on her tongue. Instead, she reached for her hat and, while she



"Shake it out of your system, kid," said Hattie tartly. "You haven't a chance. He likes them with a figger. You've got the complexion, hair and teeth, but your figger leaves everything to be desired."

"It isn't possible," he cut in quickly. "You see, I've got my reservations and appointments arranged. I've got to leave tonight."

"Well, then," Lyda said, "perhaps when you come back . . .?"

Mr. Gillespie fidgeted. "You can never tell how these trips are going to turn out. I wouldn't want to promise and maybe leave you stranded."

"Oh, don't worry!" Lyda snapped. "Only the suggestion was yours and I thought you meant it."

"Yes, yes," stammered Mr. Gillespie. "I did—do mean it. Well—well—we'll pick an evening when I return."

And Mr. Gillespie made his retreat under the impressive implication that until that evening arrived his world would be totally stationary.

SOME wisecracker once made the remark that any woman can marry any man she sets her heart on. This may have been true at some time—say when polygamy was in style. But what happens when two women set their hearts on the same man? One of them is going to get the raspberry. Take Mr. Gillespie, for instance.

He was admired and pursued by nearly all the prospective housewives in the Golden Rule store. He drew a good salary and knew how to spend it. From the top of his fiery thatch to the soles of his patent leather Oxfords, he was the final paragraph on "what the well-dressed man should look like." The girls all raved about him. Though he joshed and carried on with them all, it was the consensus of opinion that Hattie Hymer stood the best chance of entering the social register as Mrs. Horton Gillespie. That is, all but Lyda. She considered herself well in the running. Yet Hattie's lissom figure persisted in coming between her and her dreams. She couldn't get Hattie's curves out of her head.

fitted it on, she said sweetly: "Yes, and how time does hang! It seems to move on crutches, really."

Hattie bit her lip. "Shake it out of your system, kid," she said tartly. "You haven't a chance. He likes them with a figger. Ever notice how he picks me to sport the exclusive models to the dames that can pay the cash? You've got the complexion and the hair and teeth, but your figger leaves everything to be desired."

Lyda burned with anger, but she smothered the feeling



Heat blazed from the shining surface of the lake, and hung heavy and scented in the pines, as the four of them lounged on the verandah. "I feel myself growing stubborn about this picnic—marvellous test of character, a picnic," said Isabel with a sudden flash of malice.

daughter, and the other young lady is his sister-in-law." Their hostess' expression changed to one of horrified surprise. "Mr. Jones' daughter! Why, my own cousin farms for Mr. Jones. I'm Mrs. Snibley. And you sitting there wet to the skin, Miss Jones! I certainly thought you was just crazy trippers. The kids says, 'Maw, some folks want to leave a big car in the yard,' and I thought, 'Crazy trippers! They'll get it!'"

"We did," said Bill. "What a storm! Must be two feet of mud on the roads right now."

"My land, I bet there is. You'll hafta stay all night. We can manage fine, if you gentlemen don't mind sleepin' in the boys' room. They can double up and I'll take the baby in with me. Ee-laine, go fix the spare-room bed right away, so the ladies can get right in with a hot bottle to each of 'em.

My, you'll have your death of pneumonia, Miss Jones, and your auntie, too."

Bill had collected the two little boys and was astounding them with strange doings. His handkerchief, rolled into a mouse, ran up his sleeve and jumped at them till even the little terrier snarled with excitement. When he put a lighted cigarette into his ear, volumes of smoke issued mysteriously from his nose and mouth. He produced two magic dimes that were forever being lost and recovered from the oddest places until finally they found their way into the boys' trouser pockets. Bill advised them solemnly to go to bed at once, before the money vanished again, and they departed in haste.

Amy had laughed with the astonished children till the tears came. Mrs. Snibley was enchanted. She told Isabel in

a loud aside that they made a lovely-looking couple, now didn't they? Evan, shivering beside the stove, was too sunk in misery to care. He looked ten years older, with fatigue lines deeply drawn about his mouth and his hair tousled out of its usual precious calm. With a shock Isabel saw that there was a broad white wing above his temple. How haggard and awful she must look herself! Every bone in her body was aching gently and she longed for bed. Bill and Amy, young and resilient and giggling, were oblivious of their more elderly exhaustion. She felt a rush of sympathy for poor Evan.

The storm was abating. The wind howled less furiously in the maples; the thunder was steadily retreating, and Bill succeeded in getting a call through to the house over disorganized rural lines. When he [Continued on page 34]

TRIAL BY THUNDER

Of a lazy summer picnic that brought four strangely assorted people to a hill top — and of the crashing dramatics that changed all their lives in an hour or so

by MELANIE BENETT

Illustrated by Carl Shreve

IT WAS HOT. Heat blazed from the shining surface of the lake and hung heavy and scented in the pines. Towers and battlements of white cloud were piling up behind the far hills. Across the wide verandah, with its grey wicker chairs and boxes filled with pink petunias, the shade of tall trees lay pleasantly. Strange to be home again, to be accepted after ten long years as though her idle and capricious wanderings had never been. Isabel, relaxed among chintz cushions, watched the others with affectionate, if faintly malicious, amusement. Georgie, her sister, had grown stouter, very much the placid and prosperous matron. Five years her junior, Isabel was happily conscious of her own smart slimmness and the deceptive simplicity of her white crêpe dress. Her thin face with its frame of snow-white hair had a clear distinction, her eyes were bright under winglike black brows.

Georgie was agitated this morning; her look beseeched Edward to remain calm under these trying circumstances. She was as anguished over an accidental purple petunia sporting among the pink, as she was over their daughter's love affair.

It seemed absurd to Isabel that Amy should have such things as lovers. At twenty-two she was an exquisite golden child with her mother's wistful, wide grey eyes. Her little slim frock of pale yellow silk was close about her pretty hips, fluttering round her lovely sculptured legs. She had squeezed Isabel's arm in an ecstasy of innocent gratitude as she introduced Evan Bland. In her newly rediscovered aunt, Amy had found an ally against her father's ponderous disapproval. It was Isabel who had serenely over-riden Edward's honest and obstinate objections, who had insisted on having Evan invited for the week-end.

She found him distinctly interesting. Handsome in a thin dark way, with delightful manners. He had bowed over her hand with a smile that made Isabel feel that, under different circumstances, he would have been happy to kiss her fingertips.

So unlike Bill, who said casually—"Hullo there, Isabel!"—as though she had only been gone a week. Bill had called her Isabel when he was a cheeky, stocky fourteen-year-old, and she a rather too thin and too clever young woman approaching thirty. Now he was enormous, a big, broad-chested, brown young man, an amiable young grizzly in linen plus fours. Amy accepted his complete devotion with a far-away sweet tolerance; she was too thrilled over Evan's arrival to care whether Bill was there or not.

Conversation languished. Presently Isabel stirred. "Let's picnic this afternoon," she suggested idly. "On the mountain. Tea at the summit."

Amy uttered a little shriek of joy. "Oh, Aunt Isabel, what fun! We haven't had a picnic on the Head since I was a little girl. It's too wonderful, Evan. You climb up and up—and suddenly, there's all the world at your feet. You feel like an angel taking tea in heaven."

But Evan, it seemed, had few angelic aspirations. "Why not tea on this heavenly verandah, Amy? Why so much energy on such a day?"

"It's not a bad idea—a picnic," said Georgie hopefully, visioning a peaceful afternoon for Edward and herself. "We're very primitive here, Mr. Bland. No golf on this side of the lake, and I'm afraid our tennis court is a mere travesty. I'll speak to Anna about putting up a tea—"

Amy said eagerly, "Ask Anna if we can have chicken salad, mother—her special kind." Amy wasn't really grown-up at all. She was too pleased about this absurd outing to realize that Evan was tired already with the heat and the unaccustomed long ride, and would have preferred to spend an idle, loving hour or two among the pine trees.

The situation held for Isabel a delicate flavor of the ridiculous. Edward roused himself suddenly, grasping the point of the discussion. "Better not try it, Isabel. This heat means thunder."

"Oh, dear!" Georgie exclaimed from the doorway. "I do detest thunder." But Isabel said lightly, "A little rain won't hurt us, Edward. Don't be discouraging. It may be hours before a shower comes up."

"You have forgotten our mountain storms," he told her dubiously.

"For one," Evan interjected a little too quickly. "I recommend accepting Mr. Jones's advice. You know this country, sir."

"Oh, no you don't, Mr. Bland," said Isabel to herself with a sudden flash of malice. "I feel myself growing stubborn about this picnic. Marvellous test of character, a picnic." Aloud she murmured sweetly, "If you are afraid of a wetting, Mr. Bland, you can always stay here with my sister and her husband."

"No fun if we don't all go," Amy declared, and her pretty mouth pouted softly as a baby's.

"Sure we'll all go," Bill reassured her cheerfully.

AFTER dinner, fat old Anna with her beaming full-moon face came waddling on to the verandah with their tea packed in two disreputable canvas knapsacks, and they set forth immediately. Isabel thoroughly enjoyed the ride, with Bill very large and uncommunicative behind the wheel of his excellent roadster. Amy and Evan were in the rumble seat, murmuring confidentially, his arm behind her shoulders. At any rate this part of the party would afford him some slight consolation.

The air was sweetly fresh in the rush of their passage, laden with smells of hay and clover, the road went deviously among the little hills. At the foot of the mountain they obtained indifferent permission to park the car in a near farmyard and started off gaily to find the path.

A pale greyness like theatrical gauze was over everything as they began the first ascent. Under the arching trees the air was hot and breathless. This was the lee side of the hill, which at this time of day was also the shady side, and in the dim cavern of foliage it was impossible to tell whether the sun still shone or not. The way steadily steepened until it grew necessary to pull at rocks and branches for help over the hardest places. When they reached the cold spring halfway up the trail and stopped to drink thirstily, Evan was all for abandoning the climb to the summit.

"What about tea here?" he asked, putting down his knapsack with a sigh of relief.

"Here!" Isabel exclaimed in horror; "but there will be a breeze at the top to revive our wilting souls. Take another drink—"

"I'm melting away," said Amy. "I'm all indelicately bedewed."

They splashed their hands and faces in the icy water and set out again. It took an hour to make the rest of the grade, but at the summit, emerging suddenly from the wooded sides on to a rocky crown, they met the promised breeze, a steady sweep of air. Here the world was spread in a wide span, woods and farmland, blue water and rolling hills. To the south and to the east, sunshine was palely glimmering. Behind them, steel-grey and purple, clouds were steadily blotting out the sky, the nearer reaches of the lake were ominously black. A faint electric flickering shone over the dark north, and thunder muttered distantly.

Isabel was aware of a sharp depression. Bill and Amy were spreading food upon an extemporized rocky table in the manner of experienced picnickers. What a fool she was, thought Isabel, to drag them off on this preposterous adventure. She would pay in aches and pains tomorrow for the unwonted exertion. Already a premonitory soreness assailed her thighs and shoulders. She wondered in what shape Evan found himself—how old was the man anyway?

He had puffed a lot over the steeper places. But what a fool she was to meddle in other people's love affairs! Always a thankless business and always wrong, whichever way things happened. Amy was a tiresome child, for all her loveliness quite without intellect. Bill was too outrageously male and successful. Evan high-strung and unbalanced, the perfect egoist. And she herself an impulsive fool. Could you find four more truly representative humans to set apart on a mountain top? Bill passed her a generous offering of Anna's cold chicken and sandwiches on a cardboard plate, and she forgot her introspections.

The sky grew lighter, the dark massed clouds stretching and thinning, and though the breeze had died, leaves moved uneasily far below them in an unfelt wind. While they were lighting cigarettes, pleased and relaxed after food, a few drops of rain fell on the rocks. Amy sprang up at once and began gathering cups and forks with frightened fingers. "Do hurry," she cried, "it's coming after all. Bill, do

hurry—" And as if in derision, a clear fork of lightning shot across the sky and the clap of thunder following filled all the air around them.

Amy shrieked thinly. "Oh—oh, I'm scared."

"Why, Amy!" Isabel exclaimed, and Evan said so irritably that she was astonished. "Amy, don't be childish." But Bill took Amy's arm and started down the path. "All right, old thing," he said, "we won't let it bite you . . ."

Under the shelter of the trees they heard rain pattering on the leaves above them, and a murmur of wind in the top branches. Before they were gone very far the murmur had grown to an ugly moaning and rain was beating grimly through. They moved in twilight, in drenching downpour, slipping and staggering on the precipitous narrow path in single file. Bill first, then Amy, Isabel and finally Evan Bland, going like monkeys, depending on handholds rather than the greasy wet earth underfoot.

IT WAS a nightmare. The darkness; the wild and gusty wind that came suddenly to life, lashing the trees and beating rain against their faces; treacherous gravel and slippery rocks; branches that whipped cruelly; the roar and tumult of thunder and the awful greenish glare of lightning. They would go on forever like this, wet and cold, slithering down an endless hill. Evan was talking about his hands, his precious hands. Torn tendons, broken wrists, rheumatism. It didn't apparently occur to him that any one of them might fall and break a leg. Then where would they all be? Bill called back, "Mind that bad spot, Isabel! Bland, for heaven's sake give Isabel a hand." And Evan muttered something about having his hands full already.

Amy was almost weeping. "If we had only started back sooner. We could have telephoned from the farm. Mother will be perfectly frantic."

"We'll telephone from the farm anyway," said Bill. "when this is over. She knows the operator won't answer while there's a storm."

Dear old Bill. Safe and reasonable. Lucky Amy, to have Bill to lean on. Never again, Isabel vowed, would she obey one of her own wild impulses. Then suddenly the path levelled and grew grassy, and they were all running madly toward a dim light in the farmhouse window. There was Bill's car, mud-splashed and streaked with the fury of the rain. There they were, four wet and miserable objects, huddled together on the little porch.

A GAWKY child of eight or so opened the door narrowly. "Maw!" she called shrilly, "it's them people that left the car. They's awful wet." Her mother came from the kitchen, wiping her hands on a blue apron and surveying them with reproach.

"Sif they was nuthin' better to do than climb the Head on such a day!" she exclaimed indignantly. "Now I'll have to let you in, trackin' mud all over—well, now, come in!"

They trooped meekly after her, uncomfortably conscious of guilt under the clatter of her scolding tongue. The kitchen was gratefully warm—an enormous room lined with wooden shelves and cupboards, a huge black old range towering over everything. There was a pump in one corner, geraniums at a window hung with crisp and spotless muslin on a sagging string. They stood, and the water that had dripped all down the narrow hall formed muddy pools on the scoured boards. The little girl stared at them, two little boys emerged from a corner and stared. A fat baby bellowed his dislike of the intrusion. Even the terrier that lay sleeping under the stove, groaning with age and asthma, a grotesque little barrel on legs, waddled out to snuffle disapproval. The room was full of noise and heat and the smell of oil lamps.

"It beats all," the woman said, shoving and slapping indiscriminately. "How kids do get under a body's feet! Sit close to the stove, ladies. I've still my supper things to wash. My man's away and I had the barn chores to do and all—Ee-laine, get out of my way. Go put the baby to bed. If folks weren't such fools—"

Evan said haughtily, "My good woman, we'll pay you for your trouble—" And Bill interrupted him in sudden anger, "Oh, shut up! And don't mind him. It's too bad to put you out like this. We were fools all right to try the mountain when Mr. Jones told us a storm might happen. You know Mr. Edward Jones, up the lake? This is his



A charming new study of one of the younger stars, Dorothy Jordan, who is developing into an effective actress in emotional rôles.

The stage play was made into a movie in 1919, and now a dozen years later has been made over again with all modern improvements.

The story concerns a band of crooks who learn of a faith-healer in a small village, and who decide to stage a mock miracle to bring the crowds, to collect money ostensibly for the erection of a suitable church for the Miracle Man himself—and then depart, as silently as they came, with the money. But the sincerity and truth of the old man so impress them that one by one they reform, and the picture ends in a scene of general piety.

The new picture, to me, presents one of the most interesting aspects of movieland—how easy it is to overdo a thing and spoil it. The original silent picture was simply told; the hermit was a genuine figure who had lived for years in the mountains of California. In the new picture, while giving a well-turned-out stage performance,



Lewis Stone, who has many fine rôles to his credit, has a powerful characterization with Dorothy Jordan in "The Wet Parade."



Norah Gregor and Heather Thatcher, that promises to be very popular.

Tyrone Power cannot help but lend an atmosphere of "staginess" which makes him unreal. In the original picture, the crookedness of the crooks was suggested. In the new, we are shown such depths of iniquity in the squalor of a city that it makes the final reformation seem ridiculous. So much time is taken up with stressing the wickedness of the quartette who come to develop the new "racket" that the very effect of the film has been lost. And then, to see men signing cheques for five and ten thousand dollars and handing them over cheerfully to a young girl to handle in trust for the Miracle Man, in these days of trust funds and chartered accountants, seemed rather more than most of the audience could credit.

"The Miracle Man" also indicates how far we have gone in movie sophistication since the early days of pictures. We all love hokum, but it must have a flavor of the season about it. And we have seen so many delicately handled suggestions that we sit with a mental "oh, yeah?" when a one-time crook tiptoes around a room, giving an old man hot milk, tucking him into bed, and crooning baby talk at him. Hokum must be convincing.

There's an excellent illustration of just what I mean in "She Wanted a Millionaire." Here is the ancient lay of the poor village girl, who leaves her humble village swain for the ways of the big world and the joys of being a millionaire's wife. Yet the picture attains a satisfactory interpretation through being presented with all the flavor of 1932. Joan Bennett, the aforesaid village vamp, wins the title of "Miss Universe" at the Atlantic City beauty contest, and although her home-town hero had sent in her photograph and so brought her the opportunity, she attains a lifelong ambition and marries a millionaire. On her wedding night she learns that he has been married three times already, and that each of his wives has been cruelly punished because of his jealousy and suspicion. They go to live in a frightening old French castle, where the millionaire keeps a pack of ferocious dogs in the cellar and threatens to throw Joan to them if ever he catches her interested in any other man. A half-witted old servant; secret doors; devices which will bring the master the sound of any conversation in any other part of the house all make for a real sense of excitement. After a year of this sort of thing; after a year of being threatened with all manner of punishment, Joan meets her old sweetheart at the Carnival, and naively brings him home, to tell her husband that she is going to leave for home with him next morning. Whereat the gentleman, after seeing the hero safely off the premises, grabs Joan and runs down toward the dogs with her; but the half-witted servant turns on his master; shoots him—and the picture fades out with the fair Joan in full control of the millionaire's money, and her village hero to boot.

There's the general trend of "She Wanted a Millionaire." Yet it's good film entertainment. Probably because of the homely, sincere acting of the country boy, and the pert impudence of Una Merkle, who is always amusing.

[Continued on page 52]

At the MOVIES

by BYRNE HOPE SANDERS

A page of monthly news and notes,
of previews and reviews—for
movie fans everywhere

One of the exciting new pictures of adventures in the air, following the sensational "Hell's Angels" is "Sky Brides" with Richard Arlen, Robert Coogan and Jack Oakie.



Russia during the days of the revolution is the setting for "The World and the Flesh" with George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins.

LOOKING BACK over the month's crop of movies, it seems to me that "Tarzan" will probably interest more people in any given audience of men, women and children than any other picture of the season. So often a palpitating love scene that will have the young people holding hands harder than ever, elicits nothing but sighs and weary inertia from older people and children. So often a delicately handled bit of subtlety will enthrall those who like their ideas suggested rather than plastered on with a trowel—while half the audience is obviously bored and mildly amused.

But "Tarzan" appeals to everyone; and therefore it should be one of the big moneymakers of the season. The night I saw Tarzan, I'll wager that two thirds of the audience had sat through the picture twice. I know I did, and I could hear the eager comments on every side, which proved that folks knew just what was going to happen next.

Tarzan brings Johnny Weismuller for the first time to the talkies as the ape man of the jungle; and his performance, silent except for his blood-curdling calls through the tree-

tops, is entirely satisfactory. But oh, Hollywood, spare us the presentations of Johnny as the play-boy of Fifth Avenue.

Personally I found "Tarzan" more thrilling than "Trader Horn." This seems hardly fair when it is considered that the "Trader Horn" pictures were taken in Africa itself, while "Tarzan's" were cleverly faked into the picture. It may have been the feminine satisfaction of seeing Maureen O'Sullivan really looking as if she had lived in the forest for days; of seeing her ducked in the water and coming up with wet straggly hair rather than the perpetual tonsorial perfection of the lassie in "Trader Horn" who moved throughout her adventures without disturbing one marcelled curl. But, joking aside, the acting in "Tarzan" is excellent, the animal pictures superb, and the whole picture makes excellent entertainment. The story is so well known that we'll leave its details out, and pass on to the next picture.

"The Miracle Man" is excellently staged and has a cast of first-class stars to bring back to life this drama written for the stage by Frank L. Packard, of Montreal, in 1914.



A scene from "But the Flesh is Weak" the new comedy with Robert Montgomery.



Pyjamas

*The highly diverting comedy
of a coal town hero who
refused to wear them*

by EVA L. BRUCE

IN THREE minutes the eight o'clock whistle would blow, but Sarah Billings would be ready for it, as she had been ready every Monday morning for a year. Bending over the washtub she swept and swirled the bluing water with one searching hand in case a stray handkerchief had escaped. The starched flares of her dust cap fell forward like brooding wings about her temples as if they meant to hide her brows from the stern features beneath. They were such sprawling, inconsequent, want-to-be-happy brows with red lights in their fairness, that all Sarah's spare-fleshed, hard-muscled body seemed to contradict, reproach and defy them. Her high, stiff-boned corset made a ridge between her shoulder blades as she lifted aside the clothes basket with its neat stack of snowy linen.

All ready—except—

On the kitchen table lay a pair of striped pyjamas, aggressively clean and dry, carefully folded and pressed. Sarah picked up the coat, shook it viciously and plunged it in the water. The wide pants, gaily tasselled, seemed to swagger for a minute on the wet coat, then crumpling at the knees, sank under Sarah's ruthless hand.

Swish—swish—round the tub she sent them till no sign of a fold was left before she wrung them into a twisted pink and blue rope and threw them on the clothes basket. "Who-e-e-e-e-e!"

Sarah was out on the box-like verandah giving the pulley line an experimental jerk before the sound of the whistle faded out. With a quick, challenging toss of her head she raked the double row of cottages for sign of a wash-filled line, but each backyard was as empty as a loader's bucket at the end of a shift.

A poor, lazy, shiftless lot, Sarah reminded herself, as she pinned the pyjama coat by the side seams. The line screeched slowly over the pulley—and opened every door in Coal Town. One minute the camp lay asleep in the early light of the June morning, then every back door framed a housewife with an ash can.

Never before had Sarah seen the like. As a well-trained chorus might step-dance its entrance across a stage, each housewife pranced down her backyard, a cloud of dust rose from a dozen ash piles simultaneously, then with one movement the women turned toward Sarah Billings.

Sarah stared down the populated alleyway, then looked quickly behind her as an empty ash pan rattled to the ground. Mrs. Haggerty stood, bracing her girth against the fence, the family comb protruding like a small-toothed harrow on each side of her knob of greying hair; her apron, caught between layers of breast and stomach, needed no tying to keep it in place.

"Good mornin', Mrs. Haggerty," cried the chorus, ignoring Sarah.

"Mornin'," said Mrs. Haggerty, "ain't you wimmen got yer wash out yet?"

With trembling fingers Sarah fumbled the clothes-pin bag. They were baiting her for being clean, for shaming them with the whiteness of her wash, the tidiness of her backyard. That was it—that was all.

"No," chanted the chorus, "have you?"

"Me?" Mrs. Haggerty bridled in mock horror, "I wash every Monday mornin'—I—"

"What d'ye wash?" they interrupted, too anxious for the climax to indulge Mrs. Haggerty's desire to overplay her part.

"I'll be tellin' ye, if ye'll no tell a livin' sowl," her voice sank to a hoarse, carrying whisper. "My man sleeps in his underwear, but I wash his pyjamas every week."

For a breath Sarah hung on the line as limp as the towel she had just pinned. Laughter racketed about her. Her cheeks were scorching flames of shame and anger. Her hands jiggled about the taut wire in futile motions. Her knees were water. Somehow she hung the last pillow slip, somehow she kept her back stiff and her step unharried as she entered the house, but once inside—

Oh, if only she could lay hands on Jake Billings. If only he would walk in at the door what a satisfaction it would be. The drunken, blitherin', blattin', prideless—That's where he had been Saturday night. Hadn't he said something about Haggerty's when he was staggering his way to bed. He'd been there, in that dirty shanty, drinking with Tim Haggerty and he'd told them—told them—She could kill him for the shame he had put upon her. If he had done it just to be paying her out, she wouldn't mind so much, but just to be a blitherin', blattin', prideless fool. A fool, and obstinate as a mule on that one thing. Not all the talking she could do had ever moved him when it came to wearing the pyjamas. Not even on their wedding night and her so proud to be giving him so genteel a present.

Jake Billings had a hook nose, a crick in his neck caused by a fall of coal, and the air of a thoughtful parrot meditating

*With beating heart Sarah faced them.
They were baiting her for being clean,
for shaming them with the whiteness of
her wash, the tidiness of her backyard.*

Illustrated by Jack Keay

profanity. He had stood, braces dangling to his knees, hairy-backed hands grasping his pant band, and looked down at the gaily striped pyjamas. How he had laughed and made fun. And now he had told the Haggertys and the Haggertys had told the whole camp . . .

The camp hated Sarah from the first hour of her installation in the company cottage assigned to Jake Billings, Loader. Her voice, shrill with disgust, had dealt mercilessly with "the kind o' wimmen that fling their dish water off the back step." In turn the women had pitied Jake Billings scraping his feet by the hour on an iron scraper, and they had jeered when Sarah took spade, hoe and rake to the dank and sullen backyard; that is, they had jeered till rows of harassed-looking vegetables greened its sour surface.

And Sarah had joyed in their hatred, chuckling with acid relish when the housewives nearest her were driven by the sharpness of comparison to grudging, resentful efforts at tidying their own yards.

Oh, she had held her head high and lorded it over them, and showed them up for the idle, shiftless lot they were, but now—

She'd never be able to set her foot outside her door in the daytime. She was broken by the most terrible of weapons. The Haggerty brats would cry her shame and humiliation. How could she hang the pyjamas on the line? How could she not hang them?

If only Jake Billings would step in at that door, what a satisfaction that would be. How could she wait till he came up with the afternoon shift? If only she could go down the mine, snatch his coal pick from him and kill him with it. The drunken, blitherin', blattin', prideless fool.

ALL forenoon Sarah jerked through the three small rooms, lifting this, laying that, trying with feverish activity to hurry the slow moving hands of the squat alarm clock.

"Who-e-e-e-e-e!"

Twelve o'clock. Jake Billings would be sitting, his back against the coal face, lunch bucket between his knees, Tim Haggerty haunched beside him, egging Jake on till every loader in the south end was killing himself over the pyjamas. Oh, how could she wait!

Four o'clock. Sarah stood by the window, her eyes on the alleyway. There was Nell Whiffley's man striding home, Kate Callum's man, Andy Kelly, Tim Haggerty—all of them hurrying like they had something to come home for, but Jake Billings that had a clean house and a wellcooked meal waiting for him must needs take his time. Jake Billings! Ah, there he was at last, meandering along like a sheep herder, opening his lunch bucket to feed crusts to a mongrel pup, stopping to set a dirty-nosed Haggerty brat on its feet—

On the doorstep he was hidden from the eyes of her wrath, but her ears hummed with the exasperation of his leisurely rasp, rasp across the iron scraper.

"Will ye come in?" Her voice shook with the weight of its bitterness as she yanked the door back to the wall.

Jake took his eyes from the wash-filled line—the crick in his neck had become so pronounced [Continued on page 42]

The Leader of a Million Girls—

White, Black and Yellow

An exclusive interview with the gentle little Dutch lady who is World's President of the Y.W.C.A. and who has been visiting Canada

by
**CONSTANCE
TEMPLETON**

OVER a million girls, white, black, and yellow, are represented by Miss van Asch van Wyck, gentle Dutch lady, who is world's president of the Young Women's Christian Association.

Two years ago in Budapest she was elected by members of the national councils of the Y. W. C. A. from all over the world. Since then, her home in Holland has been the pivotal centre of the work of the Association among girls throughout the world.

On her election, Miss van Asch van Wyck startled her audience by making a difficult speech on the Constitution, first in Dutch, then English, then French, then German, and then rapidly translating some of the salient points into several other tongues for the benefit of certain smaller groups sitting near the front of the hall. As she herself modestly puts it, she is "at home in only five languages, but can read, speak and understand nine." She is first and always a citizen of Holland, but after that an Internationalist, and speaks as readily of Argentine and Brazil as she does of her own countryside or neighboring Germany.

On her recent trip to Canada, "Miss van Asch" appeared anything but learned, and anything but foreign when *Chatelaine* called to see her. She was beautifully dressed in a brown and white printed silk, and had the shy manner and low soft voice of the charming, cultured woman. Her hair is richly brown, and brushed to a soft roll at the nape of her neck. Just here and there in her pronunciation is a hint of something different, as in the way she says "association." Her eyes are large and brown, and as she talks she has a trick of turning them on some imaginative picture she is painting, that makes the countries that she talks about seem very near and real.

"We are hoping to start a branch soon on the West Coast of Africa," she said, "for the Bantu women. Their need there is very great. They have a little education in the interior and then come out to the coast to work, and it is all so very new and strange to them."

"But would you appeal to them in the same way," she was asked, "as to the girls, for instance, of Europe?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, smiling. "Girls all over the world are the same."

"Modern" girls, she believes, are very much a minority. Moreover, they are no novelty. They have always existed. The average, normal, healthy girl is no harder to manage today than she always was.

"But girls are more independent, now!"

"Of course!"

"They resent discipline. They demand their own way. They won't obey rules!"

"I don't think so," said Miss van Asch van Wyck. "It is not like that in Europe."

IN THE Nationalist associations of the countries of Europe the girls obey the strictest discipline, and even seem to want it. It is for them a form of pulling together for the same end. They will undergo any hardship, any suffering, for the sake of their loyalties.

"That is, perhaps, the difference in the women of today," said Miss van Asch. "Her loyalties are wider. She has no



Miss van Asch van Wyck, who was in Canada recently, has proved that girls of all races have the same problems—but that they are facing new loyalties.

longer just to think of herself and her own life and family. She has, too, the nation. And there is something higher than that, I like to think myself—something of the world, something of all women, a sort of idealism."

"You believe then in women going into business? Married women?"

"In my country, as a rule," she said, making quite a fascinating guttural of the r, "our married women do not work in business. They stay at home. We think it is better for the children so, that they should look after them."

"Then, too, there is a feeling that it is not fair to the men. It lowers salaries and makes it hard for them, if it is felt that they do not have to support their wives. In our country, except in the poorest factory districts, a married woman whose husband has a job is expected to work in her home."

"Do you think there is a reaction against women in business now?"

"No-o, not against them. I think they are settling down. We are not so noisy about our independence. It is more taken for granted."

"A woman's loyalty, then, is first to her home?"

"To her home, yes, and her husband and her children. Then to her country. Then to—the world."

"Can a girl then be loyal to an older generation?"

"Yes, of course; but perhaps sometimes to something higher."

"How do you think girls can be taught loyalty? How do you teach them, in the Y. W. C. A.? How do the leaders of your organization try to guide them?"

"It is by a feeling of fellowship. Here in this country the associations can do it better than we over there—your associations are so many sided. There are so many interests for the girls to follow—not rules, not molds—as you might say, a sort of understanding, a respect for personality."

"In Europe we try for that, too, but we have no club houses like you have here. We do it by meetings and papers—particularly by meetings and camps. It is the aim of our association to promote fellowship among all women."

"What do you think is woman's work—her mission in the world?"

Her face lighted with a shy pleasure. She hesitated for a moment, questioning, and then said quietly, "Peace."

"World peace?"

"It is all the same," she said. "It comes from understanding, sympathy. We are proud in our association that it was our representative, Miss Dingman, of England, who was chosen to present to the Conference at Geneva the peace petitions of the women's associations from all the world. There were petitions there from women of all nations—four million signed names, representing forty-five millions of women. Even the members of the League were impressed. They had the feeling perhaps before, 'Oh, this is some women's shenanigan; we must get through with it.' But afterwards I think they felt differently."

"Are women more inclined for peace than men?"

"They should be. Men are the fighters, women the peacemakers. Then, too, they came into public life really for the first time after the World War. The suffering and sorrow of that time were very fresh in their minds. They have been able to realize, more because they were fresh to such things, the utter futility of it. It was all so useless. And women can say so. With a man, he must be afraid always that people will say, 'Oh yes, he is against war because he is afraid he will have to go.' Women need not fear that."

They are not called cowards because they ask for peace. And they have such enthusiasm, too. I think that is the great thing that women have to bring to the world—their enthusiasm for peace."

"Even to fighting for it?"

She smiled again. "That is the great danger," she said, "that women should think they have to fight for things." She shook her head. "It is not a matter for fighting. It is just being."

"Peace, for women, is not a battle cry. It is an attitude of mind."

It is an attitude that is very clearly reflected in Miss van Asch van Wyck herself, and in the whole fabric of the National Young Women's Christian Association. Through its hundreds of branches in all corners of the world the association aims to serve "not because its ideas and ideals are extraordinary, but as a structure on which ideas and ideals may pass."

It is a medium for the exchange of ideas among one individual, one class, one nation, and another, working on Christian principles of social and international conduct, "so that justice, love and unique value of every human life shall apply to national and international as well as personal relations." These are principles of the "Y" that have a worthy exponent in this charming little lady from Holland.

THE CHATELAINES INSTITUTE

Helen G. Campbell, *Director*



You'll find all the questions that have puzzled you in your use of yeast, baking powder or soda, answered in this article; if not, the Institute will be glad to advise you.

To Leaven the Loaf

Another lesson in the Institute's Home Baking Course discusses everything that a good cook should know about leavening agents

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL,
Director of the Chatelaine Institute

IT DOES not need much soda water to make a glass of lemonade or fruit punch even more delicious. Perhaps it's the "fizz" that does it; the lively bubbling of the liquid is interesting to watch and seems to give a plain drink an extra fillip of flavor.

The same gas—carbon dioxide—which produces this pleasant result serves the cook in other ways. It gives that desirable lightness and tenderness of texture to almost all flour mixtures, making them more palatable and attractive in appearance.

Though we do not use soda water in such cases, the gas must be produced within the mixture by the action of one ingredient upon another. Sometimes we depend on yeast, a tiny plant which grows and multiplies in the dough. During the process which we call fermentation, a gas is formed causing the mixture to become porous and light and to grow in volume. Then when the bread is put in the oven, heat destroys these little plants, the growth stops and the carbon dioxide is driven off. Meantime the gluten of the hard wheat flour, which has become stretched, is being "set" by the high temperature and makes a framework or structure for the loaf. This explains the rising of bread and its characteristic shape when baked.

Yeast requires for its growth food which is supplied by the sugar and starch in the dough, moisture provided by the liquid used, and warmth. The yeast is most active around eighty degrees Fahrenheit, and for this reason the ingredients should be lukewarm when combined, and the mixture held at a suitable temperature during the rising. A lower temperature slows down or arrests altogether the fermentation and we take advantage of this fact when we keep the dough for ice-box rolls in the refrigerator for use as occasion arises. On the other hand, if we want to speed up the raising of our bread we place the sponge or dough in a warmer place, allowing it to reach a higher temperature but not more than ninety degrees Fahrenheit, or the loaf will be very porous and there is danger of the dough souring in a short time.

The proportion of yeast used depends on the length of

time you wish to give the dough to rise. You may hasten the fermentation by increasing the amount of yeast, and if the dough is handled properly, there is no danger that the bread will have a yeasty taste, even when a good deal is added.

Yeast plays an important rôle in the making of many products which are familiar and popular items on the bill of fare—rolls, buns and fancy loaves in variety. Their lightness and good texture, in some degree their nutritive value, digestibility and flavor are due to the yeast. Housekeepers may buy this product in either of two forms—compressed or dried cakes. In the former, the yeast cells are moist and ready for action as soon as conditions are suitable, but the dried yeast requires a longer time and must be started in a sponge before the rest of the flour is added. This makes the bread-making process longer, and for this reason compressed yeast has become more generally used. The excellent keeping quality of the dry yeast cake, however, is an advantage when a fresh supply is not easily available. Compressed yeast will deteriorate quickly and must be stored in a cold place—about 45 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit.

Soda with an acid is another leavening agent frequently used in a variety of flour mixtures. It is quick and efficient in its action, easy to control and available everywhere. Commercial baking powder is a combination of those two ingredients in convenient form and is used in innumerable recipes which cover a wide range of popular dishes.

There are three types of baking powder on the market—tartrate, phosphate and alum, named according to the

source and nature of the acid used. Soda is used in all, and a little cornstarch is added to keep the powder dry and prolong its keeping quality. In a tartrate baking powder, the cream of tartar and tartaric acid used are obtained from grapes and is more costly than the acid used in phosphate powders. Alum types are least expensive. All three kinds of baking powder are, however, efficient and wholesome. They all act in similar fashion, aerating the batter or dough and making it light. As the carbon dioxide is developed, small bubbles form within the mixture and behave in somewhat the same way as we see them in a liquid to which soda water is added. Thus the whole mass is lifted or raised and made porous and light.

As baking powder acts much more promptly than yeast, most of the products in which it is used should be put into the oven as soon as they are mixed or an inferior texture will result. If they must be kept some time before baking, place them in the refrigerator as the action is arrested or retarded by a cold temperature. Immediate cooking is especially important when a phosphate or alum type of baking powder is used, as these are quicker in action, beginning at once when the liquid is added to the mixture whereas tartrate powders require heat to free the gas completely.

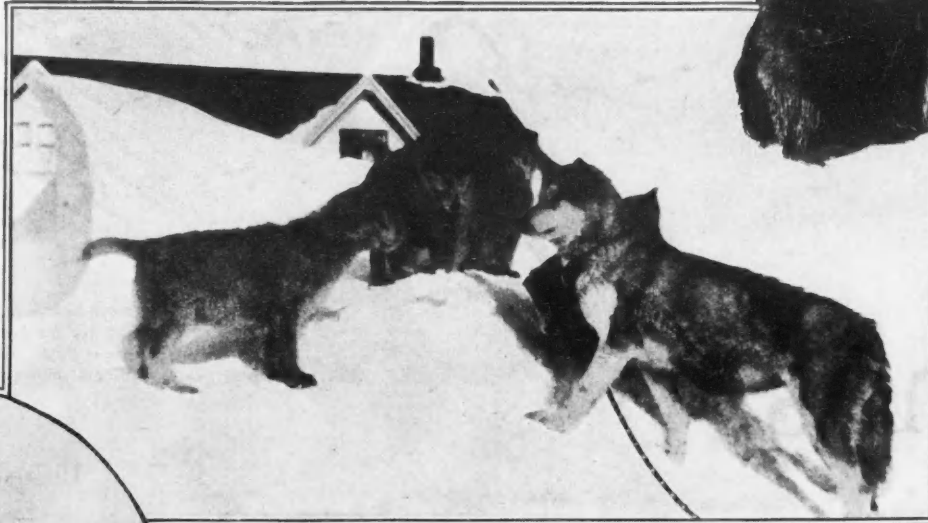
Baking powder is invariably used in the proportion of two teaspoonfuls to each cupful of flour in the recipe. The amount may be decreased somewhat if eggs are added, as they, too, tend to lighten the mixture.

Sometimes we depend upon beaten eggs alone to incorporate sufficient air to raise the [Continued on page 49]

My Dogs of the North

The thrilling story of a woman who has lived for weeks at a time in the north—with dogs her only companions; who would never have heard the sound of her own voice had she not spoken to them

by
**LUTA
MUNDAY**



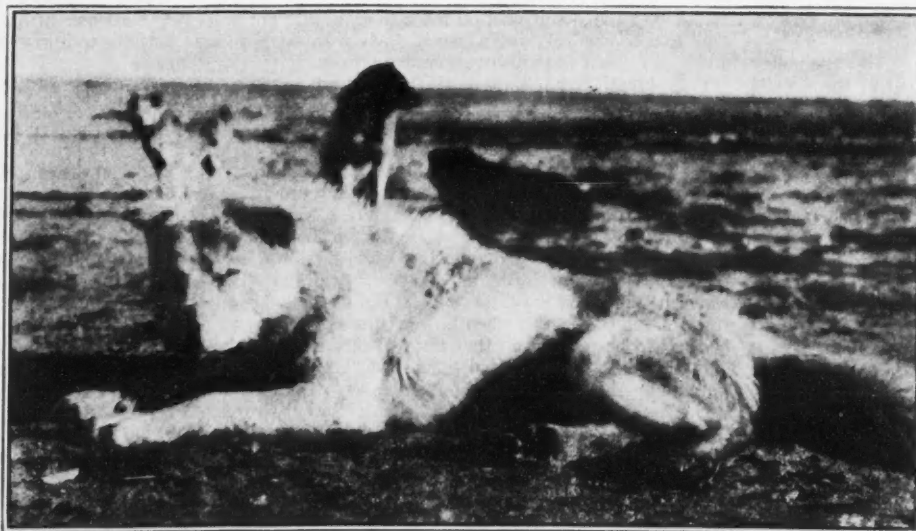
Each dog has his different nature and different characteristics, just as people have. Each inflection of their voices has a different meaning.



Two eager, anxious youngsters, only too eager to find out what it is all about.

*"With eye upraised, his master's look to see,
The joy, the solace, and the aid of man;
The rich man's guardian, and the poor man's friend,
The only creature faithful to the end."—Crabbe.*

MY LOVE for dogs and dependence upon them for my most pleasant companionship will be, perhaps, incomprehensible to many who live among friends of their own kind. But when it is remembered that for fourteen years of my married life I lived in districts where there were only two white families; then where the few white people in the country were widely scattered; and later in a land where there were no white people at all, and where, if I had wanted to call upon my next white woman neighbor, I should have had to travel for a month, with dogs, to do so, my feelings may be a little understood. During the absence of my husband for weeks at a time on patrol, my own pet dogs were my only companions. I would never have heard the sound of my own voice had I not spoken to them, and unconsciously to myself I talked to them as to another person and they soon grew to understand me. They would stand looking at me with understanding and love in their eyes—such love! Is there anything else



Another snapshot by the writer, of some of her dogs, on a barren stretch of their country.



Mrs. Munday in her northern outfit poses with one of her favorites.

his mind to go out on a hunting trip. In winter, of course, they were fed regularly, but in the summer only now and then, and so, very often, they went off for a week or two hunting for themselves. On these occasions I did not go very far from the barracks alone. Their feeding days were the most exciting events of the week. Ox-Shute (Strong) was the first satisfied. He ate his own share and then as much of the share of the others as he wished to take. He simply pounced on the other dog, who

dropped his food and ran, rarely, if ever, showing resistance, though among themselves they were all strong and constant fighters. When Ox-Shute claimed the dinner of one of the other dogs, it was the beginning of the most awful battle, as the deprived dog at once seized the blubber of another dog and so on in turn, until every dog in the pack was fighting but Ox-Shute. He, though the cause of it all, calmly continued to eat as much as he desired, not even raising his head during the appalling row that went on until the natives were able to separate the dogs and restore a measure of peace among them. When he had chosen his mate, woe betide any dog who looked sideways at her or received a glance from her.

Most of the huskies are quite tolerant of pups and behave as befits a big dog to a small one, but we had two dogs which were puppy eaters. No puppy up to a certain size was safe from them! They could and did break through any obstruction, until finally we built a very secure kennel with a runway surrounded and covered with iron bars and heavy wire. There being no soil in the country they could not dig under the kennel as they otherwise might have done.

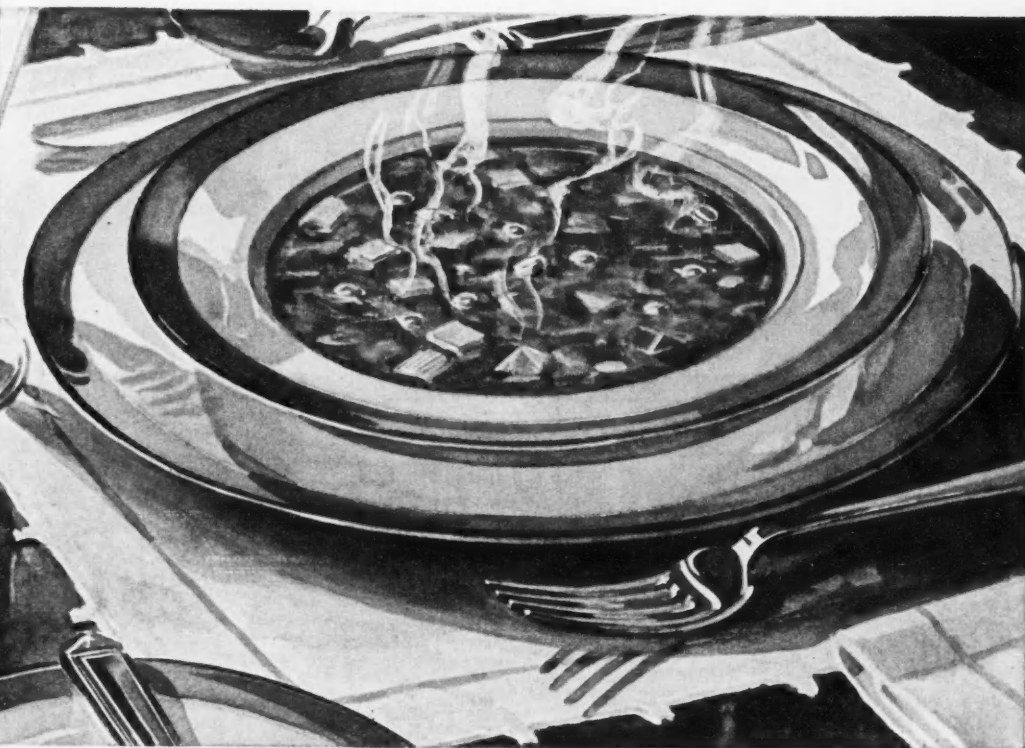
PUPPIES learn very early in life to fend for themselves, and a very hard life they have. Although, as I have said, the big dogs generally do not molest them, it is quite different when there is any food about, or when they think there is. Then a frantic rush is made by the big dog; the puppy drops anything he may have and yells loud and long. If it is food the dog eats it, if it is not, he is usually so angry that he nips the puppy and gives him a shaking. The puppy, howling lustily, runs out of sight only to have the same thing repeated by another grown-up. Sometimes several dogs make a rush for what the pup may have, then he scampers out of the way and the big ones fight it out. Usually there is more noise than anything else, a husky's hair being so thick that unless the fight is prolonged they do not show signs of it. We always had whips handy and every real fight had to be stopped. They occurred on an average once a day, and if the dogs were lamed, it meant that we could not travel and that was always serious.

The natives are expert in the use of the whips, which have a lash about thirty feet in length. They are able to pick out any dog they may wish to chastise, no matter how close [Continued on page 39]



How to serve 15 vegetables for luncheon!

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a few minutes!*



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The name—quick breads—suggest the short time necessary for their preparation, a particular advantage these busy days.

This Month—QUICK BREADS

Scones, muffins, griddle cakes, waffles, fruit and nut loaves—these come next in the Institute's Home Baking Course

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Director of the Chatelaine Institute

QUICK BREADS is a broad and elastic term covering those less rich flour mixtures which appear on our tables in varied guise as scones, biscuits, muffins, griddle cakes, waffles, fruit and nut loaves, and many other familiar forms. It is a descriptive name; the "quick" part distinguishes these products from the yeast-raised breads discussed in *Chatelaine* last month, while the "breads" marks them as something plainer and less expensive than cake. The name suggests, too, the short time necessary for their preparation. It is not long after we begin to mix the ingredients until the dish is out of the oven and ready to serve. An advantage, surely, in these busy days!

Any or all of the products which come under this heading contain flour, salt, shortening, liquid, a leavening agent which is speedy in its action of raising the batter or dough, and usually some sugar.

The basic recipes differ in the proportion of ingredients or in the method of mixing and each may be varied considerably by the use of different flours or liquids, by the addition of eggs, extra fats or sugar. Fruit, nuts or a happy combination of both, a clever blending of spices, a novel shape or attractive garnish make the list of possible variations very wide.

Bread flour from hard wheat or pastry flour made from the softer varieties will give equally good results if the differences between them are understood and the recipes modified accordingly. For example, if the former is substituted for the latter type, decrease the amount of bread flour by two tablespoonfuls for every cupful stated in the recipe. On the other hand if the recipe calls for bread flour and you wish to use a pastry type, add two tablespoonfuls

to each cup. In all cases the flour should be sifted before measuring.

Other varieties are often used in combination with white flour but cannot replace it altogether, as they contain less gluten than is necessary for satisfactory results. Whole wheat or graham flour, rye, buckwheat, cornmeal, many prepared cereals and other grain products contribute characteristic flavor and offer opportunity for interesting variety.

The liquid is usually milk, sweet or sour. Condensed, evaporated and powdered forms may be used with satisfaction if diluted or combined according to the directions on the container. If substituting buttermilk or sour milk for fresh, reduce the baking powder to one half the amount called for and add one quarter of a teaspoonful of soda for each cupful of the liquid. Or instead of this adjustment, omit the baking powder altogether and use one half teaspoonful of soda to every cupful of well soured milk. If the milk is only "turned," the proportion of soda should be lessened somewhat, the exact amount depending upon the acidity of the liquid.

Water may replace part or all of the milk if desired; the results will be equally good in texture but the nutritive value is less. Soda in combination with some acid lightens or leavens the mixture. Commercial baking powder is a blend of these two in correct proportion, and because of its convenient form is widely used for the purpose. The usual proportion is two teaspoonfuls of baking powder to each cupful of flour. The necessary acid may be supplied by such liquids as molasses, sour milk or buttermilk, in which case soda and baking powder or soda alone is used, as suggested in the foregoing paragraph.

Eggs help to make the product light; shortening gives tenderness of texture, and salt and sugar add desirable flavor.

The proportion of liquids (including the eggs) to the dry ingredients determines the consistency of the mixture.

When equal, the result is a pour batter of which griddle cakes and pop-overs are examples. Half as much liquid as flour gives a thick or drop batter such as is used for muffins. A soft dough for biscuits requires one part liquid to three parts of flour and a stiff dough requires one part of liquid to four parts of flour.

There are, generally speaking, two methods of mixing—the "biscuit" and the "muffin" method. In the former, the dry ingredients are sifted together, the shortening worked into them and the liquid added. This method produces flakiness in the product but overmanipulation must be avoided. In the "muffin" way the combined liquids are added to the sifted dry ingredients, then the melted shortening is stirred into this. Too much mixing or beating at this stage is apt to cause "tunnels" and inferior coarse texture.

Occasionally, for gingerbread and other richer mixtures, the procedure is the same as when mixing a cake. The shortening and sugar are creamed together, the eggs added, and, alternately, the liquid and dry ingredients.

A hot oven is desirable for most forms of quick breads. The temperature depends on the kind and size of product. They should be baked as soon as possible after the ingredients are combined unless the batter or dough is kept quite cold meanwhile. Otherwise the products will not be so light.

Many housekeepers who wish to serve hot muffins for breakfast save time by mixing the dry ingredients the night before and placing the bowl in the refrigerator until morning when the liquid is added and the muffins baked for about twenty minutes in a hot oven. The foresighted hostess often keeps the dough for biscuits or the batter for waffles in her refrigerator ready for quick service. Or she has on hand a fruit or nut loaf which will keep moist and fresh for several days and proves a great convenience on many occasions.

There are innumerable uses for quick breads in any or all of the three meals a day. They are often served at the tea hour, at evening refreshments, late [Continued on page 51]

The MECHANICAL REFRIGERATOR

At the factory and in the kitchen the Institute studies this safe, silent, faithful and untiring servant on which the housekeeper depends for the preservation of her food

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL,
Director of the Chatelaine Institute



Every refrigerator is given a trial run and tested for general efficiency before it leaves the factory.

DOES the modern housekeeper sigh for the "good old days?" No, indeed! In her opinion they were not so good. She knows too well the inconveniences to which her predecessors had to submit, and thanks her lucky stars for a cheery sunlit kitchen equipped with all manner of time- and labor-saving devices. For with a new and truer perspective of this business of housekeeping she cooks and cleans intelligently and well, but demands free hours for the other important duties of a real homemaker.

The chatelaine of today is a particular person with a knowledge of food and her own ideas of how it should be handled. She has turned a scornful back on the cracker barrel and the pickle tub, demanding sealed containers for both products. She has no place to hang a quarter of beef but casts a critical eye on the cut she buys for the family

dinner, letting it be known that she wants her meat inspected, held in a sanitary place at the proper temperature, and delivered to her in A-1 condition.

Nor is she content with antiquated methods of keeping it in her own home. The primitive cave, the cool dugout by the spring, the cellar, the back porch, the window sill or the bucket hung down the well, fall, in her opinion, far short of perfection as a storage place for food. Nothing less than an up-to-date system which provides fast, cheap and easy cooling will quite suit her. And because the mechanical refrigerator solves her problem in an efficient and sanitary fashion it has become almost a household necessity. It is the safe, silent, faithful and untiring servant on which she depends for the preservation of her food.

In it she stores products from the four corners of the earth to make the nation's bill of fare more healthful, more appetizing and more interesting. For refrigeration has brought the markets of the world to the housekeeper's door; has lengthened seasons, levelled prices, improved quality, and made possible a variety undreamed of a few years ago. Truly climates, seasons and distance all shake hands in the kitchen of the modern Canadian home.

So the housekeeper doffs her hat to progress and offers grateful tribute to the genius which has made it all possible. And it is genius with an infinite capacity for taking pains which one sees behind the doors of Canadian factories where mechanical refrigerating units are built for Canadian women.

Precision, accuracy and care are the watchwords of those skilled craftsmen who, piece by piece, produce refrigerators to serve the housekeeper economically and dependably. Good materials, honest workmanship and sound engineering go into the mechanism and the cabinet, while constant research is carried on to improve the product and to devise new features which add to its convenience. Rigid tests of all parts, constant inspection all along the line, careful attention to every detail are the precautions taken against weak links in the chain of manufacture and combine to achieve the high standard of quality demanded at the factory.

It is only after each bolt, each valve, each little cog is well machined, scrutinized and passed as perfect that they are assembled to fill their important place in compressor, condenser or cooling unit, which will all work together in a cabinet designed and built with equal care. You would think that would be enough, but it does not satisfy the exacting manufacturer and, when the final fitting together has been done, your refrigerator must run for hours in a hot room where a test is made of its power consumption and its general efficiency. Then on to a compartment, where sound-proof walls shut out all noise, to prove its smoothness and silence of operation.

If in this series of tests some slight defect shows up, out it comes and is returned to be taken apart, reassembled after the correction has been made, then sent back for checking by scientific gauges and meters which tell the story of its efficiency.

A great deal of experimenting has been necessary to find the best refrigerant for your machine—one that is non-explosive, non-poisonous, not too expensive; one which will not react on the metal of the coils and is stable enough to stand up under the repeated evaporation and condensation which goes on. It must be a substance which will evaporate at suitable temperature and can be condensed without too great pressure. It must, in short, have all the characteristics required for efficient cooling of the food chamber and the maintenance of low temperature at all times.

The correct insulation of the cabinet, the perfection of the porcelain lining and the finish are also the result of years of study and research. Various insulating materials are used but only those which are light, odorless, moisture-proof, practical and serviceable find their way into the high-class product. Only thoroughness in this regard will make a cabinet to resist satisfactorily the higher temperature of the kitchen and maintain a steady, even and sufficiently low degree of cold within. Some of the newer materials permit good insulation with less thickness in [Continued on page 66]



Rigid tests of all parts, constant inspection all along the line, and careful attention to details follow every step in the manufacture of a mechanical refrigerator. (Photographs are shown through the courtesy of the Frigidaire Co. of Canada).

There are two reasons why your cleanser should be soft and fine



"Hasn't Scratched Yet!"

1. *to cut grease without scratching*

2. *to protect the beauty of your hands*

A harsh, gritty cleanser is a splendid thing with which to scour off dirt and grease *IF* you don't care how you scratch your kitchen sink, your nice kitchenware—and your hands.

But if you do care (as we think you do) there's another way—better, and *safe*.

"Blot up" grease and dirt with Bon Ami!

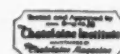
"Blot up"—that is just what Bon Ami does. For in its very fineness is a unique cleansing power. This snow-white, odorless powder eliminates dirt quickly—without harm to the surface it touches—or the hands that use it.

So, if you want to cut grease and dirt—without scratching or dulling your sinks, kitchenware or bathtubs (and incidentally without clogging up drains), if you want a thorough cleanser that will not redden your hands—use Bon Ami.

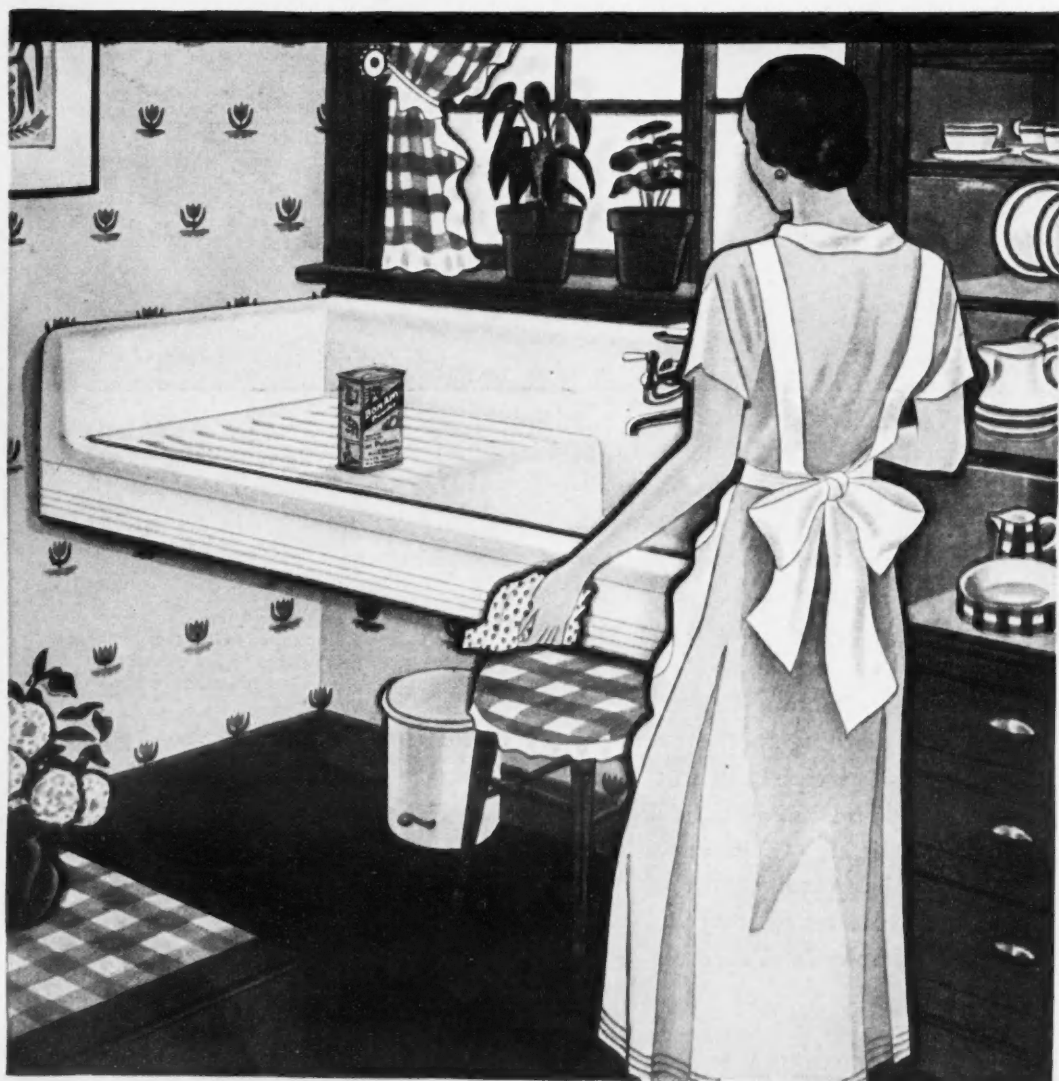
NOTE . . . Bon Ami is sold in two forms—a snowy-white Powder in a convenient sifter-top can and a handy Cake. For some uses you'll prefer the *Powder*, for others the *Cake*—many housewives always use both.

BON AMI LIMITED MONTREAL

BON AMI



Made in Canada



YOU CAN HAVE THE CELEBRATED *English Complexion*



LADY MARY PAKENHAM says: "I've found the Pond's Method is better than all the complicated beauty treatments. It keeps one's skin in marvelously good condition, too."

Use the Two Creams which are the greatest favorites in England

IT'S part of the English code of gracious living—the English complexion, cool, fresh and fragrant as roses washed in dew.

No wonder the famous Two Creams are "best sellers" in England, for they supply three of the four essentials of skin beauty... Cleansing... Lubricating... Stimulating... Protecting.

The very texture of Pond's Cold Cream shows you why it is the favorite cleansing cream—it is so rich in smooth cleansing oils that penetrate to the depths of the pores and float out dust and grime. Pond's softer Cleansing Tissues are the best way to remove cold cream... These two together assure your skin the first essential of loveliness—immaculate cleansing.

For lubricating, more Cold Cream! Pat in each night, after the bedtime cleansing. Its rich oils keep your skin supple and

elastic, so that wrinkles will not form or telltale "bagging" appear... To stimulate the skin is the mission of Pond's Skin Freshener, which tightens pores and tones by quickening circulation, firms contours and keeps them fresh and young.

For protection and powder base Pond's Vanishing Cream is ideal—made on a formula that cannot dry your skin.



"Any girl can make herself attractive by caring for her complexion," says LADY ALINGTON. "Pond's is a simple way to achieve soft, supple skin."



These four delightful preparations are all you need to gain the celebrated "English complexion."

FOLLOW the Pond's Method daily to gain the celebrated fresh, clear "English complexion":

1. Generously apply Pond's Cold Cream several times during the day, always after exposure. Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float all dirt to the surface. Wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, softer, more absorbent, white or peach... half again as many in the big new 25¢ box!

2. Pat briskly with stimulating Skin Freshener to tone and firm, close and refine the pores and keep contours fresh and young.

3. Smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to protect your skin and make the powder go on evenly and last longer. It disguises little blemishes and gives a lovely velvety finish. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck... and to keep your hands soft and white.

4. At bedtime, always repeat the Cold Cream and Tissues cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime. Then, when the skin is immaculate, smooth on a little fresh Cold Cream to soften and lubricate the skin and leave it on overnight. You will waken with a skin like satin.

LADY ESMÉ GORDON-LENNOX says: "Pond's Two Creams are the surest protection I have ever found for my skin... I am never without the Vanishing Cream for powder base."

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Arms Should be Beautiful

And not only arms, but legs and back too, must receive special care before you put on your bathing suit

by ANNABELLE LEE

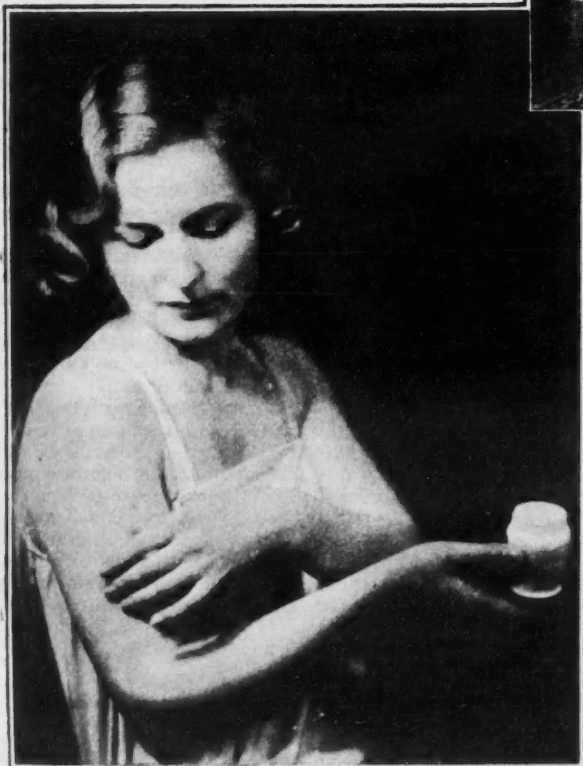
HAS the sunshine tempted you into short-sleeved frocks yet? Or are you still looking at them wistfully and wondering how you can possibly wear them without looking a perfect sight?

Warm June days bring an enchanting variety of dainty, cool-looking frocks into the shop windows, and, naturally, we want to wear them. They are lovely, gay, colorful, flowerlike, but they require smooth slim white arms and hands—or delicately tanned if you prefer—to complete their loveliness. So let's examine our arms on three counts: Are they smooth? Are they slim? And are they white?

Bathing days, too, will soon be here, and I defy any woman to be comfortably lazy on a sun-drenched beach if she is conscious of rough, red arms, discolored elbows and a suspicious lumpiness near the shoulders! And then, of course, arms aren't the only part of us we'll be showing on the beach. Oh, dear no! The bathing suits this season, I believe, are scantier than ever, if that is possible within the limits of modern modesty. (Incidentally, it would be interesting to learn just what the phrase "modern modesty" implies.) Backs and necks must be inspected and worked with before they are ready to sun themselves. And legs, too, must have their winter roughness rubbed away.

There's one good thing, roughness on arms and legs responds very quickly to regular treatment. A week of careful scrubbing and massaging each night should rid them of that unsightly "gooseflesh" the winter has given them. Every night scrub the arms and legs vigorously with a wet flesh brush or a loofah and a mild, bland soap. Use plenty of soap on the brush so that a heavy, creamy lather results. The combination of the brisk scrubbing and the soap will stimulate the circulation of the blood at

Massage a good skin food into the skin after you have scrubbed it to a glow.



that particular portion of the body, and that is what you want to happen, since bad circulation lies at the root of all "gooseflesh."

After you have scrubbed arms or legs thoroughly for two or three minutes, rinse with warm water and dry with a Turkish towel. Then massage a good skin food into the skin. If you think you require it, a good idea is to leave on



For general everyday care apply a hand lotion to your arms and your legs too, after you bathe.

the skin food all night and cover up your arms with the legs of an old pair of white stockings so that the sheets won't receive half the nourishment intended for your arms. Continue this treatment each night until your arms and legs are smooth as silk.

Some people whose skin is rather badly blemished, find that warm olive oil applied to the skin ten or fifteen minutes before scrubbing with the brush or loofah, will soften the skin and prepare it for its treatment. Warm olive oil might also be used after scrubbing instead of the skin food, but if this is used, a bleaching cream should be applied afterward in order that the arms and legs may regain their normal whiteness as well as smoothness. Incidentally, don't forget your elbows in this course of treatments. They're very important if you want your arms to be really lovely.

For general care of the arms and hands, and for the legs, too, for that matter, there's nothing like one of the softening and whitening hand lotions, of which there are many varieties obtainable. If you always remember to smooth the lotion into the skin of your upper arms and



Olive oil will soften the skin before scrubbing with soapy lather and a brush.

elbows, when you apply it to your hands after washing each night and morning, you shouldn't be troubled with discoloration and roughness throughout the summer months. Apply some of the same lotion to your legs, too, after bathing. It will keep them soft and white.

Another blemish we may want to rid ourselves of, before we are ready to sun-bathe, is superfluous hair. There are many depilatories that can be used to remove it, but whether a paste, a cream, or a wax be used is entirely a matter of personal opinion. Selection of a depilatory is really an individual matter, and each woman should experiment to find out which depilatory suits her own particular skin the best. In any event, the directions which go with it, should be followed explicitly. Bleaching the hair is often a satisfactory method of disguising its growth, for when it is colorless the hair will be scarcely noticeable. Peroxide and ammonia, mixed together in the proportions of one part ammonia to five parts hydrogen peroxide, is an easily made up and very effective bleach, but it should be prepared freshly each time it is applied, because it loses its strength very quickly. Or for legs there is the recipe of peroxide, ammonia and powdered pumice of which I told you last month.

The armpits, too, must receive their share of attention. Many women shave the hair, while others use a depilatory; this again is entirely a matter of individual preference. If you choose a depilatory, follow carefully the directions it gives. And if you shave, first bathe the armpits in warm water and then rub on soap until you have a thick lather. Shave and rinse thoroughly with warm water. Then, with a pad of absorbent cotton pat on a little diluted peroxide as an antiseptic measure, and lastly powder with boracic powder or talcum. Whether you shave or use a depilatory, though, be careful not to apply soap or hot water to the armpits for twenty-four hours afterward, and, of course, a deodorant shouldn't be applied until forty-eight hours have elapsed.

SO MUCH for the fine texture of our arms. But there's yet another thing to look for that's just as important. Heavy upper arms have a habit of coming upon us quite unexpectedly and so stealthily that we sometimes don't even realize we've got them. And yet there's nothing so ruinous to a woman's appearance nor so tell-tale as to her age. An artist friend of mine once told me that he can catalogue a woman's age simply by the curve where the shoulder joins the arm. He claimed the test is infallible; that no matter how youthful looking in face and figure a woman may be, her upper arms will give her age away. In the majority of cases I think he's right, but the trouble is not that this lumpiness is immovable, but that so few of us realize its existence and allow it to develop its ugly lines. Along with a heaviness of the upper arms, there is usually to be found a thickening of the [Continued on page 47]

NUMBER THREE IN A SERIES OF FRANK TALKS BY EMINENT WOMEN PHYSICIANS

The Ideal Marriage

MUST ITS "HEALTH FACTS" BE KEPT A MYSTERY?



Photographed by Man Ray in Vienna

Dr. Margarete Huppert, Graduated in Vienna; formerly connected with the gynecological department and the maternal ward of the Hospital of the City of Vienna. At present associated with the Mariahilf Ambulatorium and Hospital.

"With the swift demands and arduous cares of running a modern home, no woman of today can expect to retain her bridal vivacity and charm, if she neglects her physical self.

"That delicate mechanism which is wholly feminine . . . demands a *special* care all its own. And the penalty of ignoring its needs is often very costly. Costly to youth . . . looks . . . peace of mind and, often, marital happiness itself.

"I have often wondered why the average woman will cleanse her throat daily with an antiseptic mouth wash; will see her dentist regularly, to protect her teeth . . . yet will totally neglect that much more important and imperative hygiene . . . marriage hygiene . . . the hygiene of feminine antiseptics. The hygiene of protection against virile, health-threatening bacteria.

"It would be a good idea for every woman to

see a gynecologist (or family doctor) as often as she sees her dentist. But at least, she can, and she should, use a good feminine antiseptic like "Lysol" . . . regularly.

"Lysol" disinfectant has been advocated by the physicians of Austria for nearly half a century. In fact, it is so safe and healing that it is quite generally used by our obstetricians during childbirth. And, so far as I know,

Be careful! Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being offered. Genuine "Lysol" is in the brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol."

TRADE MARK "LYSOL" REGISTERED IN CANADA



Lysol
Disinfectant

nothing else is quite so gentle, or quite so thorough for effective and germ-destroying feminine hygiene."

(Signed)

DR. MARGARETE HUPPERT

Have you a young married daughter or friend who should know these facts?

For your own guidance, as well as for the enlightenment of any girl or woman who is near and dear to you . . . may we send you a copy of our interesting brochure—"The Facts About Feminine Hygiene"? Written by a woman physician, it handles the vital subject of marriage hygiene with rare delicacy and charm. Merely mail the coupon, and your copy will be sent, postpaid, in plain wrapper.

Lysol (Canada) Limited, Dept. V6
9 Davies Ave., Toronto 8, Canada

Please send me free, postpaid, a copy of "The Facts About Feminine Hygiene".

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Province _____

"Dollar down—and a dollar a week"

One couple was afraid of installment buying. The other found with careful handling, it was the key to successful home-making. Who do you think was right?

by
E. LeROY
CHURCHILL



SUDDEN gust of wind; a spatter of raindrops driven against the pane, and Wallace Brookes paused in his task of dressing to peer anxiously through the window.

"Raining! It would, tonight!" he muttered as he

gave his tie a savage pull.

"Joan!" he called to his wife in the next room, "better make it snappy—starting to rain."

It was Friday. Joanna and Wally were invited to spend the evening with the Browns. Joan had looked forward to this visit. She wanted to hear more of Mary's methods of planning her purchases for the home. She had tried out Mary's budgeting plan, and even Wally, for all his scepticism at first, had become enthusiastic and admitted that it was a real success.

"Rotten night to drive all the way to the west end," mused Wally as he carefully parted his hair. "... good fellow, Jack; sound ideas. Mary, too, she's the right sort. That budget plan is all right. Don't agree with their idea of using credit, though. Like to pay cash for things."

His reverie was broken by Joanna. "All ready, dear; sorry if I kept you waiting. I was late getting through with my work," she said as she snapped on the hall light. "Mrs. Cameron called just as I was ready to beat the rugs. It seems to take so long; guess I'm slow. She offered to let me use her vacuum cleaner."

Wally's brow clouded. "Well, hon', you ought to have a vacuum cleaner of your own, and you'll have one just as soon as I can spare the cash," he said. "You sure deserve it, and several other things; but I'm not going into debt again. Got hooked on that monthly installment game once. Never again!"

Joan sighed. Paying for the car: what a nightmare it had been! The memory was anything but pleasant. Wally declared that they would pay cash for the next thing they bought, or go without. Well, she didn't blame him, but the car had been paid for over a year now, and not a cent had they saved for a vacuum cleaner or anything else.

Wally opened the door. The rain had settled down to a chill, monotonous drizzle.

After one or two attempts at conversation, Joan gave up. Wally's mood was not encouraging, or perhaps he was too much absorbed in manoeuvring the car through the slippery streets.

The busy purr of the windshield wiper held Joan's attention. Somehow it reminded her of the hum of Mrs. Cameron's efficient vacuum cleaner. She would like to have one like Mrs. Cameron's. She resolutely put it out of her thoughts. There was no cash for a vacuum cleaner, and that was that! She shrugged resignedly and settled back more comfortably in the seat.

Mary Brown, watching through the mist-coated window,



"If you had arranged your payments to be spread over eighteen months," said Wally, "you wouldn't have had any trouble at all. You were paying out too large a proportion of your salary."

saw a car pull up to the curb. "Here they are!" she called to her husband. "Go to the door, Jack."

Jack opened the door as Wally switched off the car lights.

"Welcome, folks. Some weather you've brought," he cried warmly. "Come right in."

"Oh, Joan, do come into the kitchen," said Mary when the wraps had been disposed of. "I've a real surprise to show you—you couldn't guess—Jack's present for my birthday, you know."

Joan paused at the kitchen door to let Mary turn on the light, then her eyes opened wide. "A new electric refrigerator. Isn't it a beauty!" she exclaimed.

Then as Mary showed her the beautiful porcelain trays, the hydrator, the cold control, she added a little wistfully, "You're a lucky girl, Mary; you've got just about everything, haven't you?"

"Well, not quite," laughed Mary, as she led the way back to the cheerful living room where the men were waiting for them. "But we're gradually getting the things we want, one at a time."

"Please excuse us for running off," explained Mary. "But I couldn't wait to show Joanna my new refrigerator—you must get her one, Wally. It helps such a lot in keeping food, and actually saves money; hardly a thing is wasted now."

"Not a bad idea, Mary. The question is: What to use for money? Now if some rich uncle would obligingly die and leave me a

fortune, I wouldn't wait long to get lots of things, including a vacuum cleaner," Wally concluded with a smile as he caught Joan's eye.

"But why wait for the fortune?" queried Jack. "I'm buying this on monthly installments—made a cash payment and pay the rest in small monthly payments. We hardly notice the difference."

Wally looked at him in utter astonishment. Jack, he knew, had a substantial bank account. "Do you mean to tell me you buy on time, when you have money in the bank and could pay cash?"

"Certainly, why not?" replied Jack. "True, I could have paid cash, but it would have run our account too low for safety. If, on the other hand, I had saved the money to pay cash, Mary would have to wait a year at least before she could have her refrigerator. You see our cash account in the bank is for emergencies. We do most of our buying out of current income. In that way we always have ready cash. In fact, I wouldn't buy an article on time without a fair-sized emergency fund in the bank."

This was a revolutionary doctrine to Wally. That anyone who had sufficient money in the bank to pay cash for a purchase should buy on time, seemed almost incredible. Yet Jack Brown usually had good reasons for whatever he did. The idea of keeping an emergency reserve on hand did seem sensible, but deliberately to run into debt for a refrigerator!

Wally leaned back and crossed his legs. "We had one experience with the monthly payment plan—and don't want another. It was on our car. I had saved up the initial payment, then signed up for the balance in twelve monthly payments of \$60 each. Well, to make a long story short, we paid for it, but got behind with very nearly everything else—taxes, insurance premiums. And we're hardly out of the hole yet."

Jack's eyes twinkled. "We got caught that way once, too, Wally—just once, when we bought our piano. The salesman sold it to us for a very small down payment, with the balance in ten monthly installments. I wasn't making a big salary, and the \$45 every month just about swamped us. If our payments had been spread over twice the number of months, we could have met them easily." He paused as he passed his cigarette case to Wally.

"Take your own experience," he continued, "if you had arranged your payments to be spread over eighteen months, you probably wouldn't have had any trouble at all. You were paying out too large a proportion of your salary. If your payment had been \$35 instead of \$60 you likely could have managed easily. Isn't that true?"

Wally leaned over to tap the ash of his cigarette into the tray. "Well, yes, I suppose so," he admitted. "We always seemed to be \$25 or \$30 short for our other obligations. But you see we wanted to get the car paid for as soon as possible. It . . ."

"Of course," interrupted Jack, "but wouldn't it have been easier to take sufficient time to make the payments comfortably than to run yourselves in the hole and spend a year getting square again?"

Joanna's interest was aroused. She leaned toward Jack. "What percentage of one's income do you think could be safely put into installment payments?" she asked.

"Of course, that all depends," replied Jack. "We always get our budget planning book and figure it out. We know approximately what other items have to be

[Continued on page 65]

MONTHLY SALARY \$180	
RENT	40
FOOD	30
CLOTHES	20
INSURANCE	
AND SAVINGS	15
HOME OPERATING	15
GENERAL	20
TOTAL	\$140
SURPLUS	\$40

A man making about one hundred and eighty dollars a month should not handle installment payments beyond thirty dollars a month.



Only 35¢

would have saved the DRESS she liked and the MAN who liked her

"It's the last time I'll take a chance with anything so serious as underarm perspiration!

"I couldn't imagine what was the matter . . . until I saw my dress. Stained and faded by the acids of perspiration. And worse still, Jim trying not to look offended by perspiration odor. Well, it was too late to save *that* dress, but I saved my others — and Jim! With Odorono."

No matter what else you are now using, you *still* need Odorono, the one sure, safe way to prevent underarm perspiration and its ruinous effects upon frocks and friendships.

Odorono is a doctor's prescription that harmlessly diverts the needless perspiration of the confined underarm to other parts of the body where it escapes unnoticed. Soap and water are not enough. Nothing can disguise it. Only Odorono — a pure, non-greasy liquid — can prevent it. With Odorono, your *frocks* stay sweet and fresh. And so do *you*.

You may use the familiar ruby-colored Odorono Regular that gives the longest protection of all preparations against underarm moisture and odor — or you may prefer the colorless Instant Odorono, so convenient to use while dressing. Both

now come with the new exclusive Odorono sanitary sponge applicator, conveniently attached to the bakelite cap. The three sizes are 35c, 60c, and \$1.

I want...

Odorono Regular because it gives me complete protection for as long as 7 days. It has the applicator now, too.

I want...

Instant Odorono to use when I'm dressing in a hurry. It's so convenient, so quickly effective, so dependable.



ODORONO REGULAR

(ruby-colored) is for use before retiring. It gives 3 to 7 days' protection against perspiration. Now has the Sanitary Applicator.



INSTANT ODORONO

(colorless) is for convenient use at any time of day or night. It gives 1 to 3 days' protection. Comes with the Sanitary Applicator.

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Dept. 6Z2, P.O. Box 2320, Montreal.

I enclose 10c. Please send me samples of Odorono Regular, Instant Odorono and Deodorant Crème Odorono.

Name

Address

City Prov.

ODO·RO·NO

MADE IN CANADA

Fat Girl

Continued from page 13

EVEN WHEN SHE
LOSES SHE WINS
WITH HER SMILE

I GUESS WE HAVE
TO GIVE HER
TOOTHPASTE SOME
CREDIT FOR THAT



"Well, then,
why don't you try it, too?"

"I like to be original—but do you know why I started using Colgate's? I'll tell you. I was talking to my dentist about toothpastes being good for this and that . . . He said, 'Jean, do you know what a toothpaste is for? A toothpaste is to clean teeth—just that and nothing more.' And he said no toothpaste can do it better than Colgate's. Since I pay my dentist for advice, I'm going to take it. Besides I like its flavor! And maybe you think the price of a quarter doesn't appeal to me nowadays."

25¢



The American Dental Association,
Council on Dental Therapeutics, has
placed its Seal of Acceptance on
Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

MADE IN CANADA

2300

you if you don't stop it," she snapped. "I don't know what your sudden idea is," said Mrs. Lawson, looking over the board at her daughter. "I remember your Aunt Jenny gettin' those funny notions every so often. She got to weigh nearly two hundred in spite of all her fastin'. It seems to run in the family."

"You're right, mother," Mr. Lawson put in. "If a girl was meant to be fleshy, then that's what she'll be. And for my part, I think it's invitin' the wrath of the Lord in tryin' to starve yourself to death."

"No use tryin' to tell her anything," George said. "It's a fever that's goin' around. Why, dad, even the matchstick framed ones are tryin' to reduce! So don't blame sis for catchin' it. Sis," he added prophet-like. "I give you three days. By that time your appetite'll drive you back to pasture."

But if Lyda received gentle jabs at home, she was the recipient of continual ragging during the hours she spent in the Golden Rule store. News of her dieting had mysteriously circulated among the staff, and when Lyda retreated to the employees' rest room on Saturday of the first week, she found herself the centre of a group of noisy, joshing girls. Lyda burned with indignation when Hattie Hymer stepped forward, amid much shrill laughing and rib-digging, and placed in her hands a five-pound box of luscious marshmallows.

"To the most optimistic girl in the world from her admirers," Hattie exclaimed, pressing the box into Lyda's nervous hands.

Lyda felt like throwing it in Hattie's face, but on second thought she knew it was nothing but a practical joke. But her fellow-workers could have picked out someone else to make the presentation, Lyda thought, when they all knew of the rivalry between herself and Hattie.

Making the best of it, however, Lyda mumbled a word of thanks and made her exit. But the high-pitched giggling rang in her ears all the way home.

Lyda commenced the second week of her course in rare ill-humor. Adhering to the starchless, fatless and sugarless diet, coupled with the joshing she received on every hand, served to put a point on her temper. But on Tuesday morning she arrived on duty wreathed in smiles.

The instrument which had caused such a complete change nestled in the folds of her patent leather purse. She went about her work humming gaily. Much speculation was rife among the staff as to the reversal of form, but not one came within a mile of hitting upon the answer.

That morning on her way to work Lyda had called for the mail as usual. She received a postal card, and who should it be from but Mr. Horton Gillespie, postmarked from Montreal! Lyda devoured the few pencilled words it contained.

"How time drags. Seems like I've been gone a year. Prepare yourself for a big surprise when I get back," it said, and was signed "Horton G."

Somehow it gave Lyda a new interest in life. Already she could smell orange blossoms; could feel the wisps of veil about her ears; could hear the mellow strains of Mendelssohn's famous march.

One week under Doctor Fischer's methods had certainly toned her down. And there still remained at least two weeks before Mr. Gillespie's return. By that time she would be fairly rattling around in her clothes!

As the days slipped by, plans for the wedding began to take definite shape in Lyda's mind; and it was these thoughts which kept her faithful to the curriculum laid out by Doctor Fischer. Never did a patient take such zeal in self-denial, and as a result the tape measure and scales agreed that Lyda was more than justifying the methods of the specialist.

One afternoon when Mr. Gillespie had been gone almost five weeks, Lyda was

sitting at the department desk jotting down merchandise notes from which to prepare copy for a sale. She was startled to hear a familiar voice at her elbow: "Well, well, the cat has returned!"

Her pencil dropped from fingers suddenly gone numb and she blushing raised her eyes to meet those of the intruder. Mr. Gillespie held out his hand and pumped Lyda's up and down with vigor.

"My, my, but it's great to get back!" he exclaimed heartily. "And how have you been keeping?"

"Gee, I'm glad to see you, Mr. Gillespie," Lyda cooed. She arose gracefully, giving him the opportunity of noting the transformation of her figure. She pouted coyly when he failed to take notice.

"Don't you see any change in me?" she asked in a hurt tone of voice.

"Why, I declare!" he cried. "You've got thinner! You haven't been sick?" And when Lyda shook her head, he continued: "Then you've been worrying. You mustn't do it, Miss Lawson. Nothing will run you down faster than worry. Well, now that I'm back I'll take all that off your shoulders."

Lyda's face fell. This reunion was very much different than the one she had painted in her dreams. Perhaps she should give him a lead.

"Oh, Mr. Gillespie," she said softly, drawing very close to his side, "you said you'd have a big surprise for me when you got back, didn't you?"

"Well, say, imagine me forgetting that!" Mr. Gillespie beamed. He clutched Lyda by the arm and gently propelled her up the aisle, saying: "Come along and I'll spring it on you."

Lyda allowed herself to be guided forward by the eager Mr. Gillespie, her thoughts racing like mad. Ahead, through the mist that wrapped her brain, she saw a merry group of store employees gathered in a corner of the department. Joy of joys! Horton was going to announce their engagement! Wasn't he the slyest rogue, though?

The chattering throng parted at their approach and closed in again when they had passed through. Lyda colored brilliantly as she heard the exclamations of "Congratulations! Congratulations!" being showered from all sides. She found herself involuntarily snuggling close to Mr. Gillespie's side. The happiest moment of her life had arrived.

And then came the crash of doom, and her dream castles melted in the fiery dawn of truth! Mr. Gillespie halted her, face to face, with a veritable mountain of flesh wrapped in sealskin.

"Miss Lawson," he said exultantly, "I want you to meet Mrs. Gillespie. We were married a week ago today in Toronto."

How she got herself away from the crowd Lyda could never remember. She did recall mumbling a few half-hearted words of good wishes. Hours after, it seemed, her head was nothing but a mass of shattered illusions, the centre of which was a voluminous figure clothed in sealskin and framed in sable, suggestive of a festive board.

And, though it lacked almost three hours of being dinnertime, Lyda became aware of terrible pangs, and an endless procession of juicy steaks, steaming vegetables, savory salads and à la mode pies passed in tempting review. Would six o'clock never arrive!

AT EXACTLY two minutes past six that evening Lyda came hurrying out of the employees' exit to run into Hattie Hymer.

"Well, kiddo," Hattie exclaimed, "we both got the raspberry, didn't we?"

Lyda, thinking Hattie was making game of her, tossed her head in the air and went to hurry past. Hattie grabbed her by the arm and whirled her about.

"Aw, snap out of it Lyda!" she said

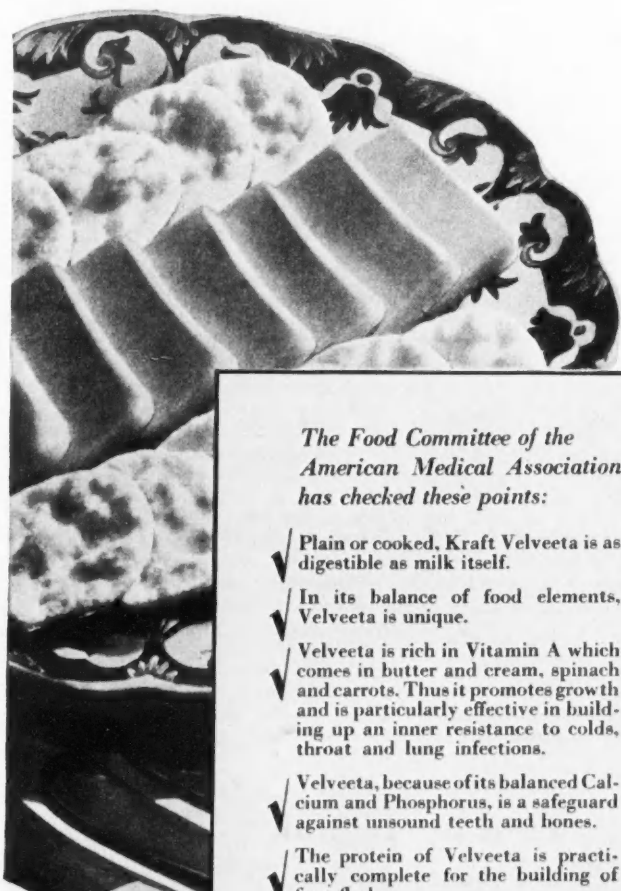
Continued on page 32

Revel in its FLAVOR



So easy
to cook with.

but don't overlook this



For children
...and they love it

its nutritional rating is + + +

(TRIPLE PLUS)

The Food Committee of the
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has checked these points:

- ✓ Plain or cooked, Kraft Velveeta is as digestible as milk itself.
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- ✓ Velveeta is rich in Vitamin A which comes in butter and cream, spinach and carrots. Thus it promotes growth and is particularly effective in building up an inner resistance to colds, throat and lung infections.
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half-pound packages

You millions of women (you men and children, too) who love Kraft Velveeta for its fine Cheddar cheese flavor—here's good news for you! Remember, two years ago, when we first urged you to try it — spread on crackers, toasted in sandwiches, melted in luscious creamy sauces? "Digestible as milk itself — and good for you," we said. It appears that we just *hinted* at the *real* food value tucked away in Velveeta's tempting flavor! Now, scientists reveal that Velveeta contains health-protective elements of *many* foods! Nutritional values highly concentrated, as in few other foods! Velveeta contributes *so much* that the Food Committee of The American Medical Association approves its nutritional rating of *plus, plus, plus!* The panel above suggests reveling in Velveeta's flavor *oftener*. Get another package *now*. For a free booklet, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It," write to the Home Economics Dept., Kraft-Phenix Cheese Co. Limited, 147 St. Paul St. West, Montreal.

The World's Finest Cheeses are made or imported by Kraft: Velveeta, Kraft "Cave-Cured" Canadian, Roquefort, Limburg, Camembert, Edam, etc.

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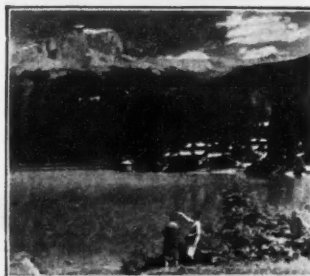
HERE, IN CANADA, is an unrivalled mountain playground, described by Edward Whymper, the famous Alpinist, as "fifty Switzerlands in one". Have you ever seen it? This year you can... for 6½ glorious days at an all-expense rate of \$60.

YOU'LL VISIT world famous resorts such as Banff and Lake Louise... swim in their marvellous pools, golf, dance in great ball-rooms, canoe on a shimmering lake under a moon which touches the mountain peaks to silver. You'll visit charming Chalet-Bungalow Camps, close to the mountains' heart... seeing unspoiled nature at her grandest, meeting cowboys and guides and buck-skinned Indians, storing up unforgettable living pictures.

YOU'LL MOTOR 124 MILES... to Banff, Johnston Canyon, Lake Louise, Moraine Lake, Valley of the Ten Peaks, the Great Divide, Wapta Lake, Yoho Valley and Takakkaw Falls, Emerald Lake and the Kicking Horse Pass.

YOU'LL STAY FOR 6½ GLORIOUS DAYS at Chateau Lake Louise, where the "gay world" summers, at Wapta and Yoho Chalet-Bungalow Camps, and Emerald Lake Chalet, with their snug cabins.

ALL THIS FOR ONLY \$60 from Banff or Field... make this your vacation or enjoy the tour on your way to or from the Pacific Coast and Alaska.



At Emerald Lake, beneath rugged Mt. Burgess, the chalet and cosy log cabins are mirrored in purest emerald.



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good-naturedly. "We both played our best cards—and lost. Now that the game's over, let's forget it and be friends. Come on!"

Lyda looked incredulous. Surely this was not Hattie Hymer beseeching her friendship. Yet there was no denying the sincerity in her voice or the cordiality of her smile. Lyda returned the smile in spite of herself.

"That's the stuff, kid; laugh it off," Hattie said. "And if size had anything to do with it, you came closer to getting him than me. I'd never have dreamed that he likes them broader than they're long."

Lyda laughed aloud. Hattie's lightness of spirit was contagious and was slowly wearing away her resistance.

"Why—why—I don't see why we can't be friends," Lyda faltered. "But please let's not ever mention his name again."

"That's a bargain," Hattie cried. "It's not losing him that hurts me, but to think that a human hippopotamus slipped one over on me—Gur-rr-r!"

Lyda stood facing the employees' exit. Suddenly the door opened and the adipose figure of Mrs. Gillespie filled the opening,

with Mr. Gillespie following in the shade. Lyda tugged on Hattie's sleeve and motioned with her eyes.

"Oh, Lord!" Hattie blurted. "Let's move out of here or we'll have to stand and talk, and may be run the risk of gettin' an invitation to come up and see them some evening."

"That gives me an inspiration, Hattie," Lyda said as they hurried up the street arm in arm. "Let's drop into the Domino Café and drown our sorrows. Please don't say no!"

Ten minutes later the girls sat in a secluded nook in the white-tiled Domino. A waiter approached and Hattie ordered a fruit salad, Parker House rolls and tea.

Lyda wrinkled her nose at her companion and said: "What's the matter with your appetite, skinny? I'm going to celebrate."

And, casting a hungry eye at the white-coated purveyor, she ordered: "A T-bone steak smothered in mushrooms, French-fried potatoes, creamed carrots, hot rolls and, let's see—yes, you can bring me some French pastry for dessert!"

The Thunder of New Wings

Continued from page 10

"That would be topping," he replied, and so we parted.

Aside from my pleasure in seeing the boy in a new and attractive light, I wondered why our conversation had made me so much happier, and I came to the conclusion that it was because I was now able to transfer some of the love I felt for Uncle Richard to Ayrtan.

EACH day at sea was like the preceding day. It was a colorless and foggy voyage. We had time indeed to remember our past and to plan for our future. By the hour we sat on the dully heaving deck, wrapped in our rugs, now reading, now gazing across the oily grey water. Vicky read but little; she would sit, nursing her square little chin on her fragile hand, her blue eyes wide open and seeing, I fancy, not the dark ocean, but Cobbold House with its garden tossing in the wind and sun. Theo read more steadily. It was Frank Harris's *Great Days*, I remember, and now and again she would give a little sputtering laugh of enjoyment to herself, or, reaching out for Vicky's hand, would demand her attention while she read some bit aloud.

We were happiest when we let our fancy play about our future on the Nova Scotia farm. We made up our minds to stick it out there, whatever the difficulties might be. If we did not approve of old Haight who had the farm lands leased we should promptly get rid of him when his lease expired. We talked of the possibilities of sheep raising. We might bring out an experienced Old Country shepherd. We read with excitement an article we found on fox-raising in Nova Scotia. Vicky favored the sheep but Theo, for days, talked of nothing but foxes. The young ones would be delightful—fluffy balls, infinitely more interesting than lambs.

As we neared Canada a headlong exhilaration took possession of us. Vicky and Theo had never been out of England before, seldom from home. I had been to visit some of my mother's people in Montreal when I was twenty-one. On that visit I had taken pains to acquire Canadian turns of speech that I might be identified with my native land. Now, as I undertook all the business of the journey, I felt myself to be a hardened traveller.

After the sea voyage in the fog and rain, the interminable train journey, hot and dusty as the weather had become, was enervating enough. Then Vicky developed one of her devastating headaches, and Theo had a sore throat; so when the porter came to tell us that the next station was Balmeny indeed, and to collect our hand luggage, we were subdued rather than thrilled, and wondered how we should muster the energy for this last stage of our progress.

I am one of those thin, pale-faced people

who look delicate but are in reality of fairly tough fibre. Exposure and fatigue depress me but I soon throw off the effects.

Now I was only concerned for the welfare of my cousins. Vicky would grasp a large travelling-bag much too heavy for her, and I could not persuade her to put it down; but Theo, holding a small fur collar about her throat, followed the porter to the platform, and, signalling to the driver of a taxicab, drifted to the shelter of his mud-splashed car with splendid unconcern for the fate of us others.

It was six in the evening and almost dark. A heavy rain was falling and a chill wind swept in from the sea. The dripping platform glistened in the light from electric lamps, and a plot of grass alongside showed a green as brilliant as verdigris. In the centre of the plot a bed of nasturtiums, proved by the large round leaves that still brighter depths of greenness were possible, and their vermilion and yellow blossoms flamed in flamboyant luxuriance. Beyond these there was dusk that resolved itself into the shapes of warehouses and sheds, and a long, low building of round cobbles with a light in the doorway under the sign "Hearty Dinners for Sailors."

"If my throat weren't so sore," said Theo, "I should like to go in there and have some dinner. I'm hungry."

At the mention of food Vicky groaned and closed her eyes, leaning her head against the moist leather of the seat where she had established herself beside her sister. I had got in beside the driver, after arranging with a carter to take our boxes to the farm. The train now thundered past us from the station. Our car started forward with a jolt.

"Poor dear," I heard Theo say. "Does your head hurt so?"

"Oh, it will soon be well now that we have left that train. Is everything safe, Joan? All the luggage?"

"I think so," I replied. "Now draw some deep breaths of this good sea air, Vicky, and you'll soon be well again."

"Pure air!" cried Vicky. "What a villainous smell of fish!"

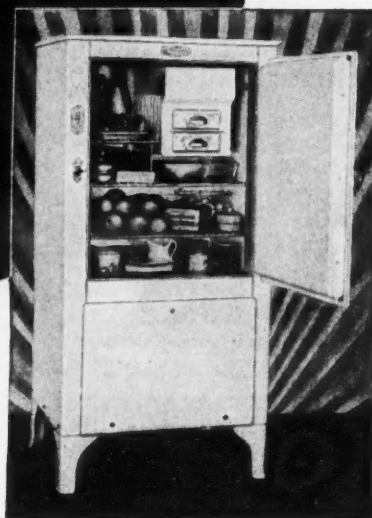
"We're passing the sheds where they dry the cod," said the driver, soothingly. "It'll soon be over." I could see he was concerned about Vicky. He drove the car very carefully, avoiding stones and ruts as well as he could. After we had passed through some quiet streets where lights were just beginning to twinkle out, we came upon a smooth open road that skirted the harbor. Increasing the speed, he said, "I could get a case of good ale for that young lady, if you'd like to take it from me, miss. It would help to put her in shape again, better than anything."

"Could you take some ale, Vicky?" I asked over my shoulder.

Continued on page 34

Announcing THE CANADIAN-MADE FRIGIDAIRE

NEW MODELS
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lowest prices
IN
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HISTORY



NEW standards of refrigeration value await you at Frigidaire showrooms throughout Canada today. The new "Moraine" Model Frigidaires are offered at the lowest prices in Frigidaire history because of Frigidaire's new "Made-in-Canada" policy.

Important news, this, for everyone who has considered the purchase of an electric refrigerator. There is no need now to deny yourself Frigidaire *quality* and Frigidaire *results* because of price. The Moraine Model Frigidaires possess the important features which have won Frigidaire world leadership in refrigeration convenience and economy. Equipped, like all Frigidaires, with *two-cylinder* compressors, they offer surplus power that ensures dependable refrigeration on hottest days and the ability to freeze plenty of ice cubes and make unusual frozen desserts. Com-

New Compact Design

The Moraine Model Frigidaires are compactly designed to occupy a minimum of space in the kitchen without sacrificing food storage space. This special design affords more food storage space than any other electric refrigerator of the same exterior dimensions.

pactly designed, they occupy a minimum of space in the kitchen, yet afford the greatest food storage space of any electric refrigerator of the same exterior dimensions. All shelves are waist-high. Cabinets are enduringly beautiful in a gleaming-white special Moraine finish.

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do husbands like fingertips tinted or natural?



Both! But choose your color to suit your frock . . . and it will probably suit him . . . says world authority on manicure

HUSBANDS are not so dumb after all! They're quick as anyone else to show signs of approval when it's deserved.

That's why so many clever wives, and those who have aspirations, are making the most of this new opportunity to be more alluring by varying their nail tints with their costumes.

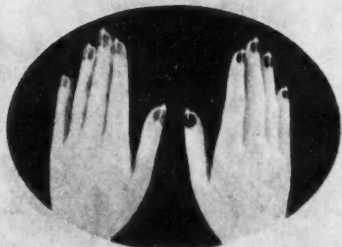
THEY'VE FOUND that neither husbands, suitors, nor stern bachelors can resist a baby blue frock worn with 10 pale Rose fingertips. And that their oldest black satin is positively devastating with Coral or Cardinal nails!

Better not let too many other girls get ahead. If you have any doubts as to which color nails make which frock more enticing, consult the gray panel at the right. You'll get the hang of it in no time and you'll have lots of fun!

And do be bright enough to pick a good polish to start with. Cutex Liquid Polish dries in no time . . . has a grand lustre . . . lasts as long as a week . . . and does not crack, peel or discolor.

The brush is firmly attached to a smart new cap of bakelite. And balanced so that the brush tip never touches the table top!

Run right out to your favorite shop and select your two . . . three . . . or five shades. NORTHAM WARREN, Montreal, New York, Paris



Natural just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes—is best with bright colors—red, blue, green, purple and orange.

Rose is a lovely feminine shade, good with any dress, pale or vivid. Charming with pastel pink, blue, lavender . . . smart with dark green, black and brown.

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues" . . . black and dark brown. Wear it also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

Cardinal is deep and exotic. Contrasts excitingly with black, white, or pale shades. Wear Cardinal in your festive moods—be sure your lipstick matches!

Colorless is conservatively correct at any time. Choose it for "difficult" colors!

FOLLOW THIS EASY CUTEX MANICURE

Scrub the nails. Then remove old lifeless cuticle and cleanse beneath nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover and brush on the shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that best suits your costume. End with Cutex Nail White—Pencil or Cream—under tips for accent. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish and 5 other manicure essentials for 12¢

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I enclose 12¢ for the new Cutex Manicure Set, which includes Natural Liquid Polish and one other shade which I have checked . . . ☐ Rose ☐ Coral ☐ Cardinal

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Cutex
Liquid Polish
only 35¢

"No, no," she replied petulantly. "I only want a cup of strong tea."

"I could," said Theo.

"Very well, then," came from Vicky's corner, "order the case."

"It's a queer place you ladies are going to. I don't think you'll like it. For summer boarding, I mean. You'd be better right in the hotel at Balmeny."

"We are not going to board," I replied. "We intend to live there. We own the place."

"I see," he said, slowly. "Well, if you'll excuse me for saying so, it's a lonesome place for three young ladies. Now, there you see the harbor. It's a pity it rains so. On a fine evening you could hardly wish for a prettier view."

The tide was in and the water lay motionless as molten lead. Behind us the lights of the town twinkled dimly through the rain. About the wharves, other lights, some of them colored, showed where schooners and a steamer were anchored. The dark shape of a little wooded island was stencilled sharply on the greyness. Far out to seaward, for the harbor was long and narrow, we could see the pure beam from a lighthouse on a point, and still farther an angry red light that, the driver said, came from a beacon set on a dangerous rock. There were many little islands out there, he said, poor barren places where a few families lived all the year round pasturing their thin cattle on the grassy slopes. Ahead of us, across the harbor, there seemed to be nothing but a dark wood that rose steeply in a narrow ridge.

The rain beat on the top of the car and came in through the flapping curtains.

"Are you getting wet back there?" I called.

"A little," answered Vicky, "but I feel so much better. My head has quite stopped aching."

"Tell me something about old Mr. Haight," I said.

"Well, he's a queer old stick. He must be eighty but he's as hard as nails. And he surely has a queer family about him. I take it that you're going to live in the new part of the house, Miss?"

"Yes."

"You'll find it lonesome!" he said in a tone of melancholy.

We had now skirted the base of the harbor and turned on to a narrower road that ran

between small farms. The rain abruptly ceased, a pale silver light appeared in the west and we could clearly see the little, white houses, surrounded by their flat fields which were separated by low, stone walls shining with wet. The smell of the sea came strong and salt, and we saw its gleam under the silvery light.

"Yon's the Bay of Fundy," said the driver. "Your house is set between it and the harbor. To get to it we've got to go near the Bar, where the Light is, to cross a bridge over the creek, then double back again through the woods."

And this roundabout way we took, jolting between deep, muddy ruts, leaving behind the little farms, crossing the low, stone bridge, under which the tidal creek now swept, at high tide, to join the inner curve of the harbor, making our destination an island for the time. After the bridge came a sandy road between fields of drenched sea-grass where the mist rolled in twining clouds and the sound of the hoarse horn on the lighthouse rumbled heavily.

We were crossing the bridge when first I noticed its mournful note, and from that moment, until months after when we left that strange house in the wood for ever, the sound of it was rarely out of my ears.

On the rock where the red beacon shone a bell had been fixed, and when the waves were high it would add its musical knell to the note of the horn—Old Growler they called it there—so that one might never for a moment forget the threatening imminence of the sea. And farther out, there was a gun tended by some lonely wretch, and sometimes with a hollow boom it was exploded, and the echo of it reverberated across the grassy waste and up through the moist, spruce woods to the lonely house.

The lichen boughs swept the curtains of the car as we groped our way over the road which was now only a path. It was inky dark. The driver talked no more. He was intent on arriving without mishap. Presently the headlights shone upon a clearing, then upon the wall of a house, then with throbbing engine we climbed a grassy steep and jolted to a stop before our own door—Theo's door, for the house was hers.

(What fate is in store for these three young girls on their farm? Coming installments bring the developments of a strange and powerful tale that is one of the most brilliant new novels of the year. Order your copies now!)

Trial by Thunder

Continued from page 15

came from the telephone Amy and Isabel were at the foot of the stairs saying good night to Evan.

"We shan't forget this party in a hurry," said Isabel with her most friendly smile. "We're too old for picnics, Evan." He glared at her, and said with a visible effort, "At least you're not to blame, dear little Amy." But Amy did not want to be forgiven. She drew back sharply.

"It's been heaps of fun," she said, blowing one kiss among them all. "Hasn't it, Bill?" and ran upstairs, leaving Evan standing at the banister, the perfect picture of a man puzzled by woman's incomprehensible humors.

Isabel followed her. They undressed in silence. Mrs. Snibley came in with a jug of rich hot cocoa and a plate of cookies, and took their soaked garments away with her. Isabel crawled between the sheets with unspeakable gratitude and relief, feeling for the hot water bottle. Even her aches and pains grew vaguely pleasant in the warmth and drowsiness that at once overwhelmed her.

She became aware of Amy, quite rigid beside her, and crying softly. "Amy," she whispered.

"I—I'm sorry, Aunt Isabel. I can't help it."

"Amy, my darling child, what is the matter?"

The sobs rose to a wail. "I can't do it. I

can't go through with it. You'll think me a—a ghastly quitter."

"I think you've been a dear little sport. You've backed me up through all this disastrous expedition. You've been sweet."

"You're wonderful," said Amy tearfully. "You've been wonderful to me and Evan. Oh—oh—oh!"

"Amy, stop it! Tell me this instant what is wrong."

Amy choked and swallowed, and said in a whisper, "I don't love Evan any more. After all you've done for us—" Isabel grimaced in the darkness—"I can't—I couldn't go on forever taking care of him. He's a spoiled baby. I know he hated this old picnic. But he might have thought of me—even just once!"

There was a long pause. Then Isabel said slowly, "Artists are usually egocentric, Amy. If you married Evan you would have to take that for granted. You know—adjust yourself to his temperament."

"That's it. That's what frightens me. He's had such a hard time of it, poor boy. I used to want to take him in my arms and comfort him. But now—now I'd like to get into Bill's arms and be comforted myself. Oh, what do you think of me?"

"I think you are a very sensible little girl," said Isabel drily. "Not everyone has the gumption to admit a mistake. And everyone should have at least one extran-

Continued on page 36

Prevent....tonight or Cure....tomorrow....

WHICH WILL YOU DO?

Nature always plays fair. She always issues warnings!

It may be just a coated tongue tonight . . . Nothing to worry about. Dull eyes, a bad breath . . . Nothing serious.

But Nature is telling you something by these harmless-seeming symptoms. She's telling you that you may have a sick child tomorrow.

So many serious illnesses need not have been serious. They started as little ailments which, neglected, grew into big ones.

When Nature coats tongues, makes eyes dull and breath bad, she says, "Your child has eaten unwisely or perhaps has overeaten. His system is clogged with waste impurities. He needs help."

Help tonight is simple. Tomorrow it may be harder. A simple dose of Castoria tonight will bring relief; may even keep a serious illness from developing.

Castoria, you know, is the children's own remedy—is made specially to give the mild, gentle help their delicate organs require.

In any starting illness, such as a cold, a little fever, a food upset, a first-aid dose of Castoria is always a wise precaution which your physician will commend you for.

A noted child specialist says, "I always get best results by giving Castoria at night—with no supper, nothing but water until morning."

Its gentle effectiveness has brought quick comfort to many a baby suffering with colic pains, by relieving the gas pressure and urging little bowels to act. And it is the "standby" regulator for older children in many homes.

You never have to coax your children to take Castoria. They like its taste and are grateful for the quick relief it brings to tied-up little systems.

We have a helpful booklet for mothers, "The Danger Age for Children," which we will gladly send free on request. Address Dept. 92, The Centaur Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ontario.



No harsh Drugs . . . no NARCOTICS in Castoria

Of course you want to be sure the medicine you give your children is not harmful or habit-forming. Castoria is a pure vegetable preparation, absolutely safe. Real Castoria always has the name, Chas. H. Fletcher, on the package. It now comes in two sizes. The new family size contains about $2\frac{1}{2}$ times the amount in the regular size.



EXTRA Softness

You'd pay more money, wouldn't you, to get a sanitary towel that was **EXTRA** soft, **EXTRA** safe and surgically clean? But you don't need to, for although Modess is

EXTRA SOFT (an extra cushion of downy cotton is meshed right in the gauze)

EXTRA SAFE (moisture-resisting backing gives five times greater protection)

EXTRA CLEAN (made in the same modern laboratories in which most of the surgical dressings for Canadian hospitals are produced)

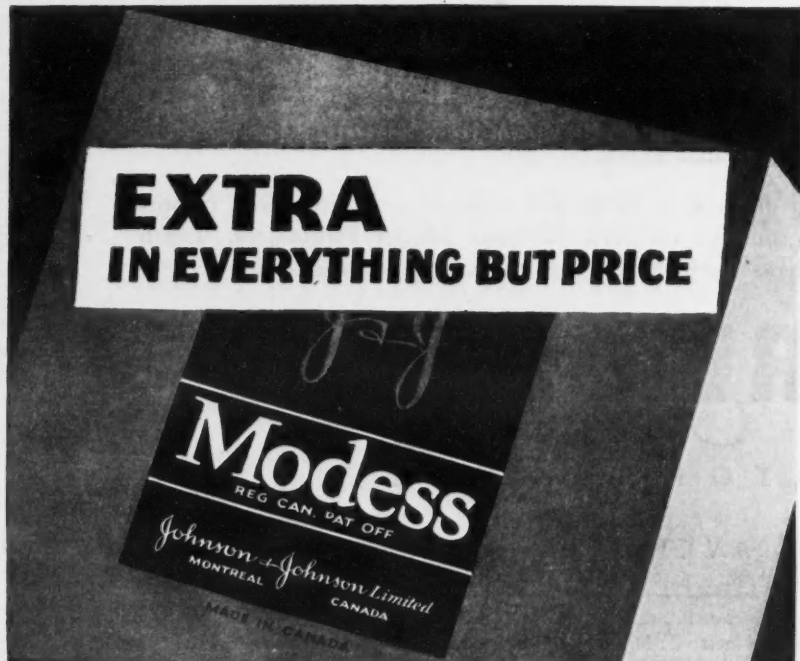
it costs no more than the ordinary kind.

All these **EXTRA** advantages are there to give you **EXTRA** value. Once a woman discovers Modess she's almost sure to buy it regularly.

A Johnson & Johnson Product
MADE IN CANADA

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, absorbent cottons, bandages, etc.

79



eous love affair before settling down, my dear. It gives perspective."

"I haven't appreciated Bill," said Amy humbly. "He's been marvellous. Aunt Isabel, I'll have to tell Evan tomorrow. I hate to think of it."

Isabel patted the warm young shoulder in its borrowed best nightgown of frilled flannelette. "Forget it, darling, and go to sleep. It'll be all right." Amy sighed deeply, and Isabel let herself slide luxuriously into drowsiness again, glowing with a sense of triumphant virtue. Always her instincts vindicated themselves. How pleased Edward and Georgie would be.

THEY started for home bright and early in the morning, all the Snibleys gathered at the step to wave them off, the littlest little boy howling with grief. This time Amy rode in the front seat with Bill. Evidently she had got through her bad half hour with Evan before breakfast, for his mood during the meal could only be described as ugly. Now he sat in grim silence, wincing occasionally when Amy's clear laughter drifted back to them. It was a heavenly morning, a dancing morning. Every wet leaf sparkled in brilliant sunshine, the air was cooled wine, the mud-puddles strung along the road were miniature mirrors with the blue sky in them. A morning made for young lovers, and only poor Evan was out of tune.

To point the moral, Mrs. Snibley had stayed up past midnight with her hot stove and heavy flatirons to press their mussed clothing—all except Evan's. Either fatigue had overcome her, or she could not forgive him that one unfortunate phrase, "my good woman." At all events, in his shapeless ruin of a suit, with his chin hideously hacked from shaving with the absent Mr. Snibley's venerable razor, he cut a sorry figure.

The wells of Isabel's sympathy filled rapidly. With what unspeakable arrogance she had walked into his life and made a mess of it! Now he had to endure a long difficult day and the trying drive back to town. What, she wondered, becomes of unsuccessful youngish composers? Do they play the pianos of second-rate restaurants or neighborhood movies? Or do they turn practical and get a job in a stockbroker's office? Oh, Isabel, be careful! Remember your good resolutions and steel yourself against this irresistible impulse to untangle other people's knots.

She said, with malice and double meaning, "Still sore? I know exactly what you're thinking. You're wishing you had never seen me."

"Do you wonder?" he asked bitterly.

"I do. We should be rather good friends. You'll find me charming when you know me better."

"I sincerely trust I'll never know you any better."

She laughed. "Oh, now, Evan! Don't take it out on me. I'm terribly sorry about it, but of course it is the best thing for both of you. Amy would never understand you."

"When I think of her marrying that—that jolly boor! She's much too fine."

"Oh, nonsense," said Isabel. "Don't you know what the child really wants? A home, my dear; a home, a husband. Her mother all over again—blissfully domestic. She'd smother you with domesticity. You'd be bored. You'd go mad. Though I'm not sorry she fell in love with you. You've been a sort of vaccination against romance."

"You put things nicely."

"But it's quite true. And, of course, you have loved it—having someone as young and lovely as Amy hanging on your words. Too flattering at your age."

That made him angry. "You've referred to my age before. Aren't you being a little rude about it?"

"I'm forty myself," said Isabel calmly, "and you're very closely thereabouts, though Amy told me you were thirty-three."

"Why shouldn't it be the truth?"

"Oh, my dear, I'm quite sure it isn't. Tell me now, isn't it time you settled down to be your age? Cultivate that white lock on your temple—" he flushed crimson—"It's terribly distinguished. And the interesting demeanor of an established and middle-ageing musician."

They were going through the woods again, with a great splashing of waters. The sweet rank smell of wet ferns filled the air, and cool drops flew in their faces as low branches brushed against the car. Isabel studied her victim. His profile was set in an unaltered grimness. Indeed, when he looked at her it was with an expression of definite dislike. She went on slowly, in her deepest, most delectable voice. "You know, Evan, we're really very much alike. Quite artificial, of course, highly civilized. We would enjoy the same kind of life. Plenty of cotton wool in it. Living in houses where the wheels go round so smoothly you never realize there are any wheels. And travel—oh, travel certainly gives one the ultimate sense of luxury. The best cabin. The best hotels. The best of everything. And then, of course, perfect leisure."

He regarded her now with something like desperation, and Isabel murmured, "You should marry, Evan. You ought to marry money."

There was a long silence. She wondered what Amy was talking of, all animation, with her lips so close to Bill's ear. What was Evan thinking? He must be turning mental somersaults. "It's high time I married," she told herself. "Every woman should have some sort of child to look after, and really, I believe I could handle him . . ." She said with smoothly simulated abstraction, "I shall have to stay over for the wedding. Bill and Amy's, I mean. I think I'll rent a little apartment. I detest these long indefinite visits, don't you? Specially in a household all disorganized for a wedding. Bad as a new baby—or a funeral. If I find an apartment, Evan, that isn't too hideous and has room for a grand piano, will you—" she drew a long breath—"will you come some day and have tea with me?"

This time he looked at her with awakened interest, a prospecting look, a look Isabel considered with heightened color and brightened eyes, a tribute and a triumph to a woman who had openly confessed to being forty. He said, "I simply don't understand you at all."

"I detest being understood," said Isabel. "We'll get along splendidly if you make a point of not understanding me. Will you come? Or shall I ask you to dinner? You know I can arrange the nicest little dinners . . ."

"Oh, by all means let it be dinner. I'll probably be eating in the cheaper cafeterias from now on. That is, unless I marry money."

Suddenly the taut, tired lines in his face dissolved in mirth. They were laughing together, quite unexpectedly and for no reason whatever. Isabel said gaily, "Well, perhaps it won't be too long."

Coming . . in response to widespread demand

Another "RENNIE and BILL" Story by

ALBERTA C. TRIMBLE

"JUNE GALE" a powerfully human story of the West.

taken out without remaking. Three of these flannel petticoats will be sufficient.

The little vests or shirts may be of soft, knitted, cotton material for summer wear, but should be of silk and wool or of all wool for the spring, fall and winter. They are usually made with a front fastening but, if knitted at home, it is better to have them to draw over the head. They should never be sleeveless, for even in the hottest weather a young baby's arms are sensitive to cold and will need to be protected. They should be large and roomy, as with the greatest of care in laundering they will shrink somewhat, and nothing is so uncomfortable as a tight vest. Three of these will generally be enough if good drying facilities are available. If they are to be hand knitted, be sure to get a wool that is soft and washes well.

Flannel binders are easily and economically made at home, as they are best without any kind of sewing, unless it is decided to have those that tie into place. Half a yard of fairly wide, very soft and fine flannel is required. This is torn across into four strips, making four binders, four and a half inches in width. The edges should be left just as they have been torn and should not be overcast.

After the first two months, the binder may be replaced by a knitted diaper band, which is like a short, sleeveless vest. Three of these will be required. If, however, the weather is very warm, these may be dispensed with altogether.

The diapers, of which three or four dozen

will be required, should be of thick cotton. Probably one of the nicest and most satisfactory of materials for this purpose is canton flannel. It may be hemmed at home or bought in packets of a dozen. As they will require to be changed immediately they become damp, it is necessary that there should be a good supply on hand. A square of cheesecloth about nine inches across, placed inside the diaper, is a saving of work, for when it becomes soiled it can be thrown away, thus eliminating much of the unpleasantness of the laundering.

Rubber panties should not be worn except for visiting purposes. They are unhealthy, cause a reduction in weight and, acting as a poultice, often produce a rash or other skin irritation.

For the laundering of all baby clothes nothing but the purest of soap should be used. No strong soda or washing fluid must ever be added to the water, or baby's delicate skin will become chafed and sore, and a rash or other form of irritation may result. A pure, bland soap, or one of the pure soap flakes such as are sold for the laundering of fine lingerie, may be used with perfect safety, care being taken, of course, to see that every particle of soap is rinsed away. If obstinate stains cannot be removed in this way, the cotton garments may be boiled, but it is better to let such stubborn stains remain for a while rather than to risk their removal by chemicals which are likely to injure baby's tender skin.

My Dogs of the North

Continued from page 20

together the dogs may be in the train. The whip is made of plaited walrus hide with a very short handle. The first time I attempted to use it, I actually tied myself up. It coiled round and round me so that I had to be unwound.

Always, too, there was a bully in the pack. He was a fine, big white dog with an entirely black head—a most unusual marking. He was a beauty, but like all bullies he was a coward. If a larger dog or one of his own size looked at him, he howled. If they came close to him, he rolled over on his back with his legs in the air and whimpered. He simply grovelled to any but smaller dogs and was always most servilely compliant. He was usually alone, the other dogs, going around in groups of two and three, would have none of him.

The natives have various methods by which they firmly believed the strength and hunting qualities of the dogs could be increased. During puppyhood they pull the legs vigorously every day to increase its strength and to make them good runners. They blow in their nostrils, which is supposed to add to their already powerful sense of smell. Yellow being their favorite color for dogs, they tie bits of yellow moss around the necks of the young females so that when they, in turn, have puppies the offspring will be yellow. They tie the tails up on the backs so that they may have the wonderful curve and bushiness which is of such use to train dogs. Not only is this a real adornment, being like large plumes and giving their owners such a majestic air, but in the constant winter blizzards his tail is a dog's only protection. He lies down curled up in a tight ball with all four feet together; the tail is a real shield, being brought around over the paws and head. A dog rarely moves during the raging of the storms. He will allow himself to be completely covered over with snow, and when it is over he gets up, stretches, and shakes himself. He is quite dry but leaves a round, damp hole where he has been lying. The dog with a poor tail suffers badly from the cold.

DRIVING dogs is always interesting. In the bush country it is more simple, as each dog follows after the other on a trail the width of the sledge. The pace kept up is more or less regular, about five miles an hour when the trails are well beaten, except

when the dogs are very fresh and catch a scent. Then they are off without a note of warning like an express train. Often I was upset into a snowdrift or dragged for half a mile before I could stop them. But in the Barren Lands it is very different. Each dog is on his own trace, attached to the *komatik*, or sledge, which is about sixteen feet long and eighteen inches wide. A team comprises any number of dogs from two or three to ten or twelve, but eight is the usual number, and when travelling they spread out fan shape, the lead dog being about thirty feet from the *komatik*. The reason for the separate traces is that each dog is thus enabled to choose his foothold when travelling over the rough ice or rocks.

To newcomers the howling of the dogs is a most awesome sound. At night as we sat quietly reading, suddenly at the very door one long-drawn-out howl would be heard and taken up immediately by our own pack and others in the distance—not gradually by one or two but instantly by them all. It was most weird and apt to strike terror into the heart of a timid person. Then, as suddenly as it commenced, it would stop, instantly and completely, as though it had been turned off at its source. And again there would reign that strained stillness which one seemed to hear. It cannot be described. Often when out walking I would say, "Listen." Our eardrums almost seemed to beat with the intense silence.

So is it surprising that after my long years of comparative dependence upon dogs I have come to understand and love our four-footed friends so greatly? Dumb they can never be called, for each inflection of their voices has a different meaning, but the expression in their faces is always the same—a never-ceasing faith and trust and adoration. They will follow their masters through fire and water, for weeks and months along miles of spirit-breaking trail, content only to be with them and asking in return so little, so very little—a feed at the end of the day, and, if not that, a corner in which to lie and rest before starting the next day's journey.

May there be in heaven a place for our most loyal friends, and may I, too, be able to qualify for a place there where I may meet again our many cheerful, hard-working train dogs and my beloved Major, Tough and Cinders!



Baby's Skin

WHAT is so beautiful as baby's velvety, pink skin. How anxious is every mother to keep it so and to avoid the various irritations of the skin which not only mar baby's beauty but also cause much of baby's discomfort and suffering.

There is one preparation which is known and appreciated above all others in this connection and that is Dr. Chase's Ointment. It is so delightfully soothing and healing in its influence and so certainly effective as an antiseptic, that mothers have learned to depend upon it implicitly.

As a result you usually find Dr. Chase's Ointment along with baby's bath soap and when the bath is over the ointment is applied wherever there is chafing or any irritation of the skin.

Dr. Chase's Ointment



Your Baby's best Friend can become your ally, too!

WATCH that youngster of yours as he fondles caressingly the big, gray Z. B. T. can... Hear him chortle with glee as the soft, bland powder falls in a gossamer cloud over his divinely pink little body.

He knows how kind Z. B. T. Baby Talcum is... how it cools the skin, draws out every trace of dangerous moisture, neutralizes body acids and guards against infection. Free from lime, mica or any other irritant, Z. B. T. contains a special ingredient which not only soothes tender skin, but *heals*, as well!

You, too, should know the beneficent effects of Z. B. T. When perspiration causes angry chafing, when tired feet itch and burn, this mildly-medicated compound talc brings the very relief you long for. Use it freely as a dusting powder... after the bath and shaving.

Your druggist or chain store sells Z. B. T. in three sizes—50c, 25c and 10c. Resent substitutes! Get a can of



Z. B. T. today and test it yourself. Or, if you prefer, mail the coupon, with 4 cents to cover postage, and we'll gladly send you a full-size "Junior" can.

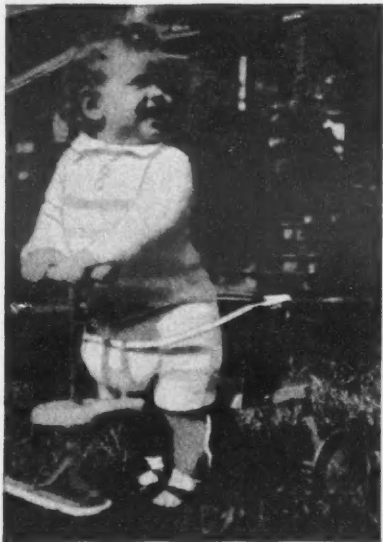
Made in Canada, J. T. WAIT CO., Ltd., Montreal

FREE JUNIOR SIZE CAN

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Gentlemen:—Enclosed find 4c in stamps for which please
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Z. B. T. BABY TALCUM

Fine for Baby's Body—Fine for Everybody



Dressed in her best bib and tucker, Miss Beverley Smith poses for Chatelaine. Her home is in New Westminster, B.C.

A BABY'S CLOTHES

Just what does he really need?

by MARGARET LAINE.

"Look what Breast-Feeding did for Me!"

You see this healthy baby after 11 months in the world. His mother breast fed him—and gave him the best possible start on his way to happy childhood.

It is tremendously important that you breast-feed your baby, yourself. Maternal milk, germ-free and of correct composition, is your baby's surest safeguard against rickets and other infant ailments. Artificial food is no substitute for the breast-milk of a healthy mother.

Drink Ovaltine regularly before baby comes and during the nursing period to ensure a rich and adequate supply of breast-milk, and also to rebuild your own strength and vitality quickly. This is the advice of doctors, nurses and mothers the world over.

Three of nature's best foods, new-laid eggs, barley malt and full creamy milk—right from Canadian farms—are concentrated in Ovaltine by a highly scientific process. Ovaltine is delicious and very easily digested. In fact it actually digests several times its own weight of the starch content of other food. When taken as the meal-time beverage it helps you to get the most good from your meals. Furthermore, Ovaltine does not contain cane sugar to harm teeth or digestion and it is not fattening. Sweeten it to taste.

Ovaltine is just as delicious taken cold as hot. It is very cooling and refreshing and invigorating. To make it, just add 2 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine to a glass of cold milk and whisk to a smooth consistency with your egg beater—or use a shaker.

Sold at all stores, in air-tight tins, 50c, 75c, \$1.25 and \$4.50 (very economical size).

‘OVALTINE’

The Food Beverage That Enables Mothers to Breast-feed their Babies

If unable to obtain Ovaltine locally, send the coupon below for a sample tin.

A. WANDER LIMITED,
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I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and postage. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

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And now — A Mothercraft Service FOR CHATELAINE READERS

Arrangements have just been completed whereby Chatelaine readers can obtain on request the very fine series of monthly letters on prenatal and post-natal care which is issued by the Canadian Council on Child and Family Welfare, through its Child Hygiene Section in co-operation with the Departments of Public Health. The letters cover the care of the expectant mother for the nine months preceding the baby's birth, and the care of the baby during the first year of life. Readers wishing to receive copies of these letters monthly should address their requests to Mothercraft Service, Chatelaine, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.



For Children's Hair
Your child will have gloriously lovely hair if you use Evan Williams Shampoos regularly.

Buy "Camomile" for fair hair; "Ordinary" for dark hair, at your druggists.

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Chew it after every meal . . .
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The "ALL-TIME"

The Only Shoes that—

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Patterns in
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In 1847 Rogers Bros.
Teaspoons were
\$7.50 the dozen.
They are now \$2.50
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— And a complete
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Teaspoons were
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Genuine Original Rogers Silverplate

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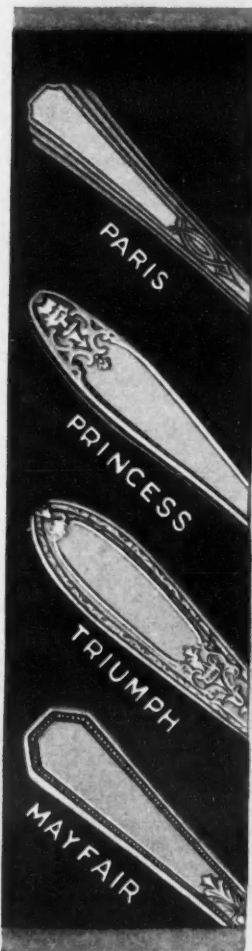
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"HER MAJESTY" . . . in the finest of Silverplate—1847 Rogers
Bros. . . and the distinct "PARIS" pattern in Wm. Rogers & Son
—leader in moderately-priced Silverware.

A tremendous opportunity is presented to the Canadian house-
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prices are not guaranteed against rise . . . your nearest Silverware
dealer will gladly show you a delightful selection of these two
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When buying Silverware—Insist upon products of the **IS** International Silver Co.





*Say, Sis, this is our lucky day!
Great news! I just heard mother say
She's got a baby powder here
That makes the chafing disappear.*

Notice that soft, silky smoothness when you rub some Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger! It feels almost like a cream in powder form! You can understand, can't you, why babies love its soothing, healing touch?

Here is the reason for this super-softness; Johnson's Baby Powder is made from the very finest Italian talc, composed of light, downy flakes. But a comparison will show you that some baby powders contain sharp, needle-like particles, due to inferior talc ingredients. You wouldn't want them next your baby's skin!

Be safe; test Johnson's Baby Powder between the thumb and finger. You'll know then that it is the finest you can use for your baby.

A Special Baby Soap and Baby Cream

Johnson's Baby Soap, with its delicate fragrance and rich, cleansing lather, and Johnson's Baby Cream, which relieves and prevents chafing, chapping, "diaper rash", prickly heat and sun and wind burn, are two additional products made especially for baby's comfort. Use them today!



A Johnson & Johnson Product

MADE IN CANADA

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FREE SAMPLES! In order that you may test Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream, without expense, we will be glad to send you a generous sample of each—free of charge. Write to Johnson & Johnson, Limited, Montreal.

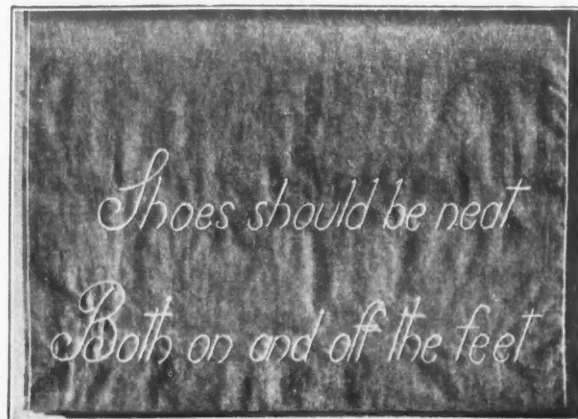
OUR HANDICRAFT STUDIO

Any of these good looking home and gift ideas are ready for you to put together

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These Handicrafts

Are designed and created in the Chatelaine's own handicraft studio. Order from Marie Le Cerf, the Chatelaine, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, by postal note, money order, or registered cash. If sending cheque, kindly add fifteen cents for bank exchange. Articles from previous issues can always be supplied.

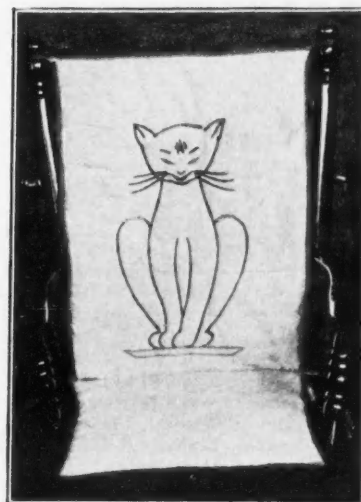


An Attractive Shoe Bag With Pockets

To hang on the inside of the cupboard door. Pockets for six pairs of shoes are provided and a long flap covers over all. Heavy Dutch blue casement cloth is worked in gold. No. C 95 is 36 by 23 inches, 95 cents; cottons for working, 8 cents.

For the Baby's Chair

Seat and back pads are separate, both being interlined with batting. Design is worked through the batting to give kitty the "stuffed" effect. C 117, of soft English jaspé, with batting, cottons, binding and ties, 85 cents.



Embroidered Chair Set

A very effective design to be done in wool crewel work, in brilliant shades and natural colors. No. C 107, stamped on heavy cream or brown Irish linen, is 75 cents for the chair set, and \$1 for the chesterfield set, 18 by 36 inches. Worked solid as shown, wools for chair are \$1.08 and for chesterfield \$1.50. If worked in chain stitch, wools for chair 60 cents and for chesterfield 78 cents.



A Spring Scarf in Flower Colors

In silk crêpe—medium blue lined with lighter blue; medium brown with fawn, or green with yellow. Tulip design worked in contrasting wools. C 110, size 9 by 48 inches, complete, \$1.35.



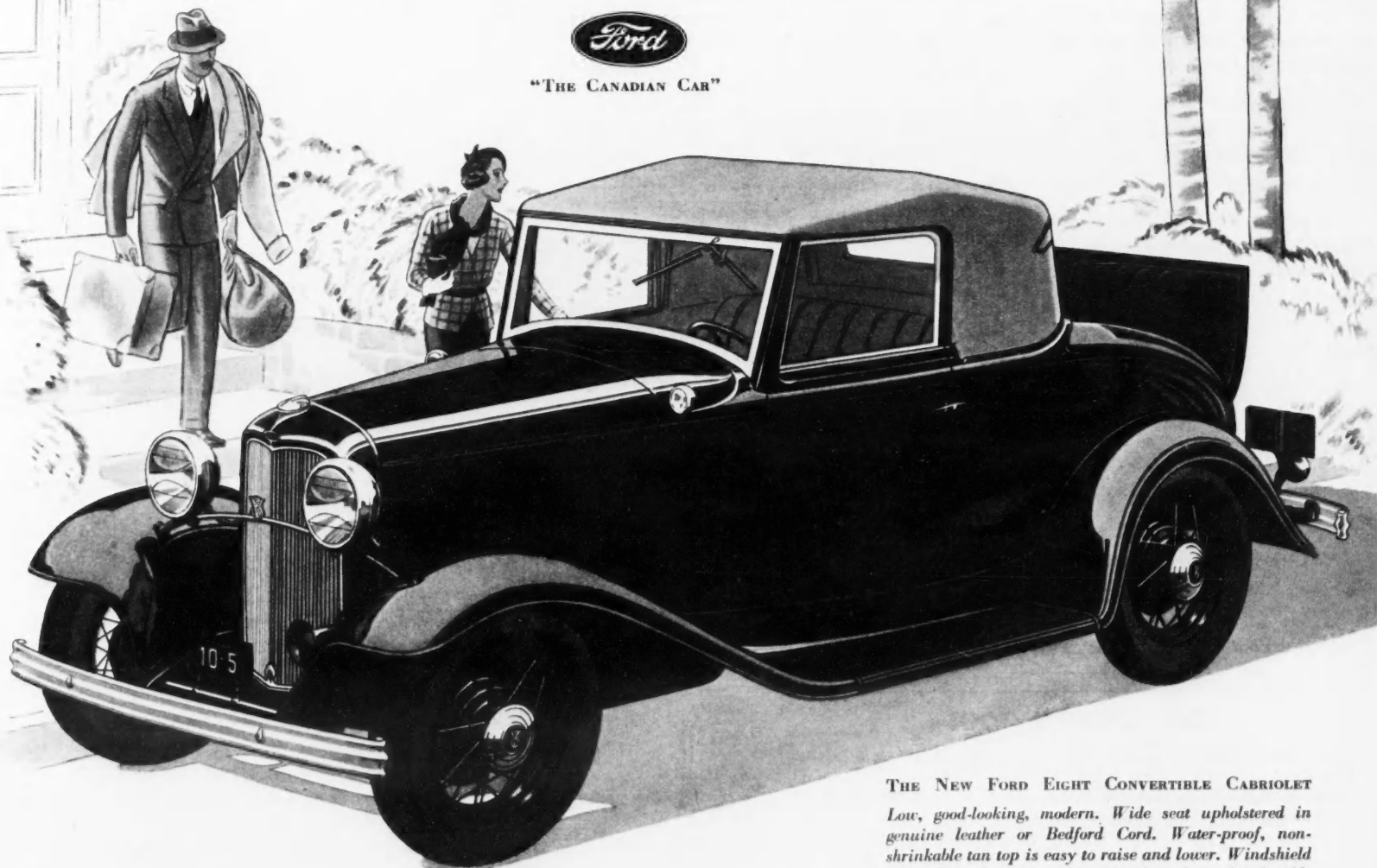
There's a Real Thrill in Driving the New Ford Eight

MOTORING is a real joy in the New Ford Eight because of the smooth, quiet, vibrationless performance of the V-type eight-cylinder engine, and the riding comfort of the low, roomy bodies. There are many other features.... Quick acceleration. Ease of steering and control. Seventy-five miles an hour. Fifty-five miles an hour in second. Silent second gear. Silent, synchronized gear shift. Large, effective, four-wheel brakes. Flexible springs and new self-adjusting Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers. Reliable, carefree service over many thousands of miles. Low first cost and low cost of operation. Attractive lines, colors and upholstery.

THE NEW FORD EIGHT



"THE CANADIAN CAR"



THE NEW FORD EIGHT CONVERTIBLE CABRIOLET
Low, good-looking, modern. Wide seat upholstered in genuine leather or Bedford Cord. Water-proof, non-shrinkable tan top is easy to raise and lower. Windshield and all windows are made of safety glass. Comfortable rumble seat. Full-width, single-bar bumpers, chromium plated. Distinctive steel-spoke wheels with large hub caps.

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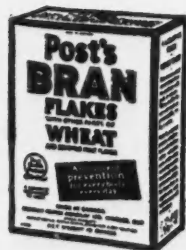


DO YOU
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Prove the Effectiveness of This Delicious Food

IS your old-time punch and energy gone? One likely way to recover both is through the *regular* use of Post's Bran Flakes—if the evils of constipation need to be overcome. Post's Bran Flakes is a bulk food made to prevent constipation caused by lack of bulk in the diet. Eat it for health and enjoyment.

Eat Post's Bran Flakes golden, toasted flakes every day. With milk or you'll enjoy bran in a cream as a cereal. Or most tempting and delicious form. Post's Bran Flakes is made in Canada.



EFFECTIVE

DELICIOUS

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

Ordinary cases of constipation, associated with too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

B2-32M

Pyjamas

Continued from page 19

that his cheek almost lay on his shoulder. "I'm comin'," he said, then with a portentous deliberation that took Sarah aback he stepped inside and carefully shut the door. "Now"—Jake jerked his thumb over his shoulder—"how long's this being goin' on? They was tellin' me in Tim's last night—"

"They were tellin' you," shrilled Sarah. "I like that! What time had they for tellin' you anything after all the talkin' you—"

"But I was no for believin' them," went on Jake steadily, "I was no for believin' that ye would make a fool of me for the whole camp to laugh at—"

"Me make a fool of you! Jake Billings, have you the face—"

"I was tellin' them maybe ye hung them out for an airin' once or twice during the year, you being so death on moths and the like; but they swore that ye hung them out soaking wet every week—"

"So ye're not denyin' ye told them?" Sarah's eyes were like grappling irons. "Ye got the face to stand there, Jake Billings, and tell me that ye made a fool of your lawful wedded wife in that dirty shanty of the Haggertys—"

Jake's hairy-backed fists grew white at the knuckles. "Every man, woman and child in this camp believes I sleep in that outlandish rig—"

"Not if you can help it, they don't—" Sarah's voice clamored for the release of hysteria. "If ye had to make a fool of me, did ye need to pick on Norah Haggerty—that dirty, idle draggletail—"

"Norah Haggerty could be cleaner," countered Jake sternly, "but if I had to choose between a dirty wife or a comfortable wife, I'd—"

"Ye would, would ye! Well, it's just too bad ye didn't—"

"It is that!" Jake's heavy brows pulled together. "Ye were an old maid when I married ye, but I thought ye might turn human, come time. Ye had a lot of fool notions but—"

"Notions! Notions is it? Ye never had a cent put by till I saved it for ye. Ye never had a clean shirt to yer back or a place to put it—"

"There's a lot more to being married than saving and clean shirts. There's—there's—" Jake groped for words, his hands lifted in a futile gesture.

Sarah's laugh splintered between them. "Aye," she said, "there's give and take, live and let live. Look at that calendar! Just a year ago this very day, this very night—if ye'd worn the pyjamas, oh, that one and only thing I asked ye to do for me—if ye'd worn them pyjamas, ye could have put yer feet in the oven, smoked in the house if I had to wash the curtains twice a week, spit in the coal bucket. But ye laughed and made fun—and wore yer underwear!"

Jake reached for the door knob. In a daze of emotion Sarah heard the pulley line screech protestingly, then the pyjamas hurtled to her feet. "That's the last of them things I ever want to see," said Jake from the doorway. "Have yer supper when ye like. I want none."

Sarah heard the alley gate slam, and a sudden weakness in her knees made her grope for a chair. Oh, oh, oh.

A long time she sat staring down at the brightly striped pyjamas then she lifted them from the floor and draped them carefully over the chair back. Still another long interval, then she stood up firmly, brewed and drank a strong cup of tea and set the ironing board securely on its stand.

JAKE BILLINGS put out a careful foot in the dark and located the scraper. He felt a vague uneasiness. There had been something back there that he couldn't get a grip on. All the time they were treating him, there had been some joke—something—it worried him so that the drink had barely taken hold.

A man had to be careful with a wife like

Sarah. It wouldn't do for them to know he liked her cleanness. It wouldn't do for them to know he took his time along the alley just to get the difference between their places and his own neat yard. It wouldn't do for Sarah to know either. Got a bit above herself, did Sarah.

A man had to put his foot down somewhere. Well, his had gone down with a vengeance. Thrown them at her, he had! Taken them right off the line and—Would they still be lying on the floor?

From the doorway his glance swept the kitchen. Not a stripe in sight. His relief blinded him to the ominous straightness of Sarah's back as she laid down her darning.

"Puttin' on a night shift tomorrow," Jake volunteered sociably as he hung his sweater behind the door.

Sarah stared straight ahead at the window curtains.

Jake turned and eyed her uncomfortably. A Sarah that did not rail and scold over his coming home late—a Sarah who just sat . . .

Jake raised his voice, "They're puttin' on a night shift tomorrow," but Sarah never took her eyes from the curtains.

"Well, I'll be gettin' to bed," he said, sure that this would bring a storm of protest. The coal bucket was empty; so was the wood-box, but Sarah spoke never a word, and now he saw that there was a strangeness about her as if she were waiting for something, and terribly hard set in the waiting.

There had been something so violent about the atmosphere of the kitchen that Jake filled his lungs with quiet air before he turned on the bedroom light.

SARAH rose and stood by the stove, listening. She forgot that the porridge had not been put on for the morning, that the kettle had boiled dry, and the clock needed winding—the bedroom light clicked out. It hadn't taken Jake long, but he must have seen the pyjamas.

Jake had. They had leapt at him from the chair back. It had not taken him long, for he had stripped to his underwear as if his clothes were afire, and huddled beneath the bedcovers. What a woman!

The bed was just a lighter patch of darkness as Sarah walked with automatic precision and set the clock down on the bureau. She put a hand out to locate the chair back and her fingers touched the coolness of well-ironed flannelette. He hadn't put them on.

"The pyjamas, Jake—Did ye see them?" "Yeh, I saw them," Jake's answer sounded muffled as if the bedcovers lay across his mouth.

"Ye're not puttin' them on?" Sarah made the question both a threat and a plea.

"I'm wearin' my underwear," said Jake with a dignity that should have been ridiculous but was not.

Quietly Sarah went to the long box beneath the window and opened its cretonne disguised lid. A vagrant breeze billowed the curtains and carried the pungent smell of moth balls across the room.

"What are ye doin', Sarah?"

"I'm gettin' out beddin'," she answered with the awful solemnity of a judge saying, "And you will hang by the neck until dead."

"There's lots on the bed," he assured her, refusing to credit the preposterous suspicion that had come to him. "What are ye goin' to—"

"Ye've lost a wife this day, Jake Billings. See what fun ye can make out of that. A great joke, a fine man to set every woman in camp on his wife—every last one of them on their back step this morning, laughing and tee-heeing; and me that's been a hard-working, faithful wife to you standing there without a friendly face that I could look into along the whole alley—"

Jake sat up with a jerk, "This mornin'! What happened this mornin'?"

"And this evening," went on Sarah, her

Continued on page 44



The photographs of the High Tea Lace Blouse, in two yellow shades banana and marigold, is shown through the courtesy of the Monarch Knitting Company.

The Prettiest Yet— This High Tea Lace Blouse

For Many Summer Occasions

OF COURSE, it can be worn for more occasions than simply "high tea," but the name expresses its appearance better than any other. It might be worn for shopping or for business, too, although its filmy daintiness makes it most suitable for those nice informal teas you share with your family or your friends, for afternoons when you put on your new suit, or for summertime lazy days with a silk, linen or cotton-and-wool skirt. The blouse shown is made in two delightful shades of yellow—banana and marigold. So you can see how charming it would look with a natural linen skirt, or a deep blue or green. The newest blouses are made in two tones of the same color. You might choose two tones of blue or green or pink or mauve—each would be very lovely.

The lace blouse requires two balls of Fairy banana, one ball of Fairy marigold, and one pair of No. 8 needles.

Using banana Fairy and No. 8 needles cast on 130 stitches, k 1 row, p 1 row. The pattern consists of twelve rows—6 knitted rows on right side of work and 6 purled rows wrong side of work.

1st row—Knit 5 * yarn over, k 2, k 2 together, k 2. Repeat from * across row ending with k 5.

2nd row—Purl all across row.

3rd row—Knit 5 * yarn over, k 1, yarn over, k 1, k 3 together, k 1. Repeat from * across row ending with k 5.

4th row—Purl across row.

5th row—Knit 5 * yarn over, k 3, yarn over, k 3 together. Repeat from * across row ending with k 5.

6th row—Purl across row.

7th row—Knit 6, * yarn over, k 3 together, yarn over, k 3. Repeat from * across row ending with k 6.

8th row—Purl across row.

9th row—Knit 7, * yarn over, k 2 together,

k 4. Repeat from * across row ending k 7. 10th row—Purl across row.

Knit 1 row, p 1 row. Repeat No. 1 to No. 9.

Back

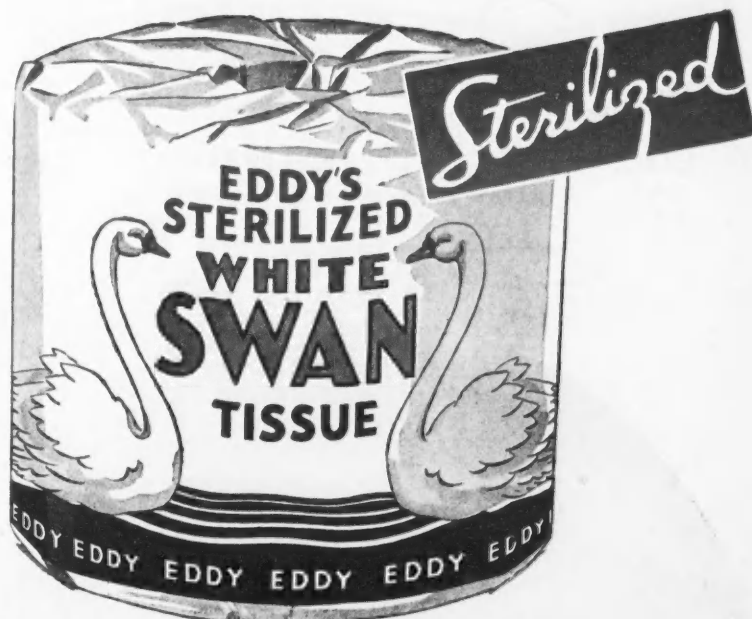
Repeat pattern six times. At beginning of 7th pattern cast off 4 stitches at beginning of 2 rows. Then 3 sts at beginning of next 2 rows. Now k 2 sts together at the end of every 3rd row on each armhole nine times. Then continue knitting until the 10th pattern has been completed. Cast off 7 sts at beginning of the next 8 rows; this allows 28 sts for each shoulder and 42 sts remain for neck line. Cast these off.

Front

Repeat as for back. When the 4th diamond pattern is completed begin to add 1 st at the 2nd st from end of every row. On completion of 5th pattern, there should be 15 stockinette sts counting from middle st of each outside pattern to the edge of front. At beginning of 6th pattern k 9, yarn over, thus starting another diamond pattern. In this way introduce another diamond pattern at the end of row. On completion of 6th pattern, there will be 16 stockinette sts at end of each needle. At beginning of 7th pattern, cast off 4 sts k 10—repeat row No. 1 purling. Cast off 4 sts. Repeat casting off 3 sts at beginning of next 2 rows. Continue with pattern, reducing 1st at armhole every 3rd row until 9 sts have been dropped each side. Continue until the 10th pattern is completed. Bind off 7 sts at beginning of next 8 rows, then bind off the remaining sts which form the cowl neckline.

Join back and front, sewing at shoulders and under arms.

Continued on page 48



It shows NICE Perception to use "White Swan"

THE perfect hostess thinks of these "little" things. Every appointment in the guest's bedroom and bath shows a nice perception, a sense of what is expected. That is why "White Swan," a toilet tissue which comes as carefully protected as an antiseptic bandage, is usually found in the better homes. Yet the cost is no higher than that asked for any other brand of good tissue.

Eddy Toilet Tissues are manufactured with "hospital cleanliness." Even the water used in the making is first sterilized and purified in the new \$400,000 Eddy Filtration Plant.

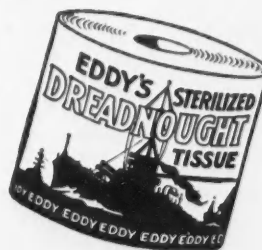
Each roll of "White Swan" contains 750 sheets of soft, creped, white-swan tissue, in a dust-proof wrapper. This, the most popular brand of Eddy tissue, is also made in "Recess" size for built-in fixtures.

**THE E. B. EDDY
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Makers of a wide range of Quality paper for Commercial, Professional and Domestic Use.

DREADNOUGHT

Also one of the popular Eddy Toilet Tissues. Rolls contain 7 ounces of sterilized, creped tissues.



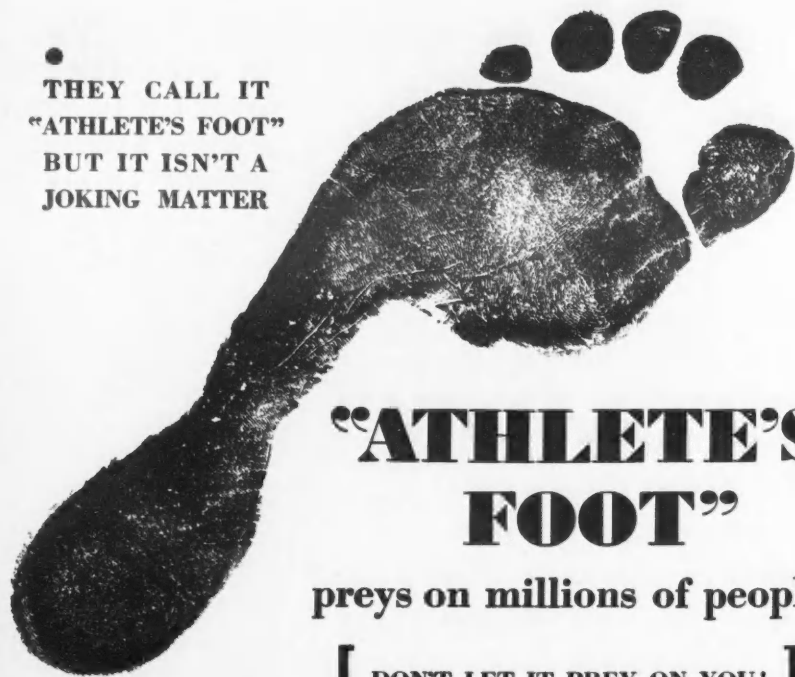
NAVY

Another favourite brand of Eddy Toilet Tissue. Rolls have 700 sheets of soft sanitary paper.

EDDY'S Sterilized
PAPER PRODUCTS



THEY CALL IT
"ATHLETE'S FOOT"
BUT IT ISN'T A
JOKING MATTER



"ATHLETE'S FOOT"

preys on millions of people

[DON'T LET IT PREY ON YOU!]

BEFORE the green leaves of summer fade into the gold of fall, many men and women who read no further than this paragraph will wish they had followed this message to the very end.

Here is a simple statement of fact: *At least 10 million people will be prey this summer to that widespread infection called "Athlete's Foot."*

Here is another: *Countless people who have "Athlete's Foot" today are doing nothing about it because they do not consider the danger signals serious.*

The peril comes from the fact that the germs, when unchecked, dig deep into skin and underlying tissues. They cause the skin to crack open, bringing on a soreness often so painful that shoes cannot be worn.

That's how serious "Athlete's Foot" can become. And even more serious, if other infections such as blood poisoning, lockjaw and erysipelas pass into the blood stream through those open sores.

Watch your step in places where "Athlete's Foot" abounds
It is one of nature's ironies that "Athlete's Foot" should attack most

people when they are exposing their bare feet to damp surfaces in the very act of promoting health.

For the tiny ringworm germ which causes this infection lurks by the billions on locker- and dressing-room floors. It swarms on beach walks and on edges of swimming pools, in gyms and bathhouses—even in your own spotless bathroom.

Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germ of "Athlete's Foot"

You may have the first symptoms of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign douse on Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

Laboratory tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills quickly, when it reaches the germ. Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

Write for free sample

Absorbine Jr. has been so beneficial that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just-as-good-as." There is nothing like Absorbine Jr. Take a bottle on every outing. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Bldg., Montreal

FOR SUNBURN, TOO!

Simply douse soothing, cooling Absorbine Jr. on burning, feverish skin, after every exposure. It takes out the sting and encourages a sun-tan coat. No unpleasant odor, not greasy. Wonderful, too, for insect bites, bruises, burns, sore muscles.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions



Pyjamas

Continued from page 42

voice thick with bitterness. "I make no doubt ye've been sittin' tellin' them all how ye married an old maid, and now ye're sorry for it—"

"Ye're talkin' wild nonsense, woman. I was havin' a beer wi' the boys, seeing as I'd let slip down the mine that we were married a year ago this day."

"Well, ye can let it slip down the mine tomorrow that ye've lost a wife this day."

"Megsty me! What a woman! Her arms were crowded with blankets, sheets, a pillow—he couldn't let her—"

"Sarah!" He halted her on the threshold, his voice hoarse and constrained. "It's account of my back, Sarah," he explained. "I'd wear them but I get cold awful easy in my back. I—"

She looked at him over the woolly mound. "Ye're lyin', Jake Billings. But when ye're boastin' to the Haggertys that I couldn't make ye wear them, don't forget to tell them that ye had the bed to yerself and will have from now on."

Megsty me! What a woman!

SARAH jerked and pommelled the living room couch into a semblance of a bed, then lay, face set in anger, fists knuckling her breast.

Oh, what she wouldn't do to Jake Billings after this! She would shout things after him for all the camp to hear: "Mind ye bring yer pay straight home," or, "Don't be drinkin' with that dirty blackguard, Tim Haggerty." She would shame him, make a mock of him for all the camp to see.

Each vow, each protest, instead of pyramiding till she had a tower of belief in her own ultimate victory seemed to hollow the ground from under her feet. She had no heart for fighting—he had called her an old maid; he thought Norah Haggerty a better wife. It meant nothing to him that his house was like a new pin, that she washed, mended, patched, so that he looked as different from the rest of them as her backyard from the littered jungles on either side.

Sarah jerked coweringly against the wall. With the suddenness of a thunderclap on a sky-clear day, a maelstrom of devastating, ear-splitting sound circled the house. Bells, whistles, cans beaten like deafening gongs, voices howling derisively. Through the slack-edged blinds, a glow streaked the wall. Bonfires!

Sarah wanted to clap her hands over her ears. She wanted to shut out the ribald sallies, the shouted taunts—they were calling on Jake between malicious bursts of laughter, "Got the fancy pants on, Jake?" they taunted. "Ye wearin' the fancy pants?"

They had nothing against Jake—they liked Jake, but they wanted her humbled. They hated her, the Haggertys, the Whifleys, the Callums. How they hated her to do this thing. They wanted her humbled, they wanted Jake . . .

He was opening the door—the din lulled like an orchestra under the conductor's baton—then broke forth afresh in a madness of shouting laughter.

He was out there, in his underwear, on the back step made light as day by the bonfires . . . Sarah got to her feet and lurched in nausea against a chair back. That this should happen to her, this day she had borne so much! He was shaming her, making a mock of her for all the camp to laugh at . . . How could he do this to her? Him that had a kind word for all other women.

They were going at last. They had laughed their fill. Not that their laughing mattered, she knew that now. What could they do to add to her shame since Jake had treated her so?

He was crossing the kitchen, turning on the lights as he came. In a second she would have to face him, but not like this, not leaning broken over a chair back.

So her head was high, her mouth firm set, her eyes blazing denial of her pride's crucifixion when Jake crossed the threshold.

"They're gone, Sarah," he said. His black hair was tousled, his face pale—

Stunned, Sarah stared at the striped flannellette. He had them on. He had worn them out there on the back step that the bonfires made as light as day. He had stood and let them laugh their fill at him, and he had done this thing for her. Her heart turned over in her breast.

"Jake Billings," she stormed, "haven't ye got a peck o' sense? Standing out there in them things, and you gettin' cold so easy in yer back. Take them off this minute! Of all the witless—Here, put yer feet in the oven—"

"Sarah," he said, "come here."

"Wait, can't ye . . . I'm busy." She was gathering into a woolly mound, blankets, sheets, a pillow . . .

SUBMISSION

by Elizabeth V. Munro

*I thought to make my life a pattern fair,
Wov'n in colors bright—all would blend.
Ever a pleasing hue, with here and there
A brilliant spot. Then grey toward the end.
But now, although the loom is but half done,
The threads are tangled in a hopeless knot,
The colors washed away with tears. And one
Design is but a dark, unsightly blot.
My patterns fair are dreams of yesterday.
My faulty work, half done, I may not leave.
I dare not cast my loom of life away,
And yet, with tangled threads, how can I weave?
O Master Weaver! Would'st Thou take the skeins
And loose the knots a little, day by day?
That I may try to weave, with what remains,
A humbler pattern at Thy feet to lay.*

Trust GLAZO for the smartest new Colors for your Nails!



Select 2 or more Glazo colors



• NATURAL •

A shade that delicately accents the natural tones of the fingernail.



• SHELL •

This shade is a lovely pastel pink of flower petals—alluringly feminine.



• FLAME •

This is a delightful coral shade, one of the smartest of 1932 colors.



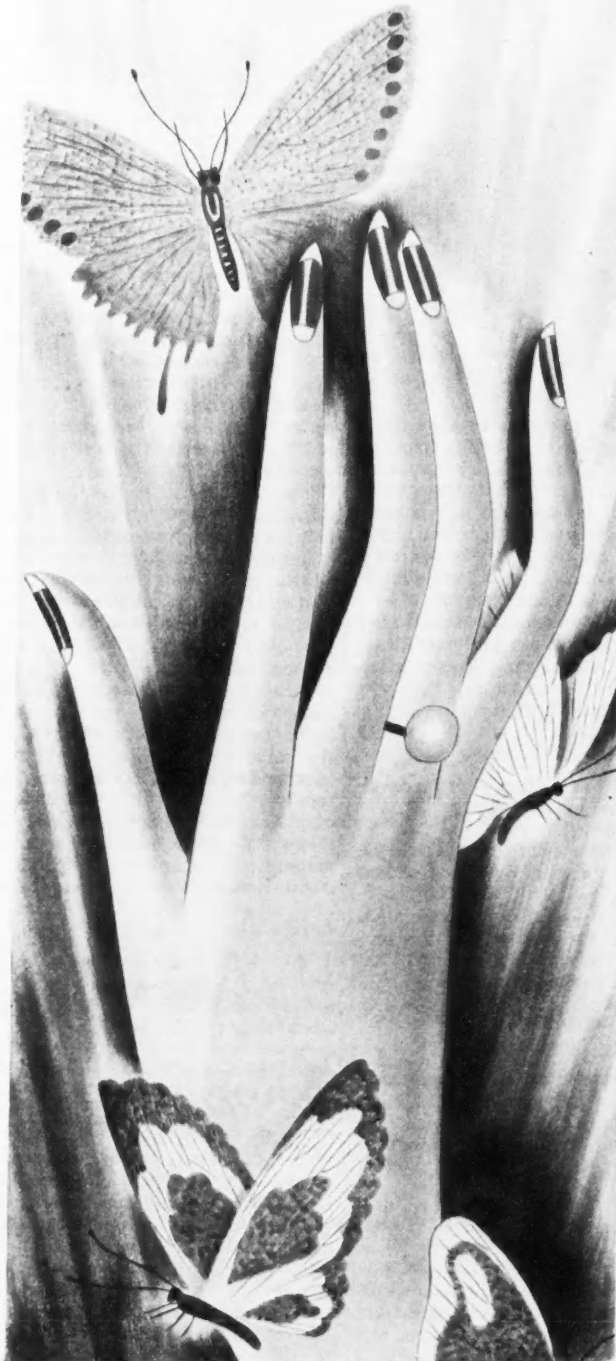
• GERANIUM •

An exciting and modern new red shade—enchanting for your gayer occasions.



• COLORLESS •

Without color accent, it gives a clear, brilliant lustre to your fingernails.



Try Glazo with our compliments at this Demonstration Stand (See illustration at right)

This convenient "self-manicure" stand is waiting for you at your favorite toilet goods counter—right now. Simply help yourself. You'll find three of the smart Glazo Liquid Polish shades to choose from, as well as the wonderfully efficient Glazo Polish Remover (it removes even the deepest shade of polish with perfect ease). Here's your chance to discover—with Glazo—how lovely your nails can be.



GLAZO the Smart Manicure
POLISH AND REMOVER • ONLY 50c
MADE IN CANADA



How monotonous life would be with just one hat to wear. Or just one dress—for morning, noon and night!

Then why, oh why, endure the thought of one color—and *only* one color—for those ten little jewels on your fingertips?

A second Glazo wardrobe for your nails is the latest fashion trick—to suit the costume, the time and the place. And just 50c will give you this 1932 allure of another color-perfect Glazo shade.

Try it—for your next conquest, or for the thrill of making an old dress look like good news from Paris!

To add to the fun of a Glazo application, it goes on smoothly and evenly, dries in no time at all. Glazo never peels, cracks, turns white nor loses its sparkle in hot or salt water—not even if you wear one coat for a week or more. And for a brand new joy in modern manicuring the Glazo brush is firmly entrenched in a bakelite cap—making easy sport of changing your polish as often as you like.

The famous Glazo twin package brings you both Polish and Polish Remover—for 50c. Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème—50c—is the new gentle way to soften and remove excess cuticle, especially needed if your cuticle is inclined to be dry.



Look for the Glazo "self-manicure" stand at any cosmetics counter. Try the smart Glazo shades.

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GB-62, P.O. Box 2320, Montreal.

I enclose 10c. for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and Cuticle Remover Crème. (Check the shade of Polish preferred)...

☐ Natural ☐ Shell ☐ Flame

Name

Address

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Romance in the touch of satin-smooth Hands



Your young white hands . . don't
let them lose their enchanting
smoothness . . grow red and rough,
look old before their time . .

YOU can keep your hands from growing harsh and rough and red no matter how hard you have to use them! For skin specialists know two wonderful restoratives, which are amazingly effective; the one for softening, and the other for whitening the skin.

Jergens Lotion combines both of these ingredients! Skillfully blended with other healing elements, they form a fragrant, silvery liquid which is truly marvelous for the hands.

Your skin drinks it up gratefully—quickly, so that not a trace of stickiness is left.

Try using Jergens Lotion every time you wash your hands, and *always* after exposure. You'll notice that your hands grow softer and whiter every day.

Thousands of women guard the loveliness of their hands this way. And be-



cause Jergens Lotion smooths the skin so wonderfully, they find it also makes an excellent powder base.

Stop in at any drug store, or toilet goods counter and get a bottle of Jergens Lotion today. You'll be delighted with its wonderful effect on your skin, 50¢. Also economical large size, \$1.00.

FREE . . new trial bottle

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Name _____

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Jergens Lotion

its 2 famous ingredients make hands white · smooth



After scrubbing and anointing the arms,
powder them with talcum.

Arms Should Be Beautiful

Continued from page 26

shoulders and muscles of the back. Here is an exercise that will improve the upper arms, limber up the shoulder muscles, and also fill in the salt cellars if they are hollow. Raise the arms sideways to shoulder level, palms up. Bend at the elbows and clench the hands. From this position rotate the arms backward from the shoulder ten times. Relax and then repeat.

Did you ever do wand exercises at school? They were wonderfully good for round shoulders, although I don't suppose you realized it at the time. Here is one particularly good one you can practise at home, if you are inclined to too much curve just there. Get a stick about two and a half feet long, grasp it at the ends, raise your arms above your head, then bring them down behind your head. Repeat ten times.

And now for those pads of flesh on the upper arms. There's nothing like a deep and earnest massage to get rid of these. It is best to use a good reducing cream or lotion and then massage. Arm massage, in coarse matter-of-fact terms, is really pinching. You pinch with all four fingers and the palm of the hand, and continue pinching all round the arm, starting from the shoulder and working down to the elbow.

Just before I stop talking about arms, I want to say a word or two about hands. For it would be just too bad if we stroked and kneaded our arms until they were white and slim and smooth, and then discovered that we had a couple of reddish looking paws on the ends of them. A hand lotion or cream, as I have said, will take care of your hands for all general purposes. Keep a bottle handy on the kitchen shelf so that you can smooth a spot or two into the skin after you have been dipping your hands in water. Or if you prefer a cream, there are those that leave no stickiness behind and keep the hands beautifully soft and smooth.

By the way, did you ever try inserting a little white soap underneath the nails before you start your housework? It will keep the nails clean even if you don't wear gloves, so that you will have far less trouble when you attend to them in the afternoon. A woman I know uses simply a slice of lemon and some oatmeal to keep her hands white and free from stains. After doing any dirty work, she rubs her hands first with lemon and then with oatmeal, and then, of course,

rinses them off. For persistent stains she uses, as most of us do, one of the excellent stain removers on the market.

If your hands have managed to acquire a yellowish appearance during the winter, a good bleaching cream will help them. Or a mixture of cornmeal and buttermilk, allowed to stay on for a few minutes and then rinsed off, will improve their color. If the skin of your hands is habitually dry and rough apply a skin food before you go to bed.

And now that we have—theoretically, at any rate—a pair of arms as lovely as those of the famous Lily Braighton, the London stage star of a few years ago, there are just a few things I want to say about the neck and back.

If the skin of your neck is rather dingy looking, there's nothing so effective as nightly scrubbing. Sounds harsh, doesn't it? But, you know, women are only just beginning to realize that their skins are far from being so sensitive as that of Hans Andersen's Princess with the Pea. They can, in fact, stand quite a lot of scrubbing without turning delicate shades of black and blue. So scrub your neck with a rather soft nail brush or a flesh brush and a good, mild soap. Then pat on the same bleaching cream you are using on your arms, massaging it into the throat with a downward movement. Carry the massage all the way round to the back of the neck, massaging there with a rotary movement. And then, too, don't forget to slap your chin-line into shape if it is inclined to sag. Apply a good astringent tonic with absorbent cotton, and then positively smack that portion beneath your chin with the backs of the hands, briskly and vigorously.

The back, also, must be scrubbed if you want it to flush a lovely clear, golden color beneath the sun's rays. You can use either a loofah for this—one that is long enough to reach easily every inch of your back—or else a long-handled brush. One or the other is an absolutely essential part of your bathing equipment. Work up a good lather with the soap and the brush, and just notice the difference in the appearance of your back at the end of a week.

I hope you've not got the impression, after all this advice, that summertime beauty takes a long time to cultivate. Nothing is so far from the actual truth.

Continued on page 48

Equal Rights for Husbands

Continued from page 11

home too early," her husband replied: "Fine, I'd like to have some of the boys in, Friday night then; the house will be all dolled up and you'll have plenty of food around," he would in most cases be met with amazement, if not consternation. And if when a wife told him, "I'm going over to Edith's tomorrow night to play bridge. Will you be able to stay in with the children?" he answered, "Yes, certainly, but I want to go over to Bill's place on Wednesday. Can you arrange to stay in, then?" most wives would at once assume a worried expression. What is sauce for the goose is certainly not sauce for the gander.

ANY MARRIED MAN, if pressed, will tell you he sees little of the boys either because his wife keeps him too busy going out with her, or because she objects. If there is some ulterior motive in male gatherings, such as sport, physical culture, or mental improvement, wives tolerate them, though they seldom are enthusiastic. But when it comes to affairs which are frankly social in nature, at once the average woman bristles with suspicion or resentment. Why?

Modern life is expensive and complex. Families which know nothing of financial worry are rare. The wife realizes only too well what it would mean if her husband's personal expenses increased considerably, and while she wants him to have a good time, she wants it to be where she can keep an eye on him and know that he is not throwing money around. No matter how meek and mild he is, how respectable his friends, there is the lurking dread that something evil develops when men get together—a dread handed down from generations of women who have known or observed the results of husbandly extravagance. Women want their children to have a chance in life, want them to be able to look up to their father; and it seems far the safest way not to encourage father to enjoy himself apart from domestic bonds.

I am doubly sure of my fear theory after hearing Anice's experience. She started out as a bride a few years ago with high hopes of every kind, including a desire to make her popular husband's boy friends welcome in their home.

I dropped in recently, and happened to mention a bride-elect of our acquaintance who had announced that she also intended to be "a good sport wife like Anice." The reaction was surprising.

"Tell her there's no such thing as a good sport wife," she retorted bitterly. "A woman who tries to play that rôle is just a

plain, ordinary fool. Her husband takes advantage of her good nature and spends money all over the place, leaving her holding the bag. A wife should be exacting if she knows what's good for her, and it will be better for her husband, too."

I looked my amazement.

"I know what you're thinking," she went on. "I've never told anyone before what I feel about Bob's parties, but I can now, because they're over. You know, at first the idea was just that he have them when I was going out to bridge club, music club, and such places. Then he got to suggesting the boys come over here whenever they wanted a card game, and I'd make myself go out. Next, he was asked back to other parties, and I spent quite a few evenings alone; he didn't always come home early, either. When I asked him how he got along financially, he always said he'd won a little or else 'broken even.' I was foolish enough to believe him, but after a while I found he had been playing cards when not quite sober, and his so-called friends had taken advantage of his befuddled condition, cleaning him out of several hundred dollars. That's a lot out of our income—and it explains why I haven't any decent clothes, and why I'm doing without a heap of things I need for the house and the baby. So I've put my foot down at last. There aren't going to be any more stag parties in this family, and nobody can say I was mean about it either. If Bob and the boys had been decent about them, I wouldn't have minded. But when a man's family has to suffer for his good times, it's too big a price to pay."

"But don't you think some men might have appreciated an attitude like yours, and kept their parties safe and sane?" I asked.

"I suppose it is possible," she answered. "Bob is even more of an overgrown kid than most men, and they're all bad enough. But I'll let somebody else do the experimenting from now on. I've had my lesson."

Experiences like this one, endured or observed, are responsible for the general attitude of women toward husbands' parties. So it is really not the fault of wives that men rarely entertain their friends except when left alone for the summer. It is the fault of men who have made the practice one to be distrusted. However, every man who manages to prove that he can be fair to his family and enjoy his men friends too, is doing something to improve the lot of his fellows. Husbands will get social self-government when, like India, they prove they are worthy of it.

To Leaven the Loaf

Continued from page 21

batter as it expands with the heat of the oven during baking. Sometimes steam given off by a large proportion of liquid, as is used in a thin batter, will act in the same way. Generally, however, we add some ingredient to play the important rôle of leavening.

In cases where the necessary acid is supplied by the liquid ingredients, soda is used alone. Recipes which call for sour milk or molasses are examples of this. One-half teaspoonful of soda to one cupful of thick soured milk is equal in action to two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and this proportion always secures good results. If the milk is only slightly soured but not clabbered, less soda is required. As the exact degree of acidity is not easily determined, we cannot be certain of the exact quantity of soda needed and it is often well to use one quarter of a teaspoonful to each cupful of milk, then to add one teaspoonful of baking powder for each cupful of sour milk called for. This suggestion may be followed, too, when molasses is the liquid, as there are different grades and brands

varying in their acid content. The proportion of soda is higher in this case; add one teaspoonful to each cupful of molasses, or one half teaspoonful of soda and one teaspoonful of baking powder to each cup.

Though, as a general rule, batters and doughs containing baking powder, soda and molasses or soda and sour milk should be cooked at once to get full advantage of the lightening effect, certain mixtures may be kept satisfactorily in the refrigerator. There are few households nowadays that do not have a roll of cookie dough or griddle cake batter in the ice-box ready to cook whenever desired. We have learned the importance of correct heat in cooking and how to utilize the low temperature provided by our refrigerators in holding many products in good condition for future needs.

All leavening agents should be measured with care and precision. For a little too much or too little mars the perfection of texture in your cake, biscuits or other product. Truly "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," and success depends upon using just the right amount.



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And yet only one skin in a hundred is really clean! Only one woman in a hundred as lovely as nature intended she should be!

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He Fell for Her Eyes!

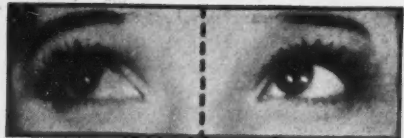


*Your eyes, too, may capture
love at first sight if kept
clear and sparkling this way*

First impressions are so important that no woman can afford to neglect the one thing strangers invariably notice first . . . her eyes! Always, before your eyes meet others intimately, make sure they possess the clearness and brilliance nature intended them to have.

To make yourself bright-eyed when going to a party, nothing equals time-tried *Murine*. It dissolves the dust-laden film of mucus that causes eyes to look dull, and by its gentle astringent action reduces bloodshot veins. You can use *Murine* freely as it contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

No eye cup, which may transmit infection, is needed to use *Murine*. It is hygienically and conveniently applied with its combination eye dropper and bottle stopper. 150 applications cost but 60¢ at drug and department stores. Ask for a bottle today! For free Eye Beauty and Eye Care booklets, write *Murine* Co., Dept. B, 9 East Ohio Street, Chicago.



MAKE THIS TEST! Drop *Murine* in one eye only . . . then note how clearer, brighter and larger in appearance it very shortly becomes. And also how refreshed and invigorated it feels!

MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

Perhaps you have yourself noticed that all the treatments I've spoken of in this article, with the exception of those for superfluous hair and lumpy shoulders, are taken in conjunction with one's nightly bathing. They'll scarcely take any more than five minutes to do, all told—thanks to the energetic loofah or brush. For a week or two, perhaps, while you are working on that ugly gooseflesh, your nightly massaging will keep you up five or ten minutes longer; but once your arms, legs, back and neck are in grade one condition, their care will just naturally become part of your bedtime ritual. As to the exercises for those shoulders and arms, just add them to your daily exercise programme and you'll never notice the difference so far as time's concerned. In any event, when you've acquired that delightfully poised and well-pleased-with-yourself feeling that comes with a knowledge that every part of you is vibrant with health and loveliness, you'll agree with me that the little effort is a small price to pay.

Your Beauty Questions

COULD you tell me what to do for dandruff in blonde hair? I should certainly appreciate your help very much.

THE first thing to remember when treating dandruff is to be certain of complete cleanliness. Shampoo your hair about every two weeks, and as soon as the weather turns a little warmer, dry it out in the sunlight. Brush your hair every day, night and morning, for five or ten minutes before an open window. Ventilation plays a large part in the health of the hair, and especially when a dandruff condition is present. Be sure that the bristles of your brush are quite clean. I am sending you the names of some excellent dandruff lotions and tonics that you can procure from any druggist.

Choosing Eye Shadow

WHAT is the best shade of eye shadow to use for greenish-hazel eyes?

THE light green eye shadow should be very effective, especially if you should be wearing a green frock. Amethyst is also becoming to hazel eyes. More conservative is a grey-brown eye shadow, and this also would look very well. Use simply the merest hint of eye shadow when you apply it to your lids.

Dry, Lifeless Hair

I HAD a permanent wave—a bargain one, I am afraid—a short while ago which has left my hair so dry and dull looking. It is thick, dark brown hair, and has always been rather nice and glossy. What can I do about it?

I AM sorry to learn about the effect your permanent had upon the hair. This shouldn't have been. You can get permanents now that will leave the hair beautifully soft and smooth. But one always takes a chance with "economy" permanents, and one should always be certain of the skill of the operator.

You will find that a hot oil shampoo will do wonders for your hair. There is a new

oil that has recently been introduced by a leading hair specialist, which is applied to the scalp and along the full length of the hair. Then when the scalp is thoroughly saturated, hot towels are wrapped around the head in order to let the pores thoroughly absorb the oil. After this treatment, which lasts from ten to thirty minutes, the hair is shampooed with either a special shampoo of the same make or your own ordinary shampoo. A shampoo of this nature will leave your hair soft and glossy. Need I add that daily massage and brushing is just as indispensable after as before a permanent?

Permanent Waving

MY HAIR is very oily, making it necessary to wash it once every two weeks at least. I have been used to getting a fingerwave every two weeks, but am considering getting a permanent. I'm so afraid, though, that my hair would still have to be washed every two weeks and, really, I don't think any permanent wave could stand that. Then, too, if I washed my hair I'd really have to get a fingerwave and it would cost me just as much as before.

I DON'T see why a permanent should harm your hair; that is, if you get a really good permanent. It is just as well to avoid "bargain" permanents. A great deal depends on the skill of the operator, so be perfectly certain of her proficiency before you have the permanent. Ask for a test on a strand of your hair first.

Of course, the hair must be set ever so often, even with a permanent, and if your hair curls easily you would not be giving yourself any great advantage by having one. On the other hand, you will probably find that you can set your hair yourself when the hair is permanented, and that is a saving. It is quite simple to do with the help of a waving lotion or with steam.

Permanents have a tendency to dry the hair rather than to increase oiliness. But for that oily condition itself, you will find that a hair tonic will improve it immensely. I am sending you the names of very excellent tonics. Once every two weeks is not too often to wash your hair, even if it were not greasy. Don't be afraid of brushing and massage. They are both essential to hair health, and they won't increase the oiliness.

Brown Spots

MY SKIN is very dark and nicely colored, but I have small brown spots all over my face and a few on my neck. They begin like a small freckle, then grow about the size of a pin-head or larger, looking like tiny moles. Is there any way these can be removed or stopped from spreading?

THOSE brown spots you speak of are due to internal disorder, and you should go to a doctor and have him look you over. Diet, of course, will help—fresh fruit, green vegetables and six to eight glasses of water a day—and so will exercise. For external treatment, use a mild bleaching cream, or you can use buttermilk, or if you cannot get buttermilk the juice of one lemon added to a cupful of milk will do just as well. Then there are preparations which stimulate the circulation and which are especially good for discolorations of this nature. I am sending you their names.

This High Tea Lace Blouse

Continued from page 45

Sleeves

With marigold cast on 64 sts k 1 row, p 1 row for 10 rows. Cast off 4 sts at beginning of next 2 rows and 3 sts at beginning of the next 2 rows. Now k 2 sts together at end of the next 4 rows. Continue to do this and also cast off 1 st at beginning of each row until there are 22 sts on needle. Bind off.

Edge of Sleeves, Neckline, Bottom of Sweater
Single chain 3, insert hook in 2nd ch st single ch to fasten. Ch 1 st insert hook

through edge of sleeve half an inch from beginning. Single ch to fasten; repeat.

Belt

With marigold cast on 200 sts, using 4 needles. When back and front are sewn together pick up sts around the bottom, leaving out every 6th st. Cast 30 sts extra on one needle and 40 sts on the other at left underarm seam. K 12 rows. Bind off. Crochet around bottom and ties of belt as for neck and sleeves.

Fascination



A touch of enchantment...the silky smooth pearly appearance so easily and quickly rendered to Complexion...Arms...Shoulders and Hands. Face powders just cover. Oriental Cream Beautifies. Start to-day.

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F. T. Hopkins & Son, Montreal



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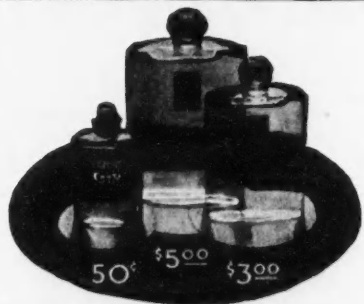
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Your boy has it in him to win distinction and wealth. Here is his opportunity to learn while he is young how to meet people, how to impress them, how to succeed with them. He can earn a regular income and win many special prizes.

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Popular sizes, luxurious perfumes not necessarily costly—offer a glorious fragrance for every occasion of the new vogue of diversity and outdoor chic gaiety, when combined with Coty Face Powder—L'Aiment, L'Origan, Paris, Chypre, Muguet.

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This Month—Quick Breads

Continued from page 22

snacks and as a "piece" between meals. The plainer varieties are excellent accompaniments to fruit desserts and are appropriately served with jams, honey or marmalade for breakfast, with the salad course at lunch or dinner, with cream cheese or the like in another meal. It will soon be the season for short cakes, those glorified versions of biscuits which, when spread and topped with fresh fruit, are favorites with everyone. A tea ring is really an old time form which, however, is novel to many. It is attractive for the afternoon tea table and delicious with the cheering cup. Dainty variations of all kinds and thin slices of orange, nut or fruit bread are also popular at this time.

When you are packing a lunch box, a picnic hamper or arranging an informal spread, you will find many uses for quick breads in one or more wholesome forms. In fact, it would be hard to think of an occasion when they may not appear to add variety to the menu and economical "goodness" to the everyday meal or the special feast.

Tea Ring

- 3 Cupfuls of sifted pastry flour
- 5 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- 3 Teaspoonfuls of granulated sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of butter
- 1 Egg
- About one cupful of milk

Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Cut in the shortening with two knives. Beat the egg, add to it one-half cupful of the milk and mix with the dry ingredients. Add enough more milk to make a fairly stiff dough, turn out on to a lightly floured board and pat and roll to one-quarter inch thickness, keeping the dough in a rectangular shape. Brush the surface with melted butter and sprinkle generously with cinnamon and sugar—one teaspoonful of cinnamon to one-half cupful of sugar. Cover with finely chopped blanched almonds and seedless raisins which

have been washed and drained. Roll up like a jelly roll and join the ends to form a ring. Place on a floured baking sheet and with the scissors cut at intervals of one inch from the outside to within one-half inch of the inside of the ring. Turn out each section to form petals, then bake in a hot oven, 450 degrees Fahrenheit, for fifteen to eighteen minutes.

Delicious Date and Nut Loaf

- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of butter
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of brown sugar
- 2 Eggs
- 1 Cupful of chopped dates
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of shaved brazil nuts
- 1 Cupful of sifted pastry flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of baking powder
- 1 Teaspoonful of baking soda
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of nutmeg
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of graham flour
- 1 Cupful of sour milk

Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming until the mixture is blended well, then add the dates and nuts. Beat the eggs until very light and combine with the creamed mixture. Sift together the pastry flour, baking soda, baking powder, salt and spices. Mix with the graham flour and add these mixed dry ingredients alternately with the sour milk to the first mixture. Turn into a well-greased loaf tin, and bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahr.—for fifty to sixty minutes or until a steel knitting needle comes out dry. This loaf is better if allowed to ripen for a few days before using. Serve thinly sliced and lightly buttered.

Burnt Sugar Fig Loaf

- 2 Cupfuls of sifted pastry flour
- 4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 1 Egg
- 1 Cupful of milk
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of caramel syrup
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of finely chopped figs

Sift together the flour, baking powder and sugar, and cut in the butter. Beat the egg, add the milk and caramel syrup and combine with the first mixture. Add the chopped figs and turn into a well-greased loaf pan and bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahr.—for about one hour.

Caramel Syrup

Melt two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar in a heavy saucepan, stirring constantly over low heat. When melted add gradually four tablespoonfuls of boiling water and cook until the syrup is a deep brown color.

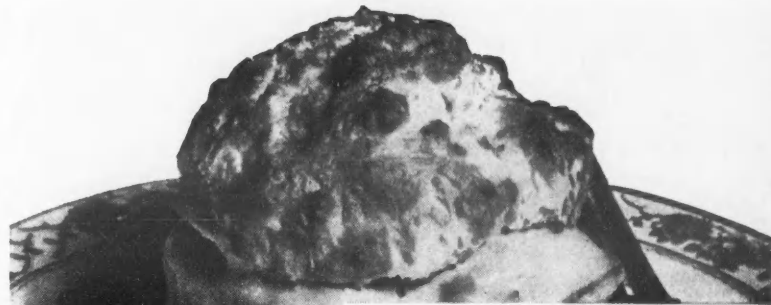
Corn Bread

- 1 Cupful of cornmeal
- 1 Cupful of sifted pastry flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of soda
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 1 Egg
- 1 Cupful of sour milk
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter

Sift together the flour, soda, salt and sugar and combine with the cornmeal. Beat the egg, add the sour milk, and add to the dry ingredients. Stir only enough to blend the ingredients, add the melted butter and pour into a greased baking pan. Bake in a moderate oven—375 degrees Fahr.—for about twenty-five minutes.

One cupful of stoned chopped dates may be added to this if desired.

Continued on page 52



Try
Miss Alice Moir's
light, flaky

Chicken Shortcake



"I always use and recommend
Magic Baking Powder..."

says this well-known Dietitian

MISS ALICE MOIR, Macdonald College graduate, is the dietitian of one of Montreal's finest apartment-hotel restaurants. A restaurant famous for the delicious perfection of its pastries.

"I ALWAYS USE and recommend Magic Baking Powder," says Miss Moir, "because it combines efficiency and economy to the highest degree. Besides, Magic always gives dependable results."

In whole-hearted agreement with Miss Moir, the majority of Canadian dietitians and cookery teachers use Magic exclusively.

And 3 out of 4 housewives who bake at home use Magic because, they say, it gives consistently better baking results.

No wonder Magic outsells all other baking powders combined! Always uniform... Magic Baking Powder gives baking results that are sure. In every tin, the last spoonful gives the same full leavening quality as the first.

Favour your family with a Chicken Shortcake tonight—made with Magic, as Miss Moir directs. When you note its feather lightness, its flaky tenderness... and its delicate flavour... you'll decide never to be without a tin of Magic!

CHICKEN SHORTCAKE

- 2 cups pastry flour (or $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups bread flour)
- 3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons shortening
- 1 egg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water

Sift dry ingredients; add shortening and mix in thoroughly with a steel fork; add beaten egg and sufficient water to make soft dough. Roll or pat out with hands on floured board. Cut out with large floured biscuit cutter, or half fill greased muffin rings which have been placed on greased baking pan. Bake in hot oven at 475° F. about 12 minutes. Split and butter while hot, and fill with hot creamed chicken. Makes 6 shortcakes.



"Contains no alum." This statement on every tin is our guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredient.

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When you bake at home you'll want the new MAGIC COOK BOOK. It contains dozens of recipes for tempting baked dishes. Mail the coupon for your FREE copy.

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What are the Doukhobors Really Like?

Next month we bring you an absorbing picture of these strange people of the West, who have been so much in the limelight during the past few weeks.

Philip Novikoff, a Doukhor himself has written a vivid account of the real life and customs of his race—a story which is far more enthralling because it has been told by one of their own people.

In the July CHATELAINE.



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Our Home Nursing Course

*In the fifth lesson a trained nurse tells what to do for burns and scalds,
and gives some useful advice on treatments for
various homely ills*

By EFFIE L. STEACY, R.N.

FIRE—If clothes catch on fire, roll on floor to press burning parts. Scream for help. Do not run, as this fans the blaze and increases the evil. If the clothing of another is on fire, throw the person on the ground and wrap in a carpet, rug, coat or anything else at hand. Begin wrapping at the head, wrap down so as to keep the flames away from the head and face, as breathing the hot air causes injury to the lungs. Get them at once into fresh air. If prostration and shock result, a little brandy given at intervals will help. Treat burns if there are any.

Burns and Scalds—Burns are caused by dry heat; scalds by moist heat. For immediate pain following burns, applications of cold sweet milk give great relief. Then cover burns as soon as possible to exclude the air.

The best remedy is caron oil. Saturate cloths with it and cover burns. This is cooling, soothing and healing. Other good remedies are baking soda and water in a paste, carbolized vaseline; flour dredging is a common excellent treatment. Apply any of the above substances, cover lightly with gauze and bandage or tie in place. In removing any burnt clothing that adheres to the body, remove carefully to prevent further injury by breaking the skin.

For burns by alkalis, such as lime, potash, caustic, lye and ammonia, apply vinegar or lemon juice and then treat as other burns. For burns by acids, neutralize with baking soda in water or soapsuds. Use freely.

Surgical Suggestions

Nausea—To relieve "nausea after anaesthesia," turn the patient if possible on his right side, as this will enable the stomach to more readily empty itself. To relieve nausea due to nervousness or a slight indigestion, swallow small pieces of ice, or a pinch of soda, or half a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a wineglassful of water. The sufferer should lie down until the nausea passes off. In persistent vomiting, counter-irritation should be applied over the stomach, in the form of a mustard plaster.

Hand Disinfection—Rub the hands with sterilized gauze soaked in a five per cent solution of tannic acid in alcohol. Cultures taken from hands treated in this way remain sterile, and the disinfection remains for some time and is not altered by contact with liquids, by movements or friction.

Removal of Adhesive Plaster—Raise one-fourth inch of end of plaster. Apply ether or gasoline to the skin, a drop at a time, and the plaster will almost fall off by its own weight with slight pulling.

Removing Wax from Ear—Syringe with a solution of sodium bicarbonate containing some glycerine. This gradually softens the wax, or when it is desirable to remove wax at once, fill the external meatus with peroxide of hydrogen and let it remain a few minutes. The wax will become softened and disintegrated, and can be easily removed by syringing out with warm water.

Appendicitis—Don't give any food or drink, not even water. Do not allow your patient to move in bed. It will hasten perforation. Give nothing that will hasten peristalsis (movements) either of small or large intestine. Before the doctor comes, give no drug that will paralyze the nervous tone, prevent expulsion of infectious discharges, or that will mask the symptoms.

Hiccoughs—An affection common in children arising from an inability of the nerves to supply the diaphragm as a result of a gastric irritation, nervousness, or uremia. It is also a complication of several exhausting diseases, such as typhoid. If the hiccoughs are continuous and excessive, try the following prescription for relief:

Bicarbonate of soda—1 dram (1 teaspoonful)

Tincture of Nux Vomica—1 dram

Tincture of Cardomon—2 ounces

Dose: One teaspoonful before meals in half a glassful of water.

Baby Bumps—Apply cold compresses to the head for twenty minutes. Give no food for an hour and a half. At the end of the twenty minutes, wrap baby warmly and fold her in your arms until she dozes off.

This is to relieve shock and nausea that are caused by the sudden jar.

Sunstroke—Pain in the head, wandering thought, loss of mental control, disturbed vision, sense of pain and weight in pit of stomach, and labored breathing. The skin is very hot and dry, or covered with profuse perspiration, the face bluish, the action



of the heart fluttering.

The patient should be put in a warm bed, head slightly raised, and covered with an ice bag. Place hot water bottles (covered) around the patient's body to augment the bodily heat. Friction [Continued on page 63]

Couldn't Comb Hair

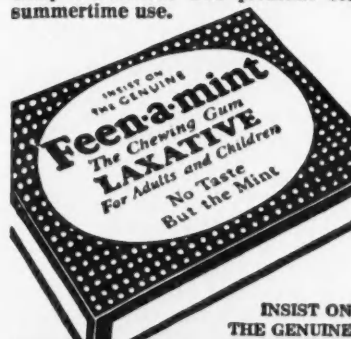
CRIPPLED BY RHEUMATISM

"I had been suffering with rheumatism for about 2 years, and about this time last year was laid up for 10 weeks. My hands and arms and knees were the worst affected. I could not get about at all. I could not wash my face or comb my hair. All this had to be done for me. At the beginning of this year I started taking Kruschen Salts every morning and I am pleased to say I am quite well now and able to see to my home and can go out in all kinds of weather without it affecting me."—Mrs. P. K.

Rheumatism is associated with an excess of Uric Acid in the system. Two of the ingredients of Kruschen Salts have the power of dissolving uric acid so as to render it capable of being easily washed out of the system. Other ingredients of Kruschen assist Nature to flush out this dissolved uric acid through the bowels and the kidneys. Other ingredients still, prevent food fermentation taking place in the intestine, and thereby check the formation not only of uric acid but of other impurities which poison the blood and pave the way to ill-health.

Prevent Summer Upsets

Warm weather and changes of food and water bring frequent summer upsets unless healthy elimination is assured. You will find Feen-a-mint effective in milder doses and especially convenient and pleasant for summertime use.



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Don't Teach Your Child the Alphabet

So advises a teacher of primary reading

by Marjorie Ellis Bird

LEARNING to read is the most important part of primary school work, and fortunately it is a much easier process than it used to be in the days when the first step meant the memorizing of a lot of meaningless sounds called "the alphabet." Nowadays the alphabet isn't taught at all. Public schools throughout the whole of Canada teach reading by what is known as the phonetic system. That is why the mother who proudly boasts "My child knows her ay-bee-ces" and she hasn't even started school yet," is almost certain to be laying up a store of trouble for her youngster.

The whole secret of this new reading method lies in the word "sound."

Instead of a name like ay or bee a sound is used. For instance, when a child is first shown the symbol "a," he is taught that it is not "ay" but the sound "ah," as in A-lan, A-ster, A-pple. In a similar way he is taught "b" is not "bee" but the sound "buh," as in the beginning of B-ill, B-ag, B-ench. So that in the end the child has not been taught the alphabet but a list of sounds which you could read something like this: "ah, buh, cuh, duh, fff, guh."

Now suppose you have taught your child ay-bee-ces, and a teacher comes along and insists on her knowing ah-buh-cuh, as the educational regulations demand. You can readily imagine the muddle that will ensue. Poor little girl or boy! Particularly, poor little girl, because she is such a conscientious little person when she has attained the vast majority of six years. She wallows in a sea of uncertainty that wears down her body, mind and spirit, makes her resistance to prevalent diseases low, interferes with her sleeping, and is inclined to create the habit of copying. This is all due to the clash between sound and alphabet. She hesitates to say "ay" as mother taught her, and she forgets what it was that teacher insists upon. Before long she cannot keep up with her little playmates. Try as she may, she can never get a "star." And, what means more than galleon ships full of gold, her name never adorns the Honor Roll. Inevitably little Betty or Joan will be wailing, "Mummy, I don't like school. I don't want to go."

Once a child has mastered her sounds a teacher's hardest work is over. A knowledge of reading comes synonymous with the number of sounds he or she has learned. Let us say she has mastered the sounds cuh-ah-tuh. Sliding these quickly and smoothly together her ear will at once tell her it is "cat." She could not possibly imagine it was pig or dog or any other animal that a word of similar size denotes.

Here is an incident which a principal, Colonel Barrager, always relates with great gusto. This was when one parroted off the alphabet as glibly as one now says one's prayers. The colonel was then very young, very much in earnest, and working hard to obtain a Model School Certificate. He had been given a primary class to teach the word "pig." As was, and is, the custom, a large and handsome drawing of a pig was on the blackboard. The colonel, with a benign outlook toward all children, bent down affably to say, "Now children, this animal is a pig. Did you ever see a pig? You did!" Then followed the usual discussion on darling pink and brown pigs. At length, the colonel, who was waxing more and more

enthusiastic at the rapt attention his small audience was giving him, said, "Now I am going to show you how to read 'pig.'" He put the word "pig" on the board. "That is his name—pig. If I were to rub the picture off, what would I have left?" he asked.

The Chorus—"His name."

The colonel—"And what does the name tell you the animal is?"

Bright Boy as the colonel smiles at him—"Horse."

As you see, then it was merely a case of memory, so trying on both the teacher and the child.

Can't you remember when you used to say c-a-t is cat, c-a-t is cat, over and over again to get it implanted in your mind? It was simply a matter of trying to remember what combinations the teacher put together to make certain words. This new method does away with all the old fag of drill, drill, drill. Once the sounds are learned, the words suggest themselves. Put m-a-t, p-i-g, d-o-g, on the board, and even if a child had never seen them before, relying on his own knowledge of phonetics, he could figure these out. "M'm-ah-t-uh," he would say to himself. Why he is saying mat! "Puh-ih-guh"—that is pig. His eyes will shine with the fun of the new game. It has been a little discovery—an exploring expedition into the realm of the unknown—and he has come back a triumphant conqueror who can tackle anything.

In a talk given at the last teachers' convention, Dr. Blatz, the well-known Toronto psychologist, in effect, said this: "Half the failures in after life are due to the fact that boys and girls are spoon-fed. They have not learned the art of persevering, of finding out things for themselves. This can be traced back to the beginning of their school days. Let a child accomplish something. Let him finish a thing. He or she will have a feeling of success that comes to anyone when a job is done, particularly if it is well done. Make this completion of a job a habit, and instead of the small percentage of real successes in life, we will have—who can venture to predict how many?"

The natural facility which a child acquires in reading by this system, creates in him or her, such a desire to practise that I have actually seen mothers who had to drag their offsprings past those wonderful sign boards that are so plentiful in the city. You will not be able to stop them. A doctor's child who had only been to school four months, was one day taken with him on his rounds. As they were approaching a bridge that ran over a small river, she fixed him with a reproachful look and said, "Daddy, you never slowed down." Her father looked at her in amazement and said, "How did you know I should slow down?" "I read it on the board," was her answer as she proudly pointed to the black and white sign "Go Slow."

Give your child the same chance as his playmates. Try not to burden him by teaching him something he does not need to know. Help the educational department, the teachers and yourself to have the child enjoy his or her first attempts at work, and to assimilate it easily. Help to create character and ambition, for it is in the small and apparently insignificant beginnings that we set their feet in the pathway of the perfect foursquare life.



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HER BABY . . . thriving . . . gaining by leaps and bounds! His back, strong and fine as a little champion's. His teeth developing perfectly. His legs straight and sturdy. His skin rosy, his flesh firm, his whole body a living promise of health—radiant, buoyant health—through the years to come!

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But newer still is the news from a

world-famous baby clinic. Two physicians fed a group of 50 average babies on Eagle Brand over a period of several months—checking with closest care every detail of their health and growth. X-ray pictures of bones were taken regularly, to make sure of the way that bones were growing. Tooth development was watched. Weight and height were periodically recorded. Strength and alertness were measured. Blood tests were made . . . And those 50 Eagle Brand babies, judged by every known test, proved themselves ideally nourished.

Mail the coupon below for "Baby's Welfare"—containing feeding instructions and directions for general care; also histories and pictures of Eagle Brand babies. We will gladly send your physician a report of above scientific test. Your grocer sells Eagle Brand. Eagle Brand is easy to prepare—you merely add boiled water. Feeding instructions are on the label.

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Please send me—free—new edition "Baby's Welfare."

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MOTHERS MUST BE good sports

MANY a time, too, you'll see a mother teaching her daughter the first strokes of golf, tennis, and swimming.

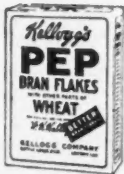
Modern women stay active. That's why they retain their youth and charm. And they've learned an important lesson—to eat wisely and healthfully.

Whole wheat is the natural food for active people. Nature has made it a storehouse of iron and minerals, of vitamins and proteins. All the food value of whole wheat is waiting for you in Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes. Plus the wonderful flavor of Pep and the mild regulating effect of bran.

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Boston Brown Bread

- 1 Cupful of graham flour
- 1 Cupful of cornmeal
- ½ Cupful of sifted pastry or rye flour
- 1½ Teaspoonfuls of soda
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- ¾ Cupful of mild molasses
- 1¾ Cupfuls of thick sour milk
- 1 Cupful of raisins (if desired)

Combine the flours, soda and salt, mix the sour milk and molasses and add to the dry ingredients. Stir in the raisins and fill a well greased mold two-thirds full. (Baking powder tins are good for this.) Cover tightly and steam for three hours. Turn out of the tin on to a baking pan and place in a hot oven for a few minutes to dry the surface.

Cream Scones

- 2 Cupfuls of pastry flour
- 3 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1½ Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 2 Eggs
- ½ Cupful of cream

Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Cut in the butter. Beat the eggs, add the cream and combine with the dry ingredients. Roll to one-half inch thickness on a floured board. Cut in triangles or other fancy shapes. Brush with egg white and dust with fine sugar. Bake in a moderate oven—375 degrees Fahr.—for about fifteen minutes. These are delicious with jam or marmalade for afternoon tea or breakfast.

Afternoon Tea Biscuits

- 2 Cupfuls of sifted pastry flour
- 4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of shortening

Mix and sift the flour, baking powder and salt and cut in the shortening. Divide this mixture into two parts. To the first add one-quarter cupful of grated hard cheese and about three-eighths cupful of milk, or enough to make a dough as soft as can be handled. Turn out on to a lightly floured board; pat and roll to three-quarter inch thickness and cut with a small round cutter.

To the other part add one tablespoonful of grated orange rind, one tablespoonful of orange juice and milk to form a soft dough. Form into small biscuits as directed before, and press into the top of each one a small sugar cube which has been moistened with orange juice.

Bake in a hot oven—450 degrees Fahr.—for fifteen to eighteen minutes, and serve fresh and hot for afternoon tea or bridge refreshments.

Waffles

- 2 Cupfuls of sifted flour
- 4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Eggs
- 1½ Cupfuls of milk
- 6 Tablespoonfuls of melted shortening

Sift, measure and sift the flour again with the baking powder and salt. Beat the egg yolks, add a little of the milk and combine thoroughly by beating. Add the rest of the milk and then the mixed dry ingredients, all at once. Stir slowly until the flour is almost combined, then add the melted shortening and beat until combined. The batter should not be perfectly smooth. Then fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and cease folding when a little of the egg white is still visible. Put the mixture in a pitcher and pour on to a hot waffle iron. Close the cover and cook three or four minutes.

Serve with honey, syrup, bacon and marmalade, or use as the basis for creamed dishes at a luncheon. This recipe makes five or six waffles.

HOME DISCOVERIES

To Freshen Dry Breads

Moisten a paper bag with cold water, put in dried buns, cakes or biscuits, and tie. Place in a very hot oven for ten to fifteen minutes and the contents will be quite fresh for tea or dinner.—Mrs. C. Hayburn, Wiar-ton, Ont.

Cleaning a Deep Vase

To clean deep vases, allow a solution of salt and vinegar to stand in them a short time. Rinse with clear water after shaking well.—Mrs. Mabel Gosbee, Edson, Alta.

Mending Linens

To mend cuts in tablecloths or other fine linens, work buttonhole stitch with not too coarse a thread all around cuts, then turn on the wrong side and, holding the two edges firmly together, overcast the edges. It will make a neat and durable mending on any article either torn or cut. For a three-cornered tear be sure the corner is brought to the right point first. Very often you cannot even detect the mended spot.—Miss E. Garvey, Indian River, Ontario.

The Old Hot-Water Bottle

An old rubber hot-water bottle filled with bran makes a splendid kneeler for use when gardening or scrubbing floors. It is also ideal for poultices such as linseed.—Mrs. J. M. Brannen, Halifax, N.S.

Birthday Cake Decoration

A charming novelty for an anniversary cake is this, which is like a garden of tulips on a green lawn. First, cover the cake with white boiled icing; over this sprinkle desiccated cocoanut which has been colored green. Now stand the tulips of all different colors up in the frosting as desired. The cocoanut can be colored green by dipping the white cocoanut in a solution of pure green coloring and water, spreading in a pan, and drying in a very moderate oven. The stems of the tulips can be made by dipping toothpicks in the green coloring; the blossoms are small gum drops stuck bottom up on the toothpicks and the leaves are cut, oblong shaped, from green paper and twisted around the toothpick or stem.—H. E. Jamieson, Saint John, N.B.

At the Movies

Continued from page 17

"Taxi," with James Cagney and Loretta Young, is another picture which has good entertainment value. James Cagney is a new type of leading man. He brings a rough and tough sincerity to his delineation of a New York taxi driver that is very real. Even Loretta Young tries to go tough and chews gum occasionally, but that is as far as she can go, and one frequently sympathizes with Cagney's instinct, as he says, "to land her one on the jaw." The story concerns the taxi warfare for position and business in a great city. James Cagney is fighting the "big boys" who have had

Loretta's father, an independent taxi man, sent to jail and thence to his grave. Cagney and Loretta get married, but the bad man of the "big boys" gang is out to get Cagney and finally, in a sudden brawl, shoots Cagney's young brother. From then on he is determined to avenge his brother's death. Loretta, fearful of what might happen if her husband should meet the bad man, helps him to escape from the country, but Cagney discovers his hiding-place just in time. There is an exciting finish at the apartment where he is packing. Not a juvenile picture, and not a distinctive one, but a satisfactory tale well told, and well acted.

Next month, Chatelaine presents the prize story in the Women's Canadian Club Contest

"THE GENERAL MANAGER"

By R. E. Breach, of Holden, Alberta.

The prize-winning story in the Dominion-wide contest, recently held under the auspices of the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto, is a dramatic picture of a single day in a woman's life.

Margaret—the general manager of her large family—suddenly finds disaster facing her daughter. Verna, the eighteen year old girl is determined to run away and marry a wastrel. She believes she loves him, and she will not listen to her mother.

How Margaret, through her own wits, realizes the impossibility of argument—and how she takes matters into her own hand, makes one of the most thrilling stories—a story that every mother will appreciate. Mrs. Breach, of Holden, Alta., who wrote the story, is a recognized Canadian writer of distinction.

"The General Manager"—in the July Issue, is only one story in a brilliant programme of Canadian fiction.

EVERY morning, as the clock shrills seven, I wish I were a man.

Every evening, as I massage and pat and struggle expensively with a face no longer young and never of my own choosing, I wish I were a man.

For, if I were, I would slumber yet another fifteen minutes before strolling to the bathroom for a quick shower and a shave and the five minutes dressing which turns him out ready to meet men. And in the evening a simple face wash and tooth brushing—and so to bed with the latest biography. No breakfast to get, with due regard to the attractive breakfasts which may be served if one can rise at six *ac emma*. No meals to plan. No ordering to do. No giving of aid with grimy pullovers and overshoes and rubbers and raincoats. No reluctant servant to push along the path of cleanliness and duty. Exchange all that for a pleasant ride.

"A new day would bring no greater difficulties than the simple planning of three meals," wrote Mr. Faryon, wishing he were a woman.

Ye gods and cross-eyed whales! The simple planning of three meals is never simple! It involves considerable mental strain, a review of financial resources, a survey of social debts usually long overdue, and hours of labor amid the most labor-saving devices. It involves argument with half-a-dozen canvassers with smart sales talk who wedge a foot in the door and refuse to budge. And the endless housework that is never quite completed.

I wish I were a man so that I might devote the greater part of every day to my chosen profession. So that I might say good-by forever to kitchens and meal planings and housekeeping. For no matter how independent a woman is, she never quite escapes these things.

Breathes there a man who envies a woman having a baby? Oh, Mr. Faryon!

I wish I were a man so that I wouldn't have to bother much about Christmas presents, and the family birthdays, and social debts, and medical bills, and chattering bridge.

I wish I were a man so that I would still feel young at seventy.

I wish I were a man so that I could go anywhere at any time of day or night in safety without regard to convention or propriety.

Men fly across oceans, paint pictures, preach sermons, write immortal verse, plays, books, sit in parliaments, rule countries, compose music, operas, sing divinely, build beautiful buildings and great bridges, win championships in sports, operate big business. Some women have done some of these things, but how very rarely. The vast majority of women view life from the kitchen window.

Men rule the world. The initiative is always the man's. They make war and peace and woman's happiness and heart-break.

There is no choice.—Genevieve Lamb.

WITHOUT fear or favor I can truthfully state that Mr. Faryon has stepped across the dotted line and got himself tangled in the maze of female indignation. And what is more, I think he ought to be the recipient of a public presentation, the Order of the Unanimous Raspberry.

If I were a man I'd invent an appliance which is operated by a snore, causing it to stick a needle into the snorer until he wakes up and stops snoring. This, I would realize at once, is a long-felt want, but it might be made even longer. Why can't we use the horsepower of a male snore, for instance, to rock the baby's cradle?

If I were a man I wouldn't throw things at the 6 a.m. alarm and turn over with a Rock of Gibraltar look upon my face. Immediately upon arising, even if it were an hour later I'd get two things firmly fixed in my mind: (a) I've got the best little woman in the world; and (b) the same with embellishments. Even though I knew, by the smell of coffee and bacon wafting upstairs, that I was somewhat tardy, I'd slip below and offer my services with a smile.

If I were a man I wouldn't sing "Asleep in The Deep" in the bathroom. It's not conducive to the hygienic laws governing baby's sleeping hours. And upon hearing the inevitable protest from the nursery, I'd avoid slamming the bathroom door and try to remember that I was once an infant myself. Nor would I growl when a few bristles take more than five minutes to remove. It's a simple operation nowadays.

Men think that women spend far too much time over their toilet—maybe an hour or more. They never pause to consider that half the wasted hour is spent in removing the following itemized articles: One shaving brush with lather complete; two best towels for visitors only, plus numerous bloodstains; one razor blade, rusty, found in the bath; one tin of talcum powder, baby's, half empty; and a tube of tooth paste, minus stopper, in the wash basin. This does not take into account numerous soap splashes on the wall and cigarette ash trails into the bedroom.

Most men do just that, while the family, gathered on the verandah, yell adieu to a hard-pressed father who needs all the available supply of air on hand for breathing purposes. And it makes the little woman mad when she can see the Jones person, who lives in the semi-detached opposite, leading poor father by a short head as the two men round the corner and disappear from sight.

Man's work is a curious phenomenon. It is supposed to be, according to father, an eight- or ten-hour grind which reduces the physical and mental faculties to what, in the vernacular of the male breed, is termed "a wet rag."

I would like to be a man when Sunday arrives. Instead of preparing three meals and dressing the children, I'd grab up a magazine, disappear within the confines of

Continued on page 55

To Demonstrate the 1-Minute Facial

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FLASK
FUNNEL
COUETTES



LAST CALL!

Ambrosia special offer ends in 2 weeks. Your last chance to get 3 items free with the purchase of a \$1.00 bottle.

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For 2 weeks more you get, free, purse-size flask filled with Ambrosia, value 50¢. Also, free, funnel for refilling flask. And thirdly, free, regular 35¢ box of Couettes.

On May 31st the flask mold will be broken and no more will be made. This is therefore your last chance to get this flask that enables you to carry your facials in your purse. It is also your last chance to get this \$2 value for \$1. Don't miss out. Get an Ambrosia special package today!

CORRECT AGE-SIGNS

Remember: in Ambrosia you get not only a 1-Minute Facial, but a product that contributes to skin-health. A fact tested and proven by 789 skin examinations recently made by a famous New York doctor. Doctor's results proved conclusively that critical-age signs were largely caused by wrong cleansing methods.

END DRY SKIN—SMOOTH WRINKLES

With some women age-signs take the form of dryness and wrinkles. Dry skins start to age rapidly when

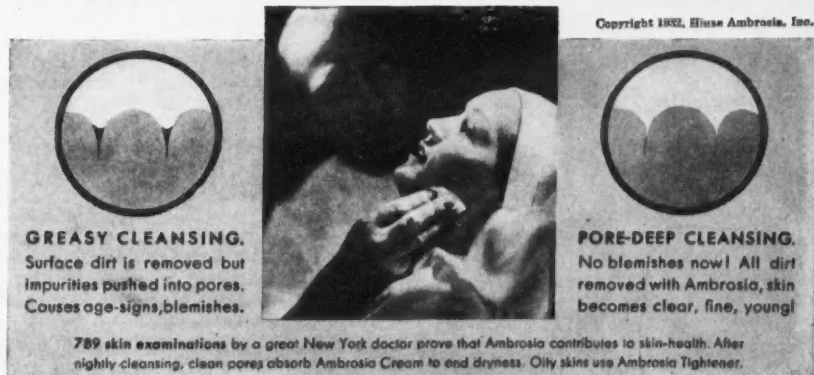
oil glands are sub-normal, and because pores are clogged. (See skin diagram below.) Doctor's tests prove that dryness can be lessened and wrinkles smoothed noticeably in 5 to 7 days, by 2 simple steps:

1. *Pore-deep cleansing.* No cream penetrates clogged pores. But pores cleansed with Ambrosia take in replenishing cream.
2. *Softening after cleansing.* Used after Ambrosia cleansing, Ambrosia Cream penetrates, replenishes natural oil. Skin feels smoother at once.

NORMALIZE OILY SKIN—END BLACKHEADS

Oily skins start to age rapidly because oil glands are overactive, and because pores are clogged. Here's how doctor normalized oily skin, sometimes within 3 days:

1. *Pore-deep liquid cleansing.* Use Ambrosia cleanser 3 to 5 times a day. With pores no longer clogged, skin gets normal.
2. *Toning and tightening.* Ambrosia Tightener after cleansing further lessens oiliness, prevents blackheads and blemishes, closes large pores. Get this Doctor's full directions with Ambrosia today. And don't forget: the special offer ends in 2 weeks. At drug and department stores now!



MADE IN CANADA BY CANADIANS



IT'S GREAT TO SEE THEM EAT!

IT GIVES you a real thrill, doesn't it, to see your youngster enjoying his food? To watch him dip lustily into the cereal bowl and cram his little mouth full? For it's a cheery sign that he's well—and that he's doing his part toward building strength and growth and health.

So tomorrow, give your son or daughter a bowl of Kellogg's Rice Krispies and milk. Makes no difference whether it's breakfast, lunch or supper — watch him eat!

Rice Krispies fascinate children. Delicious, toasted, rice bubbles that actually crackle in milk or cream. One of the best cereals for young folks ever made.

Rice Krispies are such good, nourishing food. So easy to digest they don't overtax. So much better than many heavy dishes — particularly at supper. For Rice Krispies invite restful sleep. Splendid to serve with the after-school glass of milk.

You'd be interested to see the care with which Kellogg's Rice Krispies are made. No hands ever touch this cereal. Gleaming machinery. Spotless ovens. Sunlit kitchens. And Rice Krispies are sealed in a WAXTITE bag which is placed inside the red- and-green package and keeps every kernel oven-fresh. Made by Kellogg in London, Ont. Quality guaranteed.



For the children

Tune in Kellogg's Singing Lady every afternoon except Saturday and Sunday at 5.30 Daylight Saving Time over WJZ, WLW, WBAL, KDKA, WBZA, WGAR, WJR. Songs and stories children love.

"I Wish I Were a Woman"

Some of the spirited replies to Mr. Faryon's article say in effect "Is that so?"



I HAVE never gone quite so far as to wish at night when I am assiduously applying skin beautifiers and vigorously massaging double chins, that I was a man and could solve my problems by a quick morning shave. I admit that never occurred to me, but I submit that shaving is no more tedious and not nearly so uncomfortable or expensive a process as being strung up with a permanent wave machine or sitting endless boiling hours under an electric dryer.

As for single standards, no matter who may laugh, they still remain very single with the breaks decidedly in favor of the men. Men, that is to say most men, are very selfish creatures. For instance, they take a girl out for a month or two months, give her a good time no doubt, and then just when she is beginning to rely on him for "dates," he becomes capricious and confides to his associates that "that woman was getting too darn serious," and gets out while the going is good. Wise boy, maybe, but the trouble with most men is that they're so conceited they think every woman will fall in love with them after the second movie, and if they don't, there's something wrong with them. It never occurs to them that there might be the occasional girl who would be glad to have a man for a friend and one who does not necessarily treat all males as well . . . beings to be exploited for her present and possibly her future convenience.

So I'd like to be a man—well, part of the time at least. If I were, I'd go stag to a dance if I wanted to, and not have to stand around fiddling with a programme string and wishing someone would take pity on me and ask me to dance. I'd like to be a man so I wouldn't have to mend runs in my hose at 8.30 in the morning and worry because I couldn't afford a new pair. I'd like to be able to wear trousers instead of skirts so I could have pockets instead of handbags bulging with nothing of more importance than a pair of soiled gloves for the cleaners. I'd like to be a man so I would never have to worry about how my food was cooked so

long as it tasted right; so I would always be sure of some adoring woman who would be only too glad to amuse me for an evening if I wanted to be amused; so I could sit in my room alone with a good book and a favorite pipe if I didn't want the other type of amusement; so I could make business my irrevocable alibi if I didn't want to spend a dull evening playing bridge; so I could distribute largesse to the poor at my office door with a patronizing pat on the back and a "Hope that will help, my man."

And lastly, I should like to be a man so I could write a smart article like Mr. Faryon's, with my tongue in my cheek and have ninety per cent of the women of Canada think that I really wanted to be a woman.—Margaret L. Steven.

From A Mother

I CANNOT imagine the man who wrote "I wish I were a woman," rising earlier in the day than the rest of the household, planning the day's work and getting the children's clothing ready. I can't see him afterward spending many precious moments coaxing most of the family from their comfortable cots, hurrying them and helping them so that they will not be late for their school or work; then when the house is quiet—save for the youngest who must be bathed, fed and made comfy in the crib—straightening the home, washing dishes, dusting, making beds and so on, until the noonday meal brings the children home from school with tales of woe to be listened to, and perhaps damaged fingers or knees to be cared for. Neither can I see him in the short hours of the afternoon before the children return, mending or making a new pair of trousers out of a pair of dad's old ones; perhaps sewing on a new dress for the girl who is growing up—for dad cannot afford to buy her one out of his meagre wages. Who has to find the time and patience to do everything that duty calls her to do? It could only be a woman.—

No more scouring garbage pails



GILLETT'S Lye instantly lifts off grease and grime—without scouring. Kills germs and banishes odors.

Ask for Gillett's Pure Flake Lye by name . . . at your grocer's.

● Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

FREE BOOKLET: The Gillett's Lye Booklet gives full directions for using Gillett's Pure Flake Lye to clean toilet bowls, clear sink drains, and for many heavy cleaning tasks. Write to Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Ave. & Liberty St., Toronto, Ont.

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



of Silvo on an old soft cloth, a few light rubs, and your silver is restored to its original charm. Silvo is safe to use—easy to apply and contains no acid, mercury, or other harmful ingredients.

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Some timely tips from a seasoned motorist by

REBA HUDSON

JUST as there is *The Compleat Angler* for the ardent fisherman, so should there be, in this bestirring season, *The Compleat Tripper* for the vacationist on wheels. Lacking this, there are the customary Tips to Tourists of the widely travelled and motor-wise, to which the prospective inexperienced tripper usually hearkens eagerly.

As one who has motored over much of North America, I have found that there are profitable ideas which are not included in this annual outcrop of suggestions and would like to share some of them with you.

First, let us consider the needs of those who are to set out without plans for a visit of any sort, either at the end of the journey or *en route*. This will mean a fairly easy jogging along and the necessity for providing only for the comforts of the days of driving.

It is well to have near at hand a box containing the smaller, more easily misplaced articles such as a jack-knife, corkscrew, smoked glasses, pencil, notebook, small screw-driver, matches, air valves, bottle opener, and a tiny tube of cold cream for chapped lips. Also easily accessible should be a good flashlight, whisk, umbrella, working gloves, several pieces of clean cheesecloth, air gauge and thermos bottle.

For the adventure-loving who wish at times to eat in the open, there is, of course, the equipped hamper, varying in size and degree of sumptuousness. But for those who must forego luxury an ordinary bread box will serve surprisingly well. At the bottom may be placed the frying pan and saucepan, each slid into a paper bag; next the flattest, largest plates, and so on, building up in pyramid shape with cups, cutlery—including bread knife, paring knife and can opener—tucked in at the sides and all protected and padded by wax paper and tea towels.

It is a happy thought to keep the breakfast requisites separate. Some bags of khaki-colored canvas of various shapes may be prepared beforehand, with khaki tape drawstrings. One of these, about twelve by seventeen inches, could be the "breakfast bag." In it could go the box of prepared cereal, sugar, oranges, tea or coffee, condensed cream, cups, cereal dishes, spoons. The only necessary purchases in the mornings would be milk and possibly rolls or bread. Wherever one passes the night, one is almost always able to obtain fresh milk. Thus have the problems of motoring been simplified!

Should one of the party or a deft-fingered friend be so inclined, a neat refrigerator of zinc might be made to keep the bread-box company. They could both be painted a dark brown or some unobtrusive color. The refrigerator could have a drained shelf in the top large enough to hold a ten-cent piece of ice on warm days, butter, bacon or other perishable foodstuffs.

Two canvas bags—twelve by eight inches—might be made, one to hold fruit upon which to nibble at odd hungry moments which come often and relentlessly on such excursions, the other to keep free from dust a nest of glasses sufficient for those in the party. Collapsible cups take up less room, but have been responsible for many spots on clothing and car upholstery; and cooling drinks are more enjoyable, surely, from a crystal tumbler, adequate in size, than from unnecessary makeshifts. Women, travelling thus, will find that deliciously cold drinks are often to be purchased in places, the appearance of which would spoil their pleasure in the refreshment. The car, perforce, becomes the refreshment booth.

A Boston bag is a welcome asset. With a dignity quite its own, it will hold upright the "spillables" without which no woman can rove in true comfort. It may contain the toilet water and facial astringent as well as a few first-aid assets such as iodine or mercurochrome, adhesive, absorbent cotton,

a bandage or two, an eye cup and boracic for tired eyes.

For each member of the party one overnight bag should be sufficient for the requirements of the ordinary day and night. At the bottom of the luggage in the back of the car is the bag containing the more formal gowns and the change of travelling attire. And, tucked in somewhere, anywhere, should go the golf clubs. Some radiant splash of fairway there may be too beautiful to pass. And why, indeed, pass? 'Tis a poor holiday which denies the pleasure of slipping off the sign-strewn highway now and again!

A large canvas bag would make itself useful in sheltering the heaviest coats and sweaters when not needed. Possibly the golf shoes might be tucked in at the sides, and a soft hat might be folded somewhere within the layers of coat.

Across the front seat or over its back may be folded the ubiquitous rug, a thing to be scorned as a nuisance ordinarily, yet when needed nothing can fill its place, as I found once in the chill of a desert night. I had missed the last ferry on a lone shore of the Colorado River and had to wait until dawn, curled up in the car—and the rug. The sand under the mesquite was warm and inviting, but squatters' rights were held by the spiders and snakes.

For the motorist who has several suitcases or pieces of luggage which will not need to be opened until the end of a long trip, some of the canvas bags already described may be made to fit each one. Khaki is inconspicuous and serviceable, of course, and this stout material will save the luggage from the scuffing and possible mischance of travel. Over these odds and ends of equipment, whether on running-board or within the car, may be spread a large square of thick oil-cloth to protect from dust.

It may be necessary to use smoked eye-glasses; but this is a misfortune, for one loses much of the loveliness of the landscape in passing, the surprise of the blue of some distant lake, or the delicate tints of foliage. It is advisable, though, to take a green eyeshade. Sometimes it relieves the glare as nothing else will.

Although it may seem somewhat unnecessary in the summertime, if one has sufficient foresight to include a pair of overshoes or high boots she may be extremely thankful. All tourists do not keep to paved roads, and even should they do so, detours have a habit of suddenly thrusting themselves upon the most trustful. A puncture in a muddy stretch of road, sad to say, sometimes does occur. I have had to be dragged out of mud holes on new roads in New Brunswick, and once was almost swept down a river in flood. One just never knows what's round the corner.

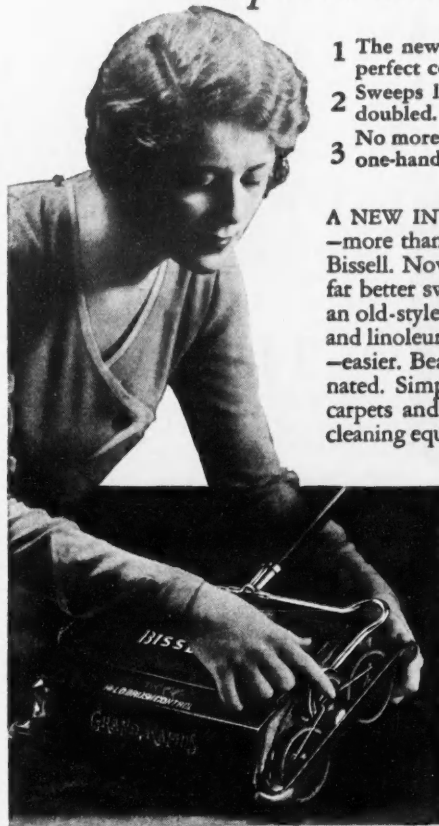
Concerning that vital item—car repair supplies. It would be well to include among the reserves blow-out "shoes" of several sizes, the usual patching materials, a new inner tube or two, a stout rope, two fresh batteries for the flashlight, as well as the usual tools.

Should you plan to cross the desert in your itinerary, it is not at all necessary to equip yourself with a desert bottle as long as you keep to the highway. Gone are the thirsty days of the forty-niners, and you may fill your thermos flask with free, cool water at almost any filling station should you grow apprehensive of drought to come.

Gasoline station attendants will always supply you, courteously and without cost, with road maps and information. On entering a new province or state, you may obtain a descriptive road map for the asking. Lo, at each successive unfolding a yet more fascinating vista will stretch away before you, and you will snuggle into the seat of your car with a happy sigh of anticipation for the unknown, oft dreamt-of wonders still to come.

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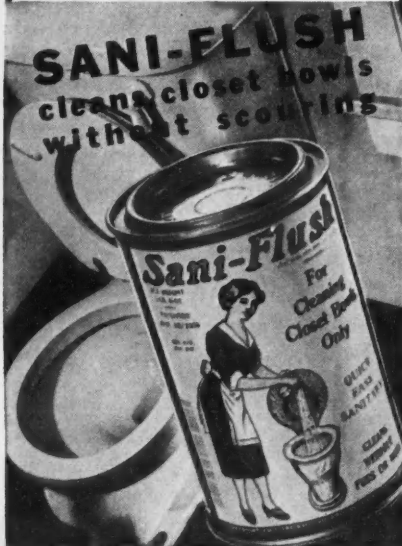
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an easy, and bore holes—figuratively speaking—in any personality who would dare mar the even tenor of my ways. "Six days shalt thou labor," says the Book of Books. I would like to add the sequel which applies to the majority of wives in this modern age, "and on the seventh work overtime."—A Mother

Men are Just Babies!

I WISH I were a man—oh, yes I do—when the mystery of life unfolds in pain-tormented hours, when the poetry of love is dimmed by aches and hopes and fears, and strength that has carried one so long has passed away in a sea of Stygian darkness.

I wish I were a man when the phone call reveals the fact that "It's a girl," when I know that hubby wanted a boy. But if I were a man I wouldn't lose myself in a first flush of spontaneous joy which, being interpreted, means a large spot of Excelsior with the "boys." Of course, Barnum was right when he said there was one born every minute! There is, but Barnum failed to make it clear whether he meant so-called model husbands or the real thing.

No, Mr. Faryon, I haven't suffered all these details myself, but there are many who have, and worse. And although I sometimes wish I were a man, I'm proud to be a woman. But aren't men just dear big babies!—Mabel Blackburn, East Southampton, N.S.

The "Bossy Man"

EVER since I can remember, I have wished that I belonged to the masculine sex. When I was five, I longed to be a boy, so that my toys would consist of engines and other fascinating mechanical toys rather than uninteresting dolls and all the other paraphernalia that goes with what is supposed to be the little girl's great delight—"playing house." It caused me many secret pangs to realize that, because I was a girl, I could never be a policeman when I grew up. Also I had a secret ambition which I knew could never be realized. I longed—oh, how I longed—to walk some day up the aisle at church in solemn dignity and pass the collection plate!

At fifteen I decided mournfully that, if I were a boy, I could be unkempt and awkward and still not be overridingly criticized. Many are the worries of the feminine fifteen! I longed to be a boy so that at the frequent parties I could pick and choose my partners rather than wait in an agony of shyness and embarrassment until I was chosen. And to this day the sound of "Ladies choose their partners" in the old-fashioned Circassian Circle is sweet music to my ears.

The years have increased rather than lessened my wish to be a man. In passing I might mention that I am five feet eight inches tall, weigh 145 pounds and am as strong as a horse; yet I am compelled to live this life a member of the "weaker sex."

I would like to have a business career and a family, too. Some women manage this, I know, but the great majority of men and women concede that "woman's rightful place is in the home." I'd like to pick the person I wanted to marry and promptly pop the question, rather than sit back anxiously waiting for the proposal. If I were turned down, I'd like to be impressively sad and melancholy for a while, or perhaps become dangerously wild and pronounce dramatically that I was "through with women" until I found some other nice girl that I could fall for, who thought I was wonderful.

I would like to be just myself and not have to worry over keeping beautiful and attractive, so that I could hold my husband. How many husbands exert themselves over trying to hold their wives?

I wish I were a man, so that I wouldn't have to worry about neck lines, hip lines and all the other lines, but could be concerned only with my tummy line, which I would keep under control by golf and other pleasant sports.

I would like to be a man at mealtime—to sit down to a good meal and not have had anything to do with the preparing of it. How nice it would be to go out to play golf

on holidays and not spend half the time wondering about dinner, or to go on a picnic and not know exactly what there was to eat! More than all, I would like to call out cheerily to any of my friends, "How about dropping in tonight for a game of bridge?" and not be concerned as to whether there was any cake in the house or not.

It would please me immensely to go to rugby, baseball and hockey games and have a thoroughly good time—yell my head off and not be conspicuous and not have someone chide me gently at the end with, "There's a lock of hair sticking out and your hat is sort of crooked. While you are at it, your nose is a bit shiny." And speaking of that nose, I'd like to let it shine forth to heaven and not give a darn!

I would like to be a man so that when I joined a group of my own sex, I wouldn't feel the eyes of all fixed critically on my clothes. I would like to make up a foursome at bridge, and have absolute quiet during the play instead of an animated discussion on spring hats.

I would like to be bored, and have attractive females strive to entertain me; to be indifferent, and told that I was wonderful; to be superior, and assured that I was different. And I would fall for it all too, along with the big majority.

I would like to be a man so that I could ask Mr. Faryon, preferably in a personal encounter, what the heck he means by asserting that women are more to be envied than men.

The Chinese out here in Vancouver almost always call the man of the house, the "bossy man." Oh, how I would love to be a "bossy man!"—M. W. Coburn.

How I Wish I Were a Man!

IF I were a man I could walk off from the table, leaving the dishes to my wife, turn on the radio and read my paper. I'd kiss the kiddies good night while their mother heard their prayers and tucked them in.

I wish I were a man so I might never know the horror of a sale, where women go native and claw the air and one another. Why any man should wish to join in for the pleasure of being rude—well it's a bit thick. A sale is the survival of the fittest from the outset, and no man, in the keenest competition of his life, ever bucked a fight so fierce. Yet, martyrs to the cause of thrift, we women have to accept these orgies as part of our job. We are, indeed, the suffering sex.

Men tell us theirs is the heavy problem of bringing home the bacon. Ours is to make it look like and go as far as a whole pig. How significant and how important some of our problems are—how to make a pound of ground steak look like a three-pound roast and satisfy; how to make a last year's bird's nest look like this year's millinery achievement, or a twelve-dollar dress like a French model. These are a few of our problems—man's to make a moderate income, woman's to make a little seem a lot.

If I were a man I could have Saturday afternoons to call my own; Sunday in which to golf all day; the excuse of business after hours which permitted me the freedom of sowing my wild oats. I could talk about my friends and not be rated a gossip, pay my motor fines and never tell my wife, express myself with freedom and not be crude; maintain my position without offensive attention from my employer, and stamp on offending beetles or plunge into icy waters and be thought a he-man by the ladies.

If I were a man I could engage in a mild flirtation at the age of forty, or any age at all, make an ass of myself and nobody care. Girls would tell me I was a wonderful big boy, and I would know they were lying but I'd love it.

Picture me as a woman of the same age enjoying this relaxation! Would any man tolerate it in his wife? And as a single woman, I would be counted a pursuing female, an unclaimed treasure.

And finally I wish I were a man so I would not have to listen to men wishing they were women.—Leslie Lewis.

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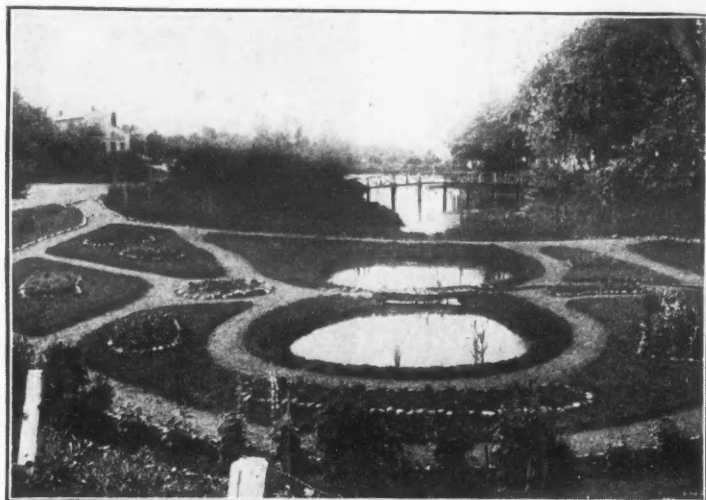
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An interesting and attractive arrangement of a public garden.

Making the Community Garden

by HENRY J. MOORE,
Chatelaine's Garden Expert

MANY women's organizations are interested in that phase of municipal activity which has for its object the cleaning up and making beautiful of vacant areas, surroundings of civic buildings, and of soldiers' and other memorials, and in the laying out of community parks. Very often, however, it is difficult to decide which is the best way to go about it.

Where funds are limited, perhaps activities should be devoted to cleaning up the areas in the removal of debris and of unsightly features, as dilapidated structures, which serve no useful purpose, and in thus preparing the way for any improvement or beautification which may later be effected. Then a thought should be given to the manner in which the areas should be beautified.

In every case where the spending of money is entailed, a plan should be prepared so that the work of laying out grounds may be performed in an intelligent manner. Permanency should be the aim of all planting operations. Only through the use of hardy shrubs and perennials may permanency be attained. The writer has in mind a case in an Ontario town where about \$100 had been spent for stock and in the necessary work of planting. The following year hardly a single shrub or perennial remained, as the stock chosen had not proved sufficiently hardy.

In the case of practically all areas which are sufficiently large to allow of the treatment, it should be the practice to afford a frame to the lawn areas in the form of planting of shrubs or perennials, or both, in their respective borders. These also serve to hide any unsightliness, and hence for this purpose the subjects should be carefully chosen. Also a thought of proportion should be in the minds of the committee in charge, and in the case of small areas the large and coarse growing subjects should not be employed.

Wherever unsightliness is to be obscured shrubs will be found preferable to perennials, as they retain their stems over winter, which is not the case with herbaceous perennials. When, however, a thought is given to the winter aspect of the case, evergreens must also be used, for nothing can effect so much beautification over winter or so completely hide unsightliness.

IN SOME cases where memorials of granite have been erected in prominent places in our municipalities, we find that no effort to beautify the grounds has been made. Lawns, if any, have not been properly made nor carefully kept. The same is true of some of our cemeteries, and, in the words of the poet:

"Remembered not by us, who living still
Forget that soon their places we must fill,

Be laid below, and to the dust decay,
Shall we forget? Ah, no; 'tis not God's way."

To clean up and beautify the places of the dead—the places wherein stand our soldiers' memorials—they must forever be kept as though revered, for they remind us of the supreme courage of our boys as well as of the unutterable folly of war.

Perhaps there is nothing which can be more effectively done by women's organizations where lack of funds limits the work of beautifying their municipalities, than to have it accomplished by individuals themselves. In order to promote this very desirable object, meetings should be held and capable horticulturists be asked to address them. Through the simple planting of a few shrubs, which we shall call foundation plantings, each home can be made attractive wherever a soil area of sufficient width will allow. Instruction, however, through the medium of lectures or in other ways is essential in this as in most other branches of human activity. An organization of some kind should be formed for this purpose.

Wherever horticultural societies exist we find that improvements have been effected to a greater or lesser degree, according to the length of time they have functioned. Through lectures and the dissemination of literature, the work of beautifying home surroundings, community parks, and street intersections, is done in an intelligent way. It is also true that when no such society exists, were it not for such organizations as Women's Institutes the work of cleaning up and beautifying the municipality would not receive much consideration.

Apart from that form of planting which may be regarded as permanent, and which it is too late to effect now, there is much that may be done in June to effect beautification in a temporary, but nevertheless pleasing way. In towns or villages there are usually many places where annuals may be sown or planted, and which, when in flower, will brighten the locality throughout the entire season. Who can say that beds of the annual phlox—phlox Drummondii—are not worth while? The seed costs but a few cents. Of petunias; of the long-lived Californian poppies or eschscholtzia; clarkia of elegant color and form, or dwarf pasturtiums, if sown on soil which is not too rich? But of all these the phlox or flame flower is the most brilliant. There are hosts of annuals, however, which may be utilized to

Continued on page 66

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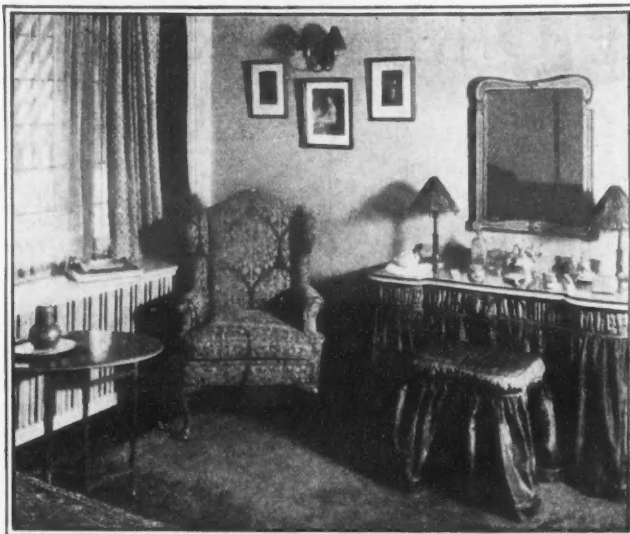
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THE HOME BUREAU

Conducted by ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

I AM enclosing a very rough sketch of a new house and would like your advice regarding color schemes or the type of furniture and curtains. I intend to have the kitchen in cream and green and one of the south bedrooms will have rose the predominant color.

I don't intend to do anything with the walls at present and perhaps not hardwood floors for a time. How would you treat the floors? The only furniture we have at present is a light oak-colored bedroom furniture and cedar chest. I thought I might possibly have odd pieces of walnut furniture, the upholstery of which is black mohair. How would you curtain the double windows? It would have to be done cheaply.

I SHOULD advise you to try to give your floors a lacquer and wax finish. Even soft wood takes this treatment well, and it is so much better to look at and easier to keep clean than painted floors.

With old walnut and horsehair furniture, you might try a quaint type of fabric for the windows—a cross-striped silk whipcord, broad stripes sometimes called "Roman" and ivory cream voile for undercurtains. Or if you think that would shut out too much light, get a single color in a sort of light brocade effect in artificial silk, ruffle it, and have long curtains to the floor, tied back—no valance.

Planning a Bedroom

I WOULD like to know what color I could use in my bedroom to make it look attractive. The walls and ceiling are buff with white woodwork, the maple floor is varnished with clear varnish and waxed. Furniture consists of a steel double bed in mahogany color, a large dresser and bedroom chair the same color. I have a table I could use for a dressing table, also have a bedroom box. What would be nice for a covering for the bed, box, dressing table, and bed lamp? I would like a pad for the chair too. I won't be able to afford anything for the floor but a small rug or rugs. What would be nice for glass curtains?

I SHOULD suggest that you use a very small patterned floral chintz for your bedroom box, chair and curtains. Pick out the predominating shade, which I imagine will be your favorite color, and have a candlewick spread for the bed in that shade. Then have a dotted Swiss in the same color but a lighter shade for your dressing table cover or drape. Dotted Swiss in this shade would be pretty for your glass curtains, too. As to the rug or rugs, little hooked, braided or crocheted rugs in keeping with the general scheme would be attractive. You see you have not told me the exposure of the room, nor any of your own color preferences. However the prescription I have given you will fit almost any room.

I WOULD very much appreciate a little advice on my living room. It is a small room with a double west window. The front door also opens directly into it, with a window in it, also facing west. What would be best for curtains? The dining room is connected with the living room by an open arch, and I think it would be best to have the curtains alike, as they are more like one room than two. I am also considering having the rooms re-papered and would like your ideas on the subject. I might mention that we rent the house, and the paper will have to be inexpensive. In the living room my rug is an all-over pattern with rose, black and tan predominating. My chesterfield is upholstered in taupe mohair. I want both glass curtains and side drapes, but must be content with some which are not too dear.

MY ADVICE would be, I think, not to paper the rooms exactly alike but in very close harmony. Then, in the front room, I should perhaps use a very faintly figured paper in soft pastels, tan predominating, in a mildly modernistic geometrical design. Then for the other room, a single tone paper, picking out perhaps the tan of the first paper; for the undercurtaining, including the door-glass, which should be rodged top and bottom, cream net "curtaining" of fine mesh; for the living room, over-curtains of soft blue and russet stripes; and for the dining room, a gay blue linen, with wide hems and wide hemstitching in the prevailing bright color of the living room paper. I think you might find this arrangement just about what the room needs.

A Cozy Living Room

I WANT to have the sitting room papered. What color would be best for it? I also want to get a chesterfield and two easy chairs. What would be a nice color for them? The room has three windows; carpet is green and terra cotta; tiles of the fireplace are green. The two large easy chairs are nigger brown with fawn leaves and small red flowers and the two lampshades are yellow. All the furniture is mahogany.

I SHOULD suggest that you use a chintz for the curtains in your living room, taking in terra cotta and green predominantly, with undercurtains of beige gauze or voile. The chesterfield suite which you intend getting, I should have in terra cotta upholstery, with occasional cushions of the curtain material. I would not have velours or mohair in the upholstered pieces, but a denim or poplin type of material. These are becoming easier to secure than was once the case.



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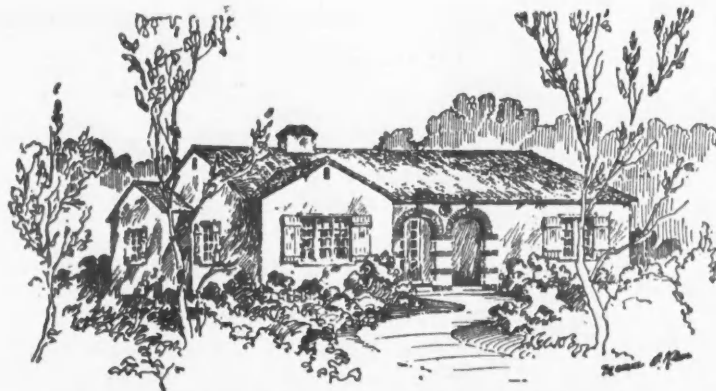
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THE NEW HOUSE

Whether you buy, build or rent, you must consider these points —
The second article in a regular series

By MAURICE D. KLEIN

Member of the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada

IN THE previous article of this series I outlined two of the main factors which go to make up value in the purchase of a home. The third factor entering into the value of the property is the design of the house itself.

The main rooms of a house should be easily accessible one to the other, as well as to the service portion of the house. The requirements for service access should not intrude upon these main rooms or upon the entrance hall. These matters of arrangement, if well provided, are attractive features and give pleasure to the housewife, to all members of the family and to its guests, as well as to the servants themselves. I always mark very heavily any serious neglect in this regard.

The rooms themselves should, by the arrangement of their window and door openings, the location of the radiators, and the arrangement of wall spaces, allow for the placing of the necessary furniture.

I have seen many houses of moderate size, which conformed to my idea of convenience and the accessibility of the rooms, utterly spoiled by the thoughtless arrangement of radiators and of the window and door openings, with the result that it was impossible to place satisfactorily or attractively the larger pieces of furniture. Each piece of furniture has a particular function to perform. Naturally, the interference with such functions is bound to cause a daily irritation and inconvenience, and this is specially noticeable in the main rooms.

The use of good stock materials for doors, moldings, base, and so forth, in the general finish of the interior is proper when this type of material is in proportion with the design and the cost of the building. I have seen many instances where a hardwood has been used in the finish of a house and yet the doors were of a soft wood. Such a mixture of materials always seems to me to have a cheapening effect upon the whole residence, as it is obviously an attempt to mislead the purchaser into thinking that he is receiving something which is not there. I would always much rather see the cheaper materials properly treated than attempt anything that appears to be an obvious deception.

In valuating houses which have not been

planned by architects and, unfortunately, some of those which have, I am unable to allow my own taste and particular ideas of design to sway me too far.

When I speak of design in connection with valuation, I place the maximum importance upon that part of it which pertains to the plan of the building. I do this, although I regret it is necessary, because bad and even vulgar design of the exterior does not seem to detract too greatly from the present-day sale and purchase of a building. It does at times seem to me that the speculative builder has discovered that the use of stone or expensive brick in a portion of the front of a residence will make the average buyer overlook a great many premature cracks in the stucco or inferior brickwork on the other three sides.

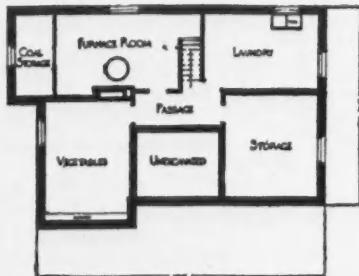
It is well to remember in this connection that the mistakes in design, or shall we say the fashion of bad design which was in vogue a decade ago, depreciate the value of those houses today in the mind of the purchaser. They are said to be old-fashioned. Similarly the bad design which is in vogue today will give the same depreciation to the value of such a house by the end of the next decade.

Good design is, either on the exterior or the interior, never considered to be out of fashion, for architecture in itself is only the adaptation of fixed principles to changing requirements as time goes on. It is only because the average purchaser of the modern house, either today or a decade ago, does not expect to live in the house for a considerable period of time, that he pays too little attention to this particular point.

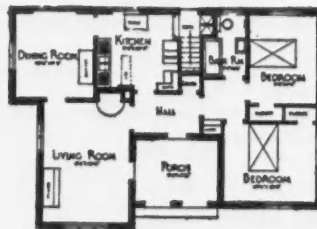
The compactness of the arrangement of the rooms and the useful utilization of all space, which is often wasted, appear to me to be of greatest importance. If I find much waste space in a building I know that the price my client is asked to pay, as well as that which he must ask some future purchaser to pay, includes a cost which will appear to be not only of no value, but as a distinct inconvenience.

The position of the house upon the property and the location of the service requirements are of equal importance to the

Continued on page 73



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table napkins, egg cups and egg timer, grape-fruit knife, percolator, toaster, toast rack, honey jar, orange reamer, newspaper rack, breakfast china, marmalade jar, etc.

Idle Moments Shower

Hostess's Verse

Idle moments do ensnare!
Let this basket say, Beware!—
Bringing needle, patch and twine,
For the stitch that saveth nine!

Gifts: Mending basket, darning wools, sewing cotton (black and white), large scissors, small scissors, button bag containing buttons, fasteners, hooks and eyes, etc., thimble, darning ball, patch book with black, navy, brown and colored patches in it, needle case, pins, tape, elastic, lingerie ribbons, dressmakers' chalk, tape measure, etc.

Come-Again Shower

Hostess's Verse

Although we're entertaining you so pleasantly tonight,
We're really only hoping that in turn you'll us invite;
And so we're making doubly sure
You've everything that's needed for
A quick return engagement, and an appetizing bite.

Gifts: Bridge table covers, supper cloth and napkins, guest towels, score pads and pencils, playing cards, bon-bon dishes, ash trays, match holders, cigarette holders, cups and saucers, cocoa jug, celery tray, sandwich and cake plates, pantry specials such as caviar, sandwich fillings, colored sugars, biscuits, etc.

The Good Wife Shower

Hostess's Verse

When he comes home at a quarter to six,
With never a word to you,
Bringing the company's president,
And the wife of the president, too,

And also the Vice, and the Vice's wife,
And a client, come out of the west,
And says that they've all of them come to dine,
And please—you'll do your best!—
Smile! Say nothing! But hie yourself
To serve them a feast from the Good Wife Shelf!

Gifts: Cocktail syrups, maraschino cherries, caviar, canned soups, sardines, olives, mayonnaise, salad fruits and vegetables, special flavors such as tabasco, fish and meat sauces, first grade canned vegetables and dessert, junket powders, etc.

Tidy Cupboard Shower

Hostess's Verse

Everyone knows men are careless with clo'es,
And cupboards aren't all that they could be;
So here are some hooks for equipping your nooks,
And keeping them just as they should be!

Gifts: Moth proof bags, cupboard hooks, extension rods, clothes hangers, clothes brushes, hat stands, hat brushes, shoe trees, shoe shelves or bags, sachets, clothes press, etc.

Flower Vase Shower

Hostess's Verse

There's nothing that changes a dwelling so much
As that which is known as the feminine touch,
And nothing more kin to the feminine soul
Than just the right flowers in just the right bowl!

Gifts: Large flower bowls, bulb bowls, colored stones or bulb fibre, small pansy bowls, violet jars, rose jar, tall narrow-stemmed vases, tall wide-necked vases, ivy bowl, glass vases, pottery jars, flower holders, rose wires, flower pot holders, etc.

Our Home Nursing Course

Continued from page 50

applied to the extremities will be beneficial. Treat as for shock.

Poisoning—Sudden and severe illness, especially with vomiting and bad cramping pains. Send for a doctor at once, and if possible let him know what poison has been taken so he can bring the right antidote. Cause vomiting by any of the following emetics: Mustard and water, salt and water, or syrup of ipecac, and follow by giving patient large quantities of warm water to help wash the stomach of its contents.

Nose Bleed (Epistaxis)—Place patient on back, with the head raised and the hands held above it. Cover the nose with a cloth filled with crushed ice or wrung out of ice water. Never hold head over basin, for this position encourages bleeding; instead receive the blood in a wet sponge. In obstinate cases, also apply cold to back of neck; place

a roll of paper between the gum and the upper lip, sniff salt and water or vinegar and water up the nose. Do not give stimulants unless, if after prolonged bleeding, there is pallor and weakness. In this case a doctor is needed.

Stings of Insects—These are relieved by applications of ammonia, common table salt, baking soda, slice of onion or hot vinegar. An excellent and popular remedy is common household blueing. Moisten the cake and apply.

Fainting—The head should be kept low unless the face is flushed. If patient faints in a chair, simply depress the chair until the floor is reached. In doing so, grasp the back of patient's head, while another holds the knees to prevent slipping off the side. Loosen clothing and bathe the forehead, face and pulse with cold water. Treat as for shock.



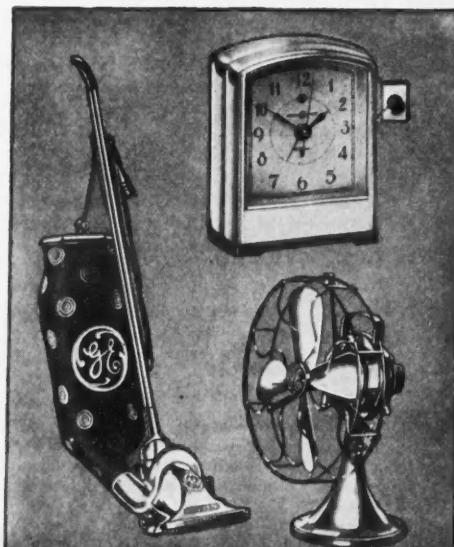
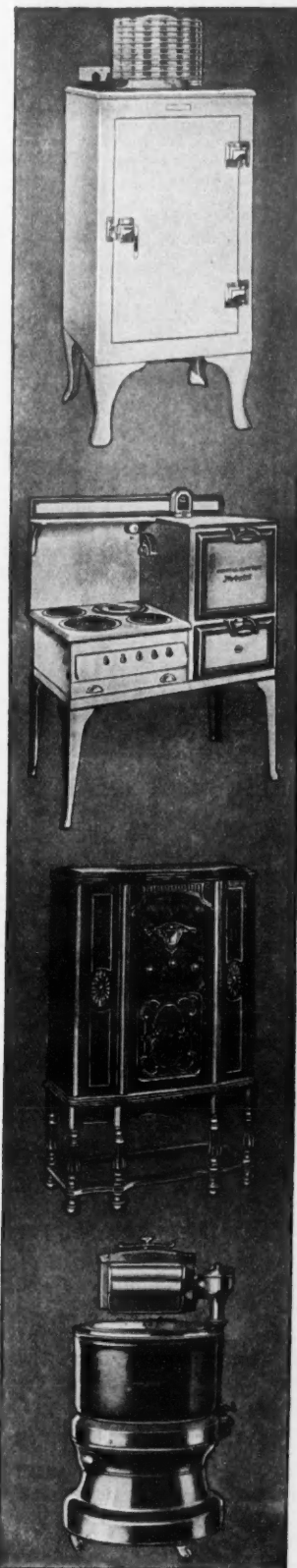
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The Successful Shower Hostess

Here are Verses and Party Ideas

THE first and most difficult problem of the shower hostess is the fact that there have already been so many weddings and so many brides!

Dozens and dozens of brides have set up housekeeping in the last few years, and all of them had to have kitchen supplies, and linens and china. Those are the sort of showers that brides want, but already they have been done over and over again by the guests. The would-be hostess faces the danger that what should be a happy expression of good will may develop into a routine duty and become, if not an imposition, at least a bore.

However, feminine ingenuity has avoided worse dangers than that!

The whole idea of the "shower" is to supply the little incidental things that are hardly big enough to be included in the trousseau, or house furnishings plan, but nevertheless, lumped together, can cause a very large gap in the budget! Nobody, in planning a new home and its furnishings, is going to itemize the dish mop or the soap shaker; yet without them the first meal presents an instant problem. It is not often that one finds a can opener among the wedding presents. Yet that's the sort of thing that takes a great deal of remembering, and whose absence could cause a marital crisis.

Shower gifts are only intended to fill in the gaps of a newly organized home, and should only cost a few cents each. Anything that costs more should really be the joint contribution of two or three. By limiting the cost of her shower gifts and planning the shower for inexpensive but most necessary items, the shower hostess is actually helping her friend the bride, without risking an awkward situation among their mutual friends.

How avoid monotony?

Showers are so much more amusing if they relate to some specific scene that might occur. What does happen in the ordinary average home? What are the little things that upset the appletart?

Of course, there's the can opener. There's always the time when somebody has the bright idea of bringing home canned lobster, or a special soup, or when at the last minute the meal is to be made of salmon and canned peas—then *non est* the can opener, and see what happens! It happens again for the lack of a corkscrew. And still again when he wants a sharp knife, and she produces one from the dinner set!

So there's an idea for a shower—a kitchen drawer shower! The other gifts will carry it farther, with drawer-lining paper, kitchen spoons and forks for cooking, apple corers, a kitchen screwdriver, stirring spoons, small scales, a stout meat knife, and so on. The originality of the guests will ferret out many other most necessary things—perhaps pet ideas they've proved themselves—and, presto! you present your bride-to-be with a convenient, well equipped kitchen drawer.

To put over the idea, the hostess arranges her gift so that it will come first, and attaches a verse. This often proves kinder than asking the guests to supply their own, for

sometimes, it's a labor to make up a verse about a chopping knife, and still more of a labor to read it aloud to an excited and noisy group of people. I am suggesting here several showers designed to give brides the linens and china and kitchen things they'll need, in a new setting, with the verse already made for the hostess.

First, then, the hostess's verse for the kitchen drawer. Maybe you can make a better one! Then you can keep this for an anticlimax at the end.

Hostess's Verse

Even a king's cook needs to open cans,
And eke a kitchen drawer, and all that's
in it.

May royal fortune prosper all your plans.
Here is a friendly thought for every
minute.

The Cake Baking Shower

Hostess's Verse

No doubt you know what road to take
To reach your husband's heart with,
But here are the dishes you'll need to bake
A right good cake to start with!

Gifts: Rolling pin and board, egg beater, mixing bowl, mixing and measuring spoons, measuring cup, flour sifter, lemon reamer, nut chopper, layer cake tins, fruit cake and bread tins, angel and sponge cake tin, baking sheet, paper baking cups, patty pans, cookie jar, cookie cutter, oven thermometer, icing tubes, wire cooling tray, spice boxes, etc.

Tea Table Shower

Hostess's Verse

Little drops of water in the April showers
Make for days of beauty in a world of
flowers.

So we hope that all the year
You will gather fruits of cheer
From the loving wishes in these little gifts
of ours.

Gifts: Lace trimmed tablecloth or mats, table napkins, candlesticks, cups and saucers, sandwich tray, cake plates, small teaspoons, sugar and cream set, tray, teapot, tea cosy and handle holder, brass hot water kettle, muffin dish, "curate," tea apron, tea towels, teapot and kettle stands.

Happy Morning Shower

Hostess's Verse

Oh, lady, in the morning you must
never lie in bed,
Because the most successful wife is not
the sleepy head;
So all these happy greetings that we
bring to you today
Will help you get to breakfast in the
good old-fashioned way!

Gifts: Alarm clock, shower bath attachment, curtains and bath towel, house frock or morning pyjamas, breakfast cloth and

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Here is the real solution to the family protection problem. This policy requires an annual deposit of only \$28.18 per thousand at age 30.

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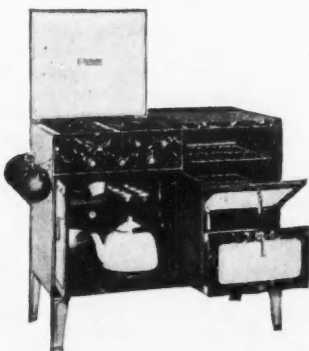
Send 10c. and tops of three packages for a rubber apron

A department which seeks out and investigates what is new and good in housekeeping helps

Conducted by VERA E. WELCH

WELL, here we are just stepping into June, and the thoughts of every one of us are turned toward the green outdoors. Many people are planning things for their summer cottages, to which they'll be commuting just as soon as the children have finished school. But while

After all, there's no reason why one shouldn't be as comfortably equipped in summer as in winter, for it's next door to impossible to feed a young, energetic family on salads for three months. So I say again: when you consider chintzes, give a thought to stoves, too.



The Coleman Table-Top range is suited to summer cottage use.

HAVE you ever heard of using paper for dusting? It doesn't sound feasible, does it? And yet there is a paper sold for just this purpose—and a very excellent thing it is, too. "Wonder Paper" is made from soft rags and pulp and is treated with a high-grade furniture polish so that it can be used on the finest finish. It is sold in sheets ready to use, and when you dust with it you simply crumple it into a soft pad. It will clean and polish as well as dust, and after it has been used on the furniture and woodwork, the soiled paper can be used for the grate or stove.

To me the great advantage of "Wonder Paper" is that it can be thrown away without a qualm after it has lived its useful life, instead of being hoarded with a lot of soiled cloths or carefully washed. There's always another sheet to take its place; and its convenience, and the fact that it saves the use of furniture oil, make it an economical investment.

"Wonder Paper," incidentally, is made by Appleford Paper Products Limited, the same people who make the unique vegetable parchment I mentioned last month. You remember the parchment that, like waterless cookery, retains the full flavor and nutritive qualities of foods cooked in it? Well, an error was made in the name of this parchment in last month's article. The correct name is *Canapar*, and this can be obtained at almost any grocery store in Canada.

IF YOU'RE staying at home this summer, you may be thinking of investing in an electric refrigerator. There's nothing like one for all-year-round comfort. The refrigerator illustrated at the bottom of the page is the "Mayflower," which is now being made in Canada. The manufacturers have incorporated into its design and construction the best and newest features of efficiency, cleanliness and appearance.



The Mayflower, an attractive new addition to Canadian-made refrigerators.

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The demand for copies to fill new orders is so great that, despite our constantly increased press run, we seldom have any copies left for mailing to subscribers who are even one issue in arrears.

Subscribers receiving the "expiration" notice are reminded of the importance of sending in their renewal order promptly.

DOWSWELL
ELECTRIC WASHER

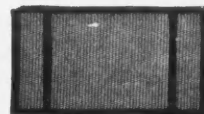
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through my
dishes... how
do you get
finished
so soon?"



ELAINE:
"I guess you
don't know
about Lux.

It works twice
as fast... and, my dear, it's
simply grand for your hands!"

TURN YOUR DISHWASHING INTO BEAUTY CARE

while you wash dishes faster

LOTS OF WIVES are washing dishes these days—it's so expensive to bother with maids. But these clever women never let their hands get that "housework look." Lux gives them beauty care right in the dishpan.

So many soaps—cakes, powders, chips—contain harmful alkali which dries up the beautifying oils of the skin. Gentle Lux protects these natural oils—leaves your hands actually softer and whiter after doing dishes than before!

And the tiny, sheer Lux diamonds work so quickly. They dissolve twice as fast. And they are so economical. Use Lux for all your dishes—it costs less than 1c a day!



LUX for dishes

Lovely hands for less
than 1c a day

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto
Soapmakers by appointment to their Excellencies
the Governor-General and Countess of Beasborough

"Dollar down—and a dollar a week"

Continued from page 28

met throughout the year and arrange our time payments accordingly. A friend of mine, who is credit manager for one of the big furniture stores, told me that as a general rule, for salaries ranging from \$125 to \$250 per month, from an eighth to a sixth of the monthly salary can be safely used for installment buying. For example, if a man makes \$175 per month, he should be able to handle payments up to approximately \$30.

"That seems reasonable," said Wally. "But suppose a chap breaks a leg, and has to lay off for a couple of months and can't make the payments, the company will repossess the goods and he loses everything he has paid in."

Jack smiled tolerantly. "The companies are not so hard-boiled as you seem to think, Wally. One of the boys in our department bought some furniture on deferred payments. He was obliged, due to illness, to take nine or ten weeks off. What did the company do? It would have been poor business on their part to seize the goods, so they arranged for two of the payments to be postponed and added on at the end of the time stipulated for the last payment. Moreover, I understand that is the general practice."

"Thank you, Mary," smiled Joan as she accepted a chocolate; then turning to her husband she said, "That is surely fair enough, isn't it, Wally?"

"Of course, the company wouldn't be likely to postpone such payments indefinitely, would they?" he asked. "For instance, take the case of a fellow being laid off..."

Jack leaned back in his chair and reflected for a moment. "No, and I don't think it would be fair to expect them to take care of every contingency," he observed. "After all, a time payment contract is a business proposition and should be regarded as such. If a man is not reasonably sure that his job is going to be secure, he had better not take on any obligations for the time being. The same may be said of the possibility of a salary cut."

MARY, who had been content to listen up to this point, now turned to Joan and said, "Another thing that we learned was to buy only one article at a time, unless, of course, the total amount of the payments was small, and then we found it helpful to consolidate our payments by having them all with one firm."

"That's true," affirmed Jack. "A great deal of grief comes from over buying. It is easy to do so if dealing with several stores at one time. It is a splendid idea also to take the salesman or credit manager into complete confidence and get his advice as to the best way of arranging the balance of the payments. They are glad to do that, and they have the experience. It's important for them to have their customers well satisfied."

"Oh, yes, I can see that," replied Wally as he helped himself to another cigarette. "That's good business on their part. But after all, don't you really think that the cash system is more sound?"

"Well, Wally," interjected Mary, "if we had saved the cash to pay for my electric washing machine, I would have had to do my washing by hand for a whole year longer, or pay for having it done by the laundry. Just think what it means for a woman to be saved fifty-two drudging Mondays over the washboard." Mary rose from her chair. "Of course," she continued, "we don't buy everything on time payments, by any means. We use the plan only when it suits our purpose. There are many things I wouldn't think of buying that way. For example, I don't think I would care to buy my clothes on installments, although I know several

people who do. But excuse me while I get the coffee and doughnuts."

"I'm going to help you," said Joanna, as she followed Mary to the kitchen. "I think you have almost converted my husband," she whispered to Mary when they were out of earshot.

Mary replied with a ripple of laughter. "Just leave it to me," she said. "You have a wonderful man, Joanna—just one or two old-fashioned ideas."

WALLY turned to Jack with a grin. "Well, you folks certainly seem sold on this idea of 'a dollar down and a dollar a week.' I must confess you have given me some new ideas. I have never gone into the matter very thoroughly. But there is one thing I do object to, and that is the high cost of time financing. Why, I paid \$85 more for my car on deferred payments than if I had paid cash. It seems unreasonable."

"I'm glad you brought that up, Wally, but here is the coffee," said Jack, as Mary and Joan re-entered the room.

Mary deposited the tray on the table. "Now," she said, brightly, "can you stop your argument long enough to have some coffee? One lump or two, Wally?"

Jack stirred his coffee as he resumed. "You see, Wally, the finance charge is not interest. It represents service, and is distributed over a number of items, including taxes, insurance, cost of money, collection expense, accounting, and so on."

Wally nodded as he passed his cup for more coffee. "Well," he said slowly, "you have almost convinced me that it maybe good business to buy things that are urgently needed on time. If I had known all this before we bought our car, we surely could have escaped a lot of grief."

Jack reached for the sugar. "Of course," he continued, if we haven't the ready cash and can conveniently postpone buying, we do so. Other things being equal I prefer to pay cash, and so does Mary. But if it means losing the use of something that will make the work easier, we do not hesitate to use the deferred payment plan, not neglecting to take every precaution against getting into difficulties."

"No, thanks," smiled Joan, as Mary reached for her cup. "It seems to me," she resumed thoughtfully, "that, after all, it's just a matter of common sense. If we would just sit down and figure things out from our budget when we want to buy something, study it from every angle, and make sure that some unforeseen emergency can't bob up and complicate things, why, we shouldn't have any trouble at all."

Wally turned to Jack with a broad smile. "Well, old man, you've surely opened my eyes; given me some food for thought. The first thing I'm going to do is to open up a cash account at the bank right away for emergencies. Then I know a young fellow who's going to get an order for a vacuum cleaner."

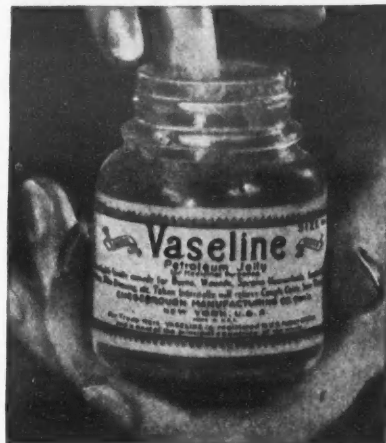
"Wally!" Joan gripped his arm tightly. "But there are a number of things I want to go into," he remarked. "I'd certainly appreciate a little more of your time, Jack, if it won't be too much trouble. Your ideas have impressed me, and I'm very grateful."

"Not at all, Wally; not at all," Jack grinned. "The pleasure's all ours. Glad to have you over any time, aren't we, Mary?" Mary smiled, flashing a glance of understanding at Joan.

"Well, time to go, Joan," Wally said. A soft sky was studded with glistening stars as the Brookes reached their car, and Joan snuggled closely to her husband's side as his foot struck the starter.

Wally hummed cheerfully. Somehow it reminded her of Mrs. Cameron's efficient vacuum cleaner.

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A Directory of Food Products and Their Place On The Menu.

SUPPER DISHES—by M. Frances Huck

OFTEN when the warm weather comes and it is so pleasant out of doors, supper-time comes upon us before we know it, and nothing has been done to prepare for the meal. Or often in the summer we may hanker for something different for supper, or wish that we could think of a new way to serve an old dish.

A can of meat or fish is the answer to many a supper problem either in hot weather or cold. These foods lend themselves admirably to attractive arrangement or interesting variation. A particularly tempting platter can be made ready in a jiffy with canned corned beef which you slip into the ice box at noon to chill and make it easy to slice.

Canned chicken will provide the necessary touch at the company supper, or revive interest in food when the hot weather or too much exercise makes the family rather "finicky." Jellyed in a savory jelly it can be made early and easily from a can of chicken soup, a little gelatine, the diced contents of a can of chicken, all of which are present on the pantry shelf, and such additions as celery, canned peas, green peppers, chopped almonds or whatever else you may prefer. Here is a recipe that serves four persons and that may be varied to suit any taste:

- 1 1/4 Cupfuls of diced canned chicken
- 3/4 Cupful of diced celery
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper, or
- 6 or 8 Sliced stuffed olives
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of gelatine
- 1 Cupful of strained chicken soup

Mix the chicken, celery and green pepper or sliced olives. Add a little of the cold soup to the gelatine and let stand for five minutes, then add the remainder of the soup which has been heated to boiling point. Stir until dissolved, cool and add the first mixture. Turn into molds and chill. Serve unmolded on a bed of lettuce or watercress with mayonnaise which has been mixed with an equal amount of whipped cream.

Celery and radishes and a plateful of crisp wafers spread with cream cheese complete as tasty a main course as anyone could wish and almost all of it ready to use without long preparation.

Fish, too, are extremely adaptable. Take sardines, for instance. Many like them just as they are, with a dash of lemon and plenty of bread and butter. But they make very savory salads. This is the way we prepare a main dish salad with sardines:

- 4 Cupfuls of diced cooked potatoes
- 1 Small onion, or sliced green onions
- 1 Medium green pepper
- 2 Hard-cooked eggs
- 1/2 Cupful of boiled salad dressing
- Salt, pepper and paprika to taste
- 1 or 2 Cans of sardines
- Sliced tomatoes
- Lettuce and lemon sections

Chop the onion and green pepper very fine and mix with the potatoes. Add the chopped hard-cooked eggs and mix in the salad dressing and the seasonings. Arrange crisp lettuce on individual salad plates and put a mound of potato salad in the centre. At each side place a slice of tomato and on each slice lay several sardines. Garnish with lemon slices and parsley and serve with mayonnaise.

If you choose a light vegetable salad for your main course, a very fitting beginning would be a can of soup.

When you plan to use up left-overs for the evening meal, you will appreciate the savory sauces, the seasonings and other prepared products that turn left-overs into tasty treats. Tomato sauce will do this admirably, when meat or fish and many of the vegetables make their second appearance on the table. The pantry shelf supplies the materials for two types of this sauce. You may open a can of tomato soup, dilute it to the consistency you desire, season it with salt and pepper and a dash of Worcestershire sauce and heat. Or you may use this recipe:

- 2 Cupfuls of canned tomato juice
- 1 Small onion, sliced
- 1 Piece of bay leaf
- 1/2 Teaspoonful or more of salt
- Dash of celery salt
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- Worcestershire sauce

Put the tomato juice, onion, bay leaf and seasonings in a saucepan and heat to boiling. Melt the butter, blend in the flour and add the hot, strained tomato juice. Cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Remove from the heat and add Worcestershire sauce to taste. This is ideal with meat balls, loaves, or croquettes, with ramekins of fish or fish cakes, with vegetable croquettes and many casserole dishes. Careful seasoning will turn any of these left-over dishes into very savory and popular ones. Browned hash is one of the easiest to prepare and uses up several left-overs. Here is a recipe:

- 1 1/2 Cupfuls of minced cooked meat
- 1 1/2 Cupfuls of mashed potatoes
- 1 Teaspoonful of grated onion
- 1 Teaspoonful of prepared horseradish
- 1 Egg
- Left-over soup or gravy or canned tomato juice
- Salt and pepper

Mix the meat and potatoes, add the onion, horseradish and the beaten egg. Add enough liquid to make a mixture that will pack, and season to taste. Melt half a tablespoonful of dripping in the frying pan and spread the mixture evenly. Cook over low heat so that the hash browns evenly. When heated through and nicely browned, fold over like an omelet and turn on to a warm platter. Serve with tomato sauce, tomato catsup or chili sauce and a garnish of parsley.

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PARIS PATE SANDWICHES

Brunswick Chicken Haddies

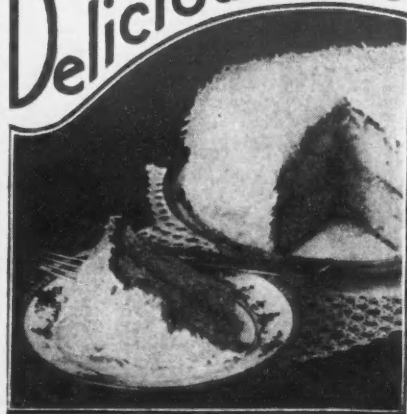
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You'll be delighted with the way coconut appeals to your family. Easy to use, too. For Baker's brings you the finest coconut all ready for use, always deliciously fresh. Made in Canada from fresh coconuts in three styles: Baker's Southern Style in tins—Baker's Premium Shred in packages—Baker's Snowdrift by the pound.

COCONUT LAYER CAKE (3 eggs)

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
3 egg yolks, well beaten
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
1 can Baker's Coconut, Southern Style.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks; then flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla and fold in egg whites. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Double recipe to make three 10-inch layers. Spread frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Sprinkle each layer and outside of cake with coconut while frosting is still soft.

BAKER'S COCONUT



Write for free recipe book to Consumer Service Dept., General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.

A3-32M

The Mechanical Refrigerator

Continued from page 25

the wall, making it possible to reduce the outside measurement of the refrigerating unit without cutting down the space of the food compartments. This is an advantage in the small kitchen—sometimes in the larger one.

Porcelain is the ideal lining on account of its ease of cleaning and serving ability. Two or three coats of the material are fused on rust-proof metal panels by spraying and baking in extremely hot ovens with temperature and time carefully regulated. Outside surfaces are, in the more expensive models, treated in the same manner to produce a finish which will wear a lifetime. Other finishes which also give good service are used on lower-priced machines.

All the standard and well-established makes of mechanical refrigerators on the market are built according to sound refrigeration principles. Many features are common to the various types, and additional



Mechanical units in the line for examination after assembly.

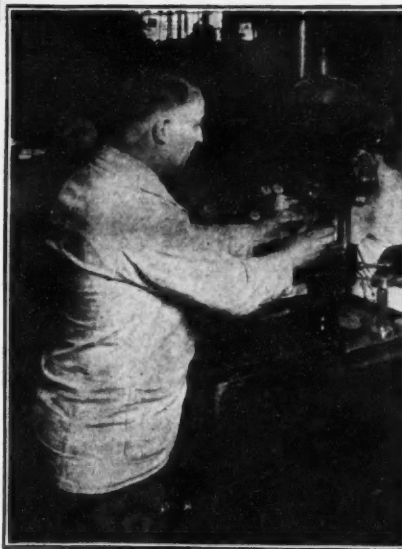
refinements offering greater convenience and new possibilities in food storage and service are peculiar to certain models. The temperature control device, conveniently located, has won enthusiastic approval from all housekeepers as it allows fast freezing of ice cubes, desserts and other dishes. The degree of cold desired is regulated by the simplest adjustment and the faithful mechanism instantly responds. Some cabinets contain a special storage space roomy enough to hold many foods requiring a temperature just above freezing, and making it practical to keep a supply of ice, frozen fish, ice cream and the like for future use. A covered container for salad ingredients is standard equipment in some models and gives excellent satisfaction. It not only preserves the delightful freshness of many greens but will even revive and restore them to their original crispness. Ample arrangement is usually made to accommodate milk bottles, and tall containers and commodious trays, well designed and sturdy, provide the maximum of space for a wide variety of foods. A rubber tray allows the easy removal of ice cubes and is only one of the many little extras which thoughtful manufacturers have provided for the housekeeper's convenience. Rubber fittings on shelf supports eliminate noise, and rubber gaskets on doors act as a

seal to prevent the entrance of outside heat.

Strong rigid construction is necessary for long life; a well-made cabinet with tightly fitting, balanced door is desirable from the standpoint of wear and convenience. Size is an important consideration. There should be ample space to accommodate, without overcrowding, the food supply for your family and to take care of the extra demands made on it when entertaining. The cost of operating a large refrigerator is very little more than for a small one, and though the price is higher, it is often the wisest choice. Make some enquiries about the insulation and be sure it is efficient. Get some "inside information" by examining the lining to see that it is smooth, hard and seamless with the rounded corners which make for ease of cleaning. Take stock of the special features and refinements which the machine offers, and consider them in relation to your house-keeping. Appearance counts, and you will find pleasing designs, good finish and beautiful fittings which combine to make a refrigerator to grace your kitchen.

When your new purchase has been installed, follow the manufacturer's directions for its care. Defrost at the right times and oil when necessary.

The proper placement of food is important if you are to get the best service from your refrigerator. Milk, cream, meat broths and the like are most perishable and should be placed in the coldest part, directly under the freezing coils. Other foods should be placed in their proper location and in such a way that the circulation of air is not interfered with. Do not open the door more than necessary, and do not leave it standing open if you want to keep your operating cost as low as possible. An electric refrigerator allows you to keep perishable food in good condition for a considerable time. It prevents waste and frequently allows you to



Inspectors check daily all instruments used in testing refrigerator parts. Photos by courtesy of Frigidaire Company of Canada.

buy ahead, taking advantage of sales and low week-end prices. It helps to safeguard the health of your family and opens up to you a new vista of delicious and appetizing dishes to add interest and enjoyment to your menus.

Making the Community Garden

Continued from page 59

fill beds in community parks, at street intersections, where soil areas exist; in the home garden; near civic buildings; in church grounds and cemeteries, which in a century have perhaps never been graced with a bed of flowers. This work costs but little, but its effects are marvellous.

In some of our municipalities, women's organizations have taken an interest in the beautification of school grounds and, in cases in connection with this, the creation of children's gardens. It is also true that working on committees with men much good work has been accomplished.



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Pages 68-71

of this issue. There are patterns for your children and for yourself. Get the sewing machine into working order.



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No. 8313—There's always the need of a light-weight wool frock in the summer wardrobe. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material.

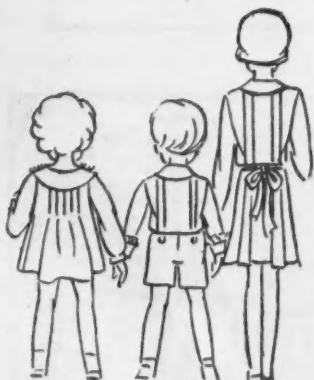
No. 540—Navy blue with red and white polka dots is effective in rajah or silk crêpe. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 8393—Short kimono sleeves slit to the shoulder add to the charm of this frock. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material.





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No. 8362—Shoulder buttons give a sophisticated touch to this wee bloomer-frock. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material.

No. 8397—A delightfully youthful frock in voile or dotted muslin for the teen age girl. Sizes 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 116—Mother or older sister chooses graceful, slenderizing lines. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material.

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Price 15 cents





No. 628—Pointed yoke and jabot collar are flattering features. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards of 39-inch material.

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No. 8239—For the very special afternoon, this piquant frock of flowered chiffon. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material.



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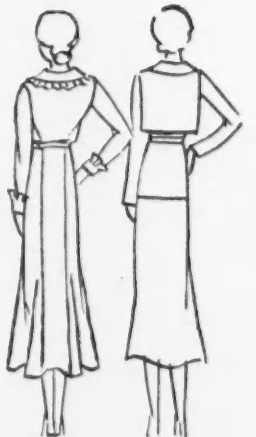
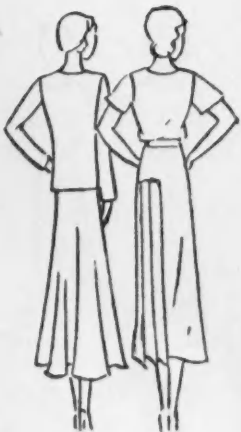
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No. 8229—Chiffon, lace or crêpe de Chine would be charming for this afternoon ensemble. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 39-inch material.

No. 8369—Trim and cool in linen, rajah or feather-weight wool. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material.

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No. 678—Delightfully youthful is this sleeveless frock and Eton jacket. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18 years. Size 14 requires 3 yards of 39-inch material.



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Designed by Jean Wylie

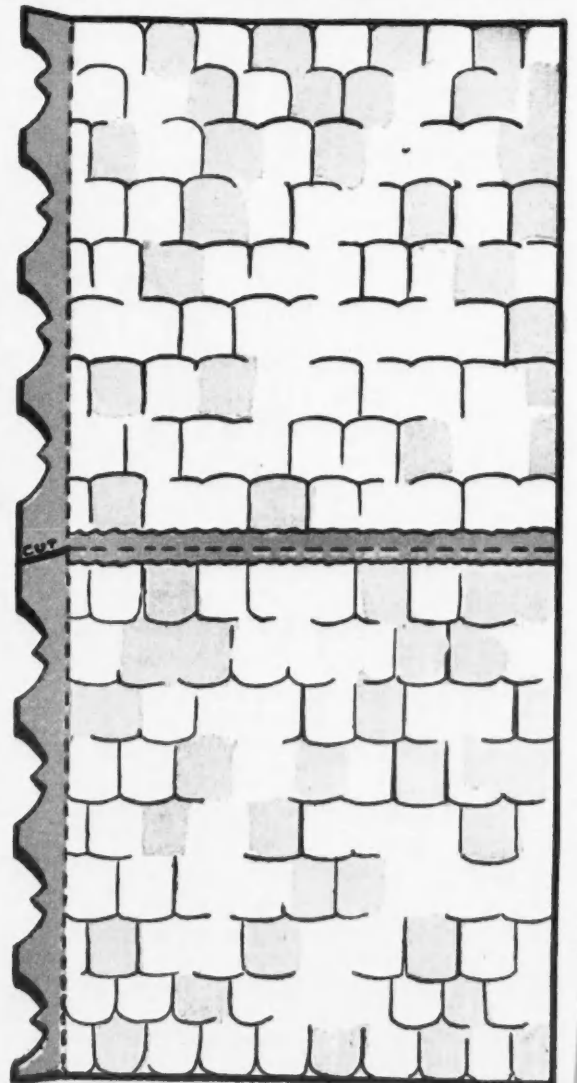
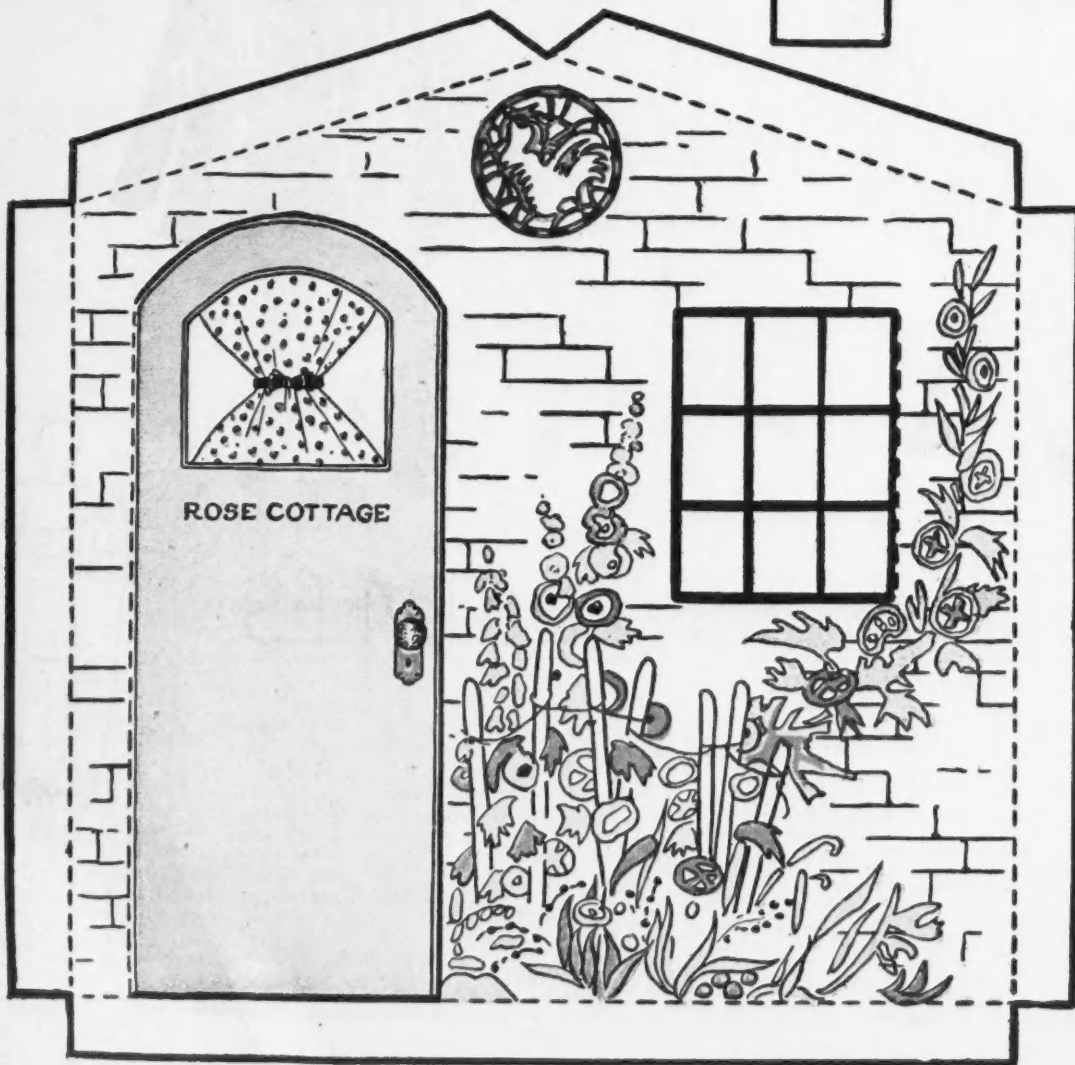
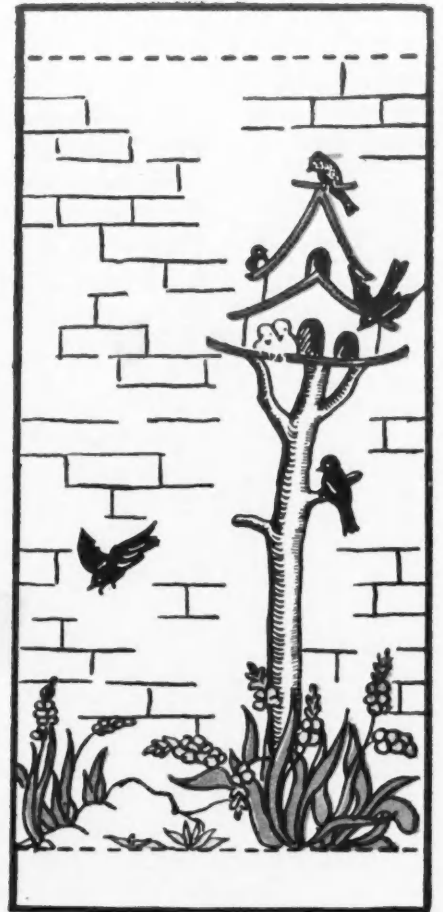
Instructions for building on page 73



polly



peter



Puffed! *twice-crisped*— now more delicious than ever

Voted "first choice" by children everywhere . . . now Puffed Grains have been made twice as crisp . . . twice as delicious

T IRED of coaxing children to eat cereals? Then try *tempting* with the new Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. Always, children prefer Puffed Grains above all other cereals. They chose them out of 11 leading ready-to-serve cereals as "the cereals we like best of all."

Now Puffed Grains have been made even more delicious. A new process crisps them. Then crisps them again. Then hustles them piping hot into the new Seal-Krisp package. You never tasted

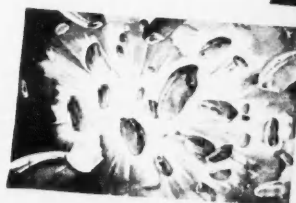
such freshness. Never tasted such just-baked crispness.

Puffed Wheat is the whole wheat grains—*toasted and crisped to perfection*. Puffed Rice, the rich, creamy, plump rice grains. No other cereals bring you Nature's health grains puffed to such complete digestibility. No other cereals give such substantial nourishment in such appetizing form.

Tomorrow morning, change your breakfast to the new Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. You'll have requests for "second helpings" from the whole family.

Made in Canada by THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Quaker Puffed Rice *and* Puffed Wheat



Shot from guns

Rich, nourishing grains—sealed in huge guns—kept under fiery temperatures—then—*shot from guns*. That's what explodes every tiny food cell—makes every particle of Puffed Grains so quickly nourishing.



Another Quaker product . . . Quaker Corn Flakes . . . more crisp, more delicious than any other, because wax wrapped and triple-sealed. The only corn flakes with the Sunshine Vitamin D.



« This Month With Our Advertisers »

ADVERTISING presentations seem to grow more interesting with every issue we study. This month, there are so many dramatic examples of the best in modern advertising that it will be difficult to know where to begin—let alone know how to stop!

You'll find a lot of interest in deciding just what is the first impression your mind takes on from an advertisement, and what the emphasis had been placed on by the skilful men who make the ads. Look at the announcement of the Canadian Frigidaire, for instance. Everyone knows this famous refrigerator, so the illustration is small. It's the "Canadian-made" that is important news—and see how strongly it has been emphasized.

Now consider Pond's page. The striking photograph of the young Englishwoman with her head flung against the black background gives one forceful impression—radiant beauty. Turn the page and consider Lysol's presentation and use of another woman's head. This time the most important impression is authority. Note how the woman doctor has been photographed in an impressive pose, with the row of books set behind her head. Every detail tells its story of authority.

Turn another page and study the Odo-ro-no page. Here's an entirely new impression given by one of the continent's foremost magazine painters, in his illustration of the two girls. The main impression, subtly suggested, is daintiness, and a sense of fragility in the delicate lingerie and beautiful frock. Personal daintiness is the clarion call sounded in this clever treatment. The delicately handled Glazo page is particularly clever in suggesting exquisiteness in color, with its introduction of butterflies about the slender fingers.

new process "Ovenized" in the colorful page for Swift's Premium hams; for here is a good example of the direct linking of an idea, with a tempting picture of the product. So with Campbell's good-looking page—the full-colored summer vegetables make a strong appeal at this time of the year. The mind will bring back that picture whenever we think of Campbell's vegetable soup—just wait and see!

One of the most beautiful mother and child photographs I have seen appears this month with the Borden Company's appeal to mothers. The lighting, the radiance on the mother's face, and the happiness in the baby's, have been skilfully handled. Every mother will react directly to this—as she will to the adorable figure of the little girl starting the long climb upstairs to bed, in the page for Castoria. Photographs like this enrich the memory of all those of us who love children.

Particularly attractive use of the "family appeal" has been made. Look at the page for Pontiac Six, with the eager little family making holiday plans over the road map. And don't miss the practical suggestions in this issue for making your motor trip a success, given by Miss Hudnut who, having motored all over this continent, knows whereof she speaks. Then turn to the McLaughlin-Buick page, and you have another powerful family appeal in the group photographed at that joyous moment of realization that the new car really "belongs." Admirable bit of grouping, don't you think? The first Ford advertisement this year, since the new eight-cylinder car, is the news of interest to readers, features the new car—but subtly suggests the holiday allure as well.

YOU'LL find many of the ads. very seasonal—for there's nothing so up-to-the-minute as a modern advertisement. Let us begin with the Kroehler page, addressed to the thousands of June brides—and every woman who likes to build her room around a scheme she can plan to achieve with the passing of time. Brides, the new low prices in furniture, and the economy plans of modern women—all are reflected in this timely presentation.

Again, the pretty young wife, in the Zonite page, is posed against the rocky background of any summer lake. The Colgate ad. stresses its appeal with a girl who has been playing tennis; and Kellogg's Bran Flakes are presented with a young mother and daughter playing golf. You'll find many other examples of advertising messages given to you in the language of the month, so to speak.

There is just space for a tribute to the clever photography in the Cameo stationery ad. See how, by only using the woman's head in shadow, the stationery has been emphasized? The whole effect is very arresting. And do notice the atmosphere of quality Salada brings to its ad., by its lavish use of white space. You'll notice that ads., like homes, are better when they are not too crowded.

THERE are some new friends present this month. For the first time this year, in this month of summer snapshots, Kodak brings a forceful color presentation, by showing us the large kodak itself, with the intriguing head, "So we made a smaller spool." Everyone will instantly ask "Why?"—and the reason repays our interest. . . . There is a double welcome for the glamorous figure of the William Rogers' Pirate Girl. I have always had a particular affection for her as a dramatic symbol. And, swash-buckling and impudent as she may be, I'm certain that she feels as much of a chatelaine, as she studies her treasure chest of silver, as the blue-eyed young woman in the Chipso page. There's a lot of skilful "humanity" in this Chipso page—from the incorrigible "In-laws" to the matron who admits she's never too old to learn. And there's a good suggestion for everyone from the Kodak lady in her golden house-frock. What could be lovelier for work-a-day hours?

Another definite suggestion for chatelaines everywhere is in the brilliantly-painted kitchen shown in the Bon Ami page. Why need we stick so solemnly, says Bon Ami, to tiles and squares when we might have tulips blossoming on our walls? And, when modern kitchens can be kept so spotless, why not cheer ourselves with modernistic color themes?

I was interested in the forceful connection of the word "Better" with the

By Mrs. Hops Sanders.

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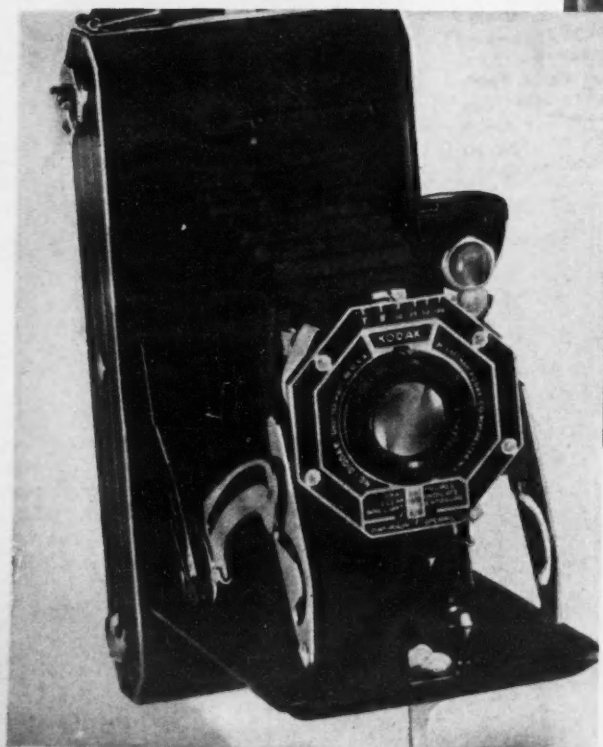
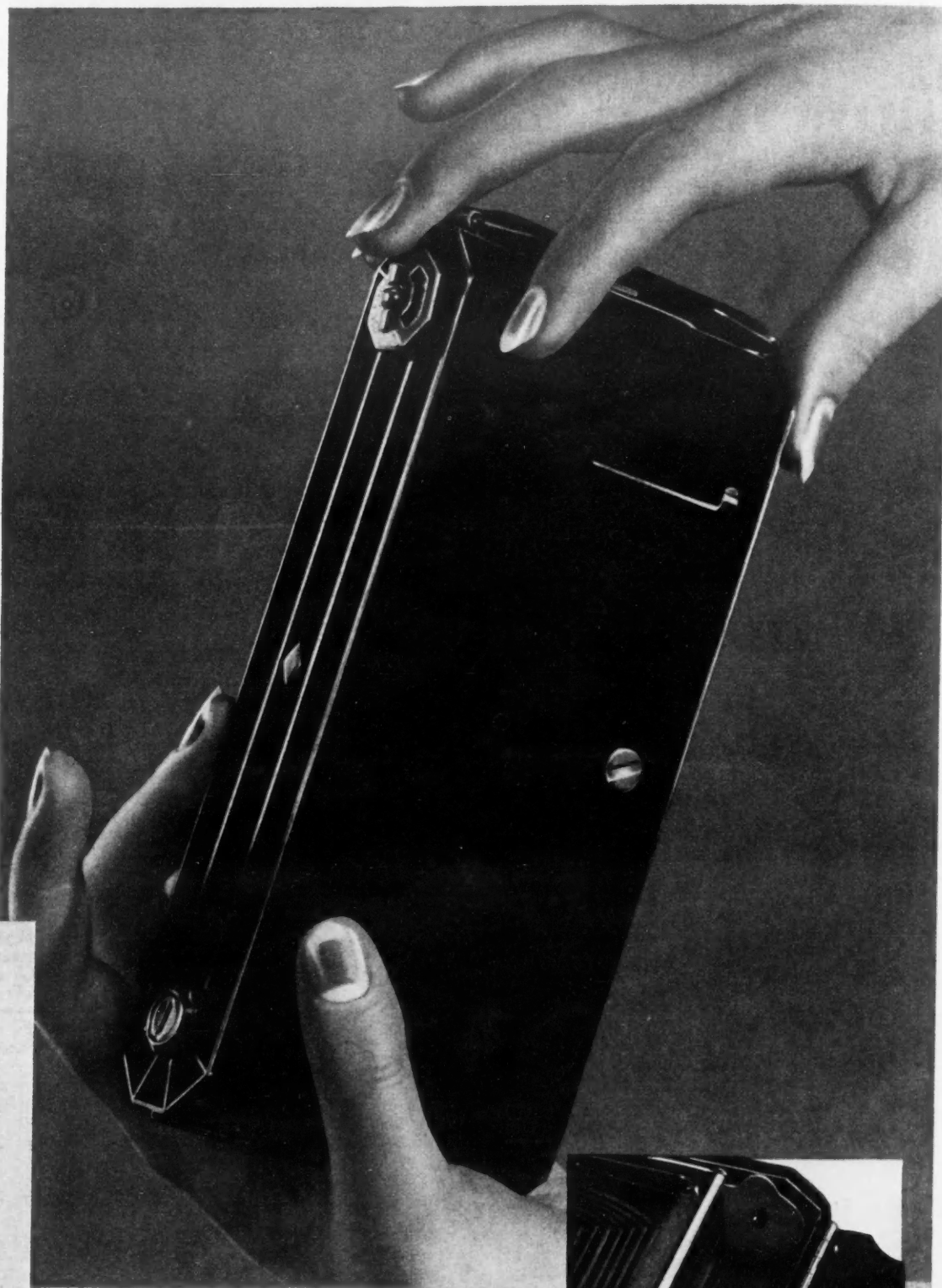
Compiled as a convenience to the readers of The Chatelaine, this index is not guaranteed against occasional error or omissions but the greatest care is taken to ensure accuracy.

SO WE MADE A SMALLER SPOOL

MORE COMPACT KODAKS, using the prevailing spools, could not be built without a loss in efficiency . . .

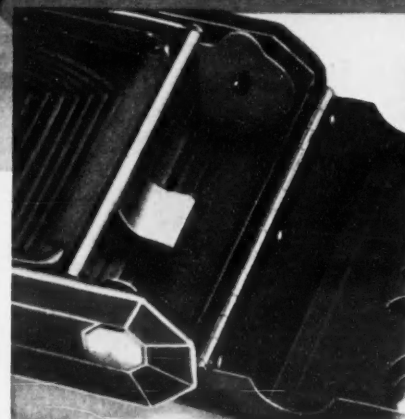
So we designed a smaller spool, all metal, carrying eight exposures as against the former six . . . and a new, smaller, and more efficient Kodak to go with it.

THIS, KODAK SIX-16, is for pictures $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ inches and is hardly larger than former cameras for $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$. Its ease of loading, smoothness of operation, and modern design are positively intriguing. The price, with a true Kodak Anastigmat lens, $f.6.3$, and a shutter that splits seconds to one one-hundredth, is \$17.50. Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario.



Easy to open . . . With one motion, open and ready for picture-taking.

The Kodak Six-16 is also furnished at even lower prices with a single or a doublet lens, and there is a Kodak Six-20 of the same design for $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ pictures. The Six-20, with Kodak Anastigmat equipment, is \$15.50, and with single lens as low as \$10.25.



Easy to load . . .

New hinged back and hinged spool sockets make loading simpler, quicker.

ONLY EASTMAN MAKES THE KODAK